

MAD

SUPER SPECIAL

SUMMER 1984 OUR PRICE \$2.50 SUPER CHEAP



VIOLENCE!



A 100-PAGE COLLECTORS' ITEM LOOK AT...
THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME

Scenes We'd Like To See

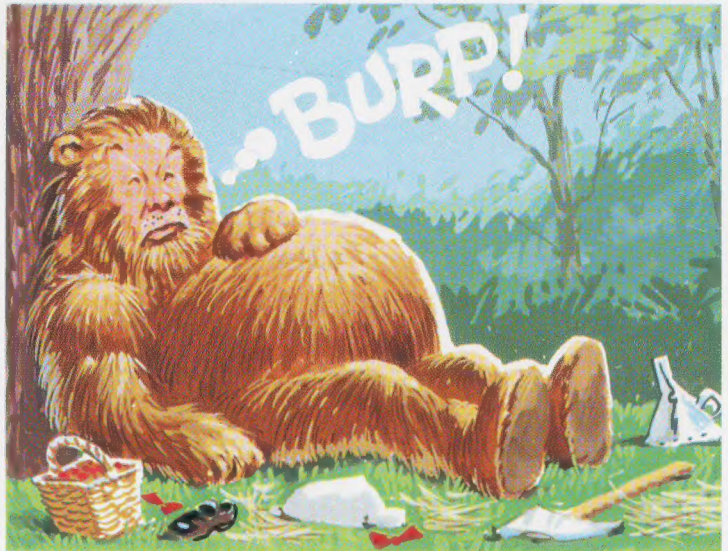
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: DON EDWING

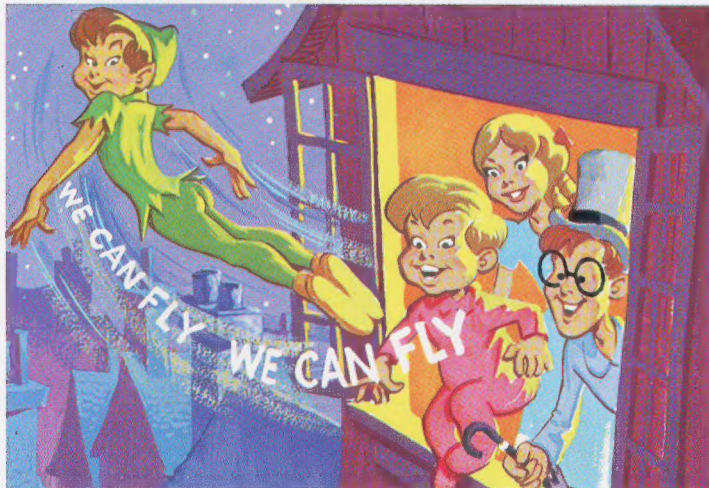
Pinocchio



The Wizard of Oz



Peter Pan



MAD

SUPER SPECIAL

NUMBER 47

WIOLENCE

SUMMER

1984

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

LEONARD BRENNER *art director* **TOM NOZKOWSKI** *production*

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the usual gang of idiots



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**Various Places Around The Magazine

Here's a quarter! Go get a cup of coffee!

That's very kind of you, but I don't need a quarter! I have money ON me!

That's all I wanted to know! Stick 'em up!!

That's very wise! In New York City, you NEED a big dog for protection!

What protection?! Hand over all your money, or he'll chew your nose off!

Hey! They're stealing our car!!

Listen, don't get involved!

What am I supposed to do?

Think of all the gas we're saving!



H WISHERS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART



While you were away, New York has gotten even worse! You know how many rapes and muggings are committed every day?

Stop exaggerating! Whenever people live in poverty and squalor, these things happen! By the way, what's our next project?

We're building a SLUM on Tenth Avenue!

I can't wait!!

Will you have that delivered, please?

Why, of course!

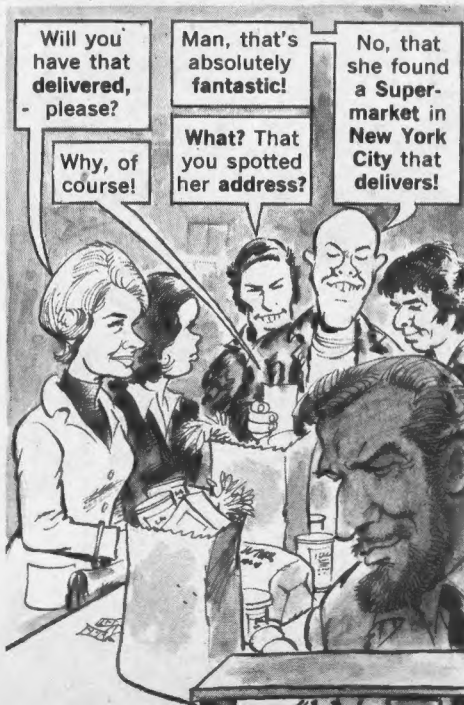
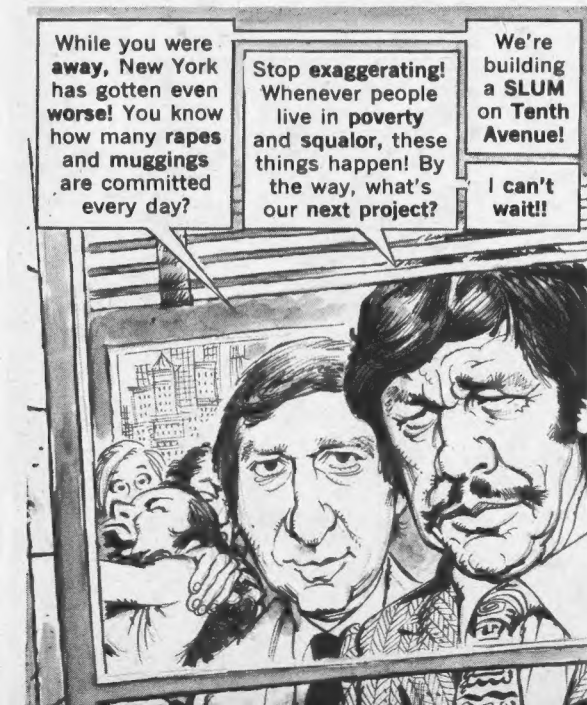
Man, that's absolutely fantastic!

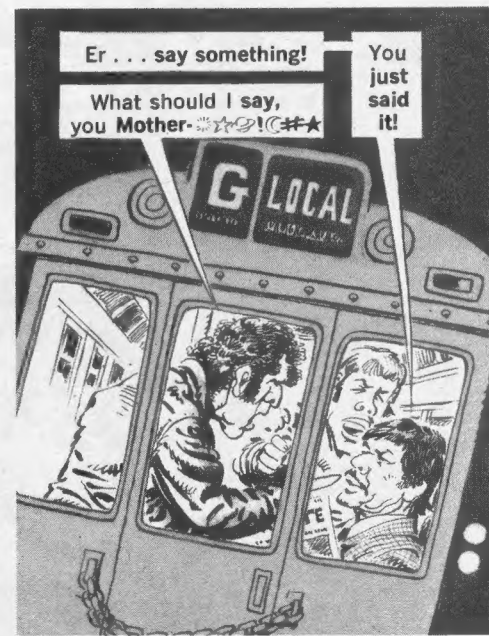
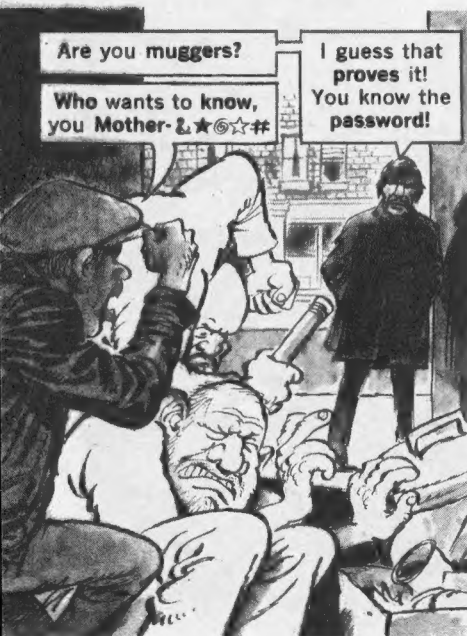
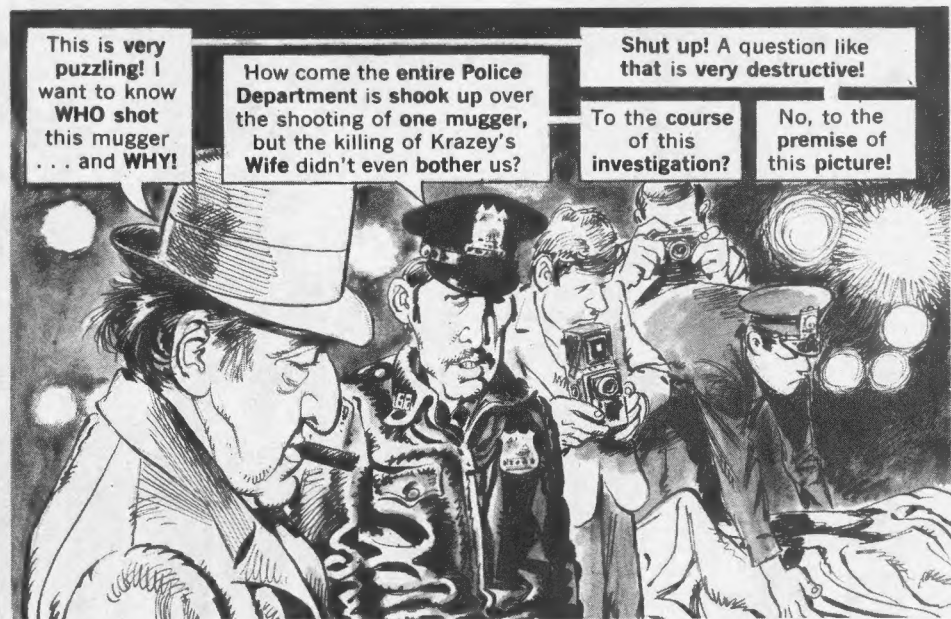
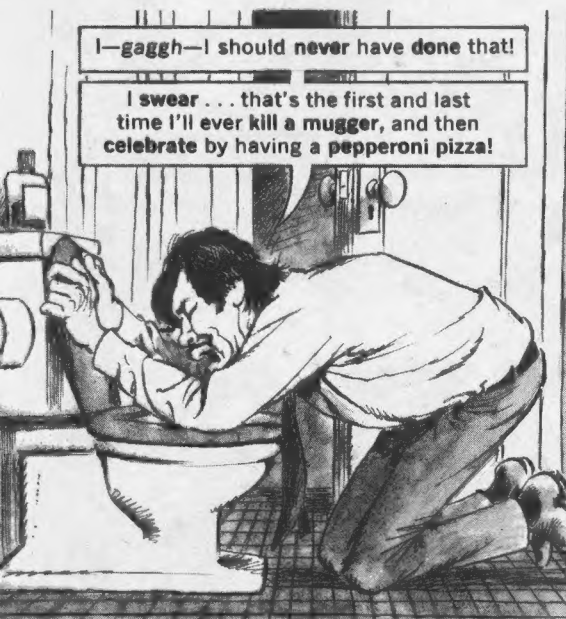
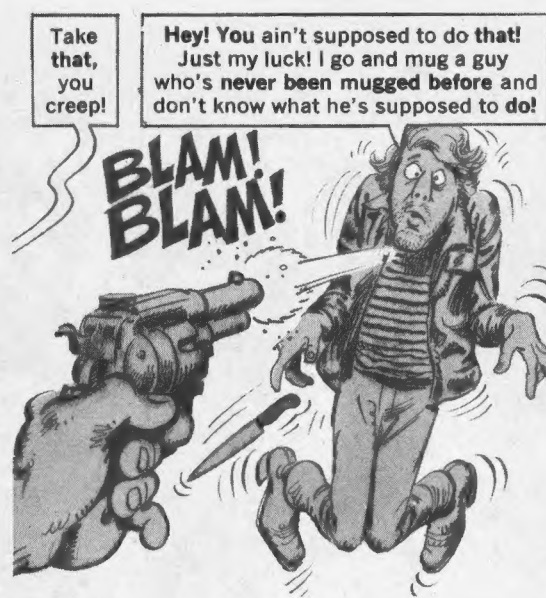
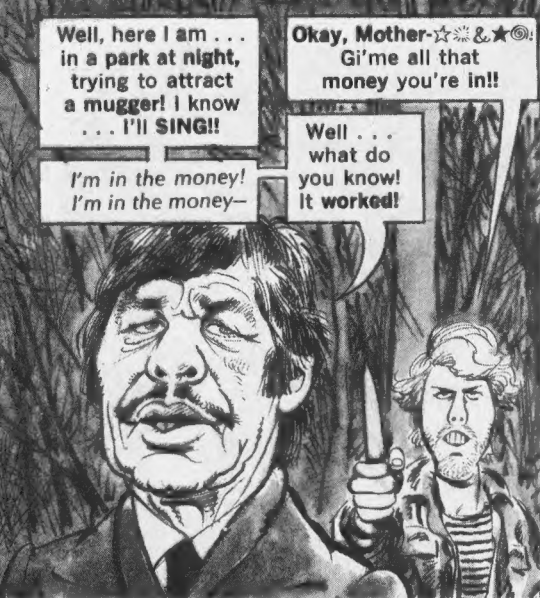
What? That you spotted her address?

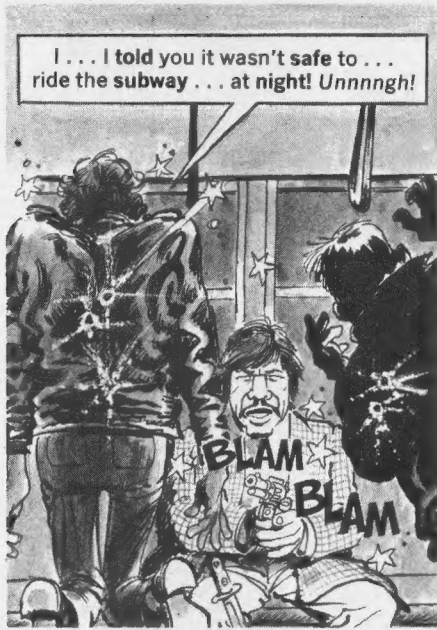
No, that she found a Super-market in New York City that delivers!

Y'think there's a chance that someone will recognize us?

Nahh! Who'd notice a six-foot seven-inch bald-headed nineteen-year-old?





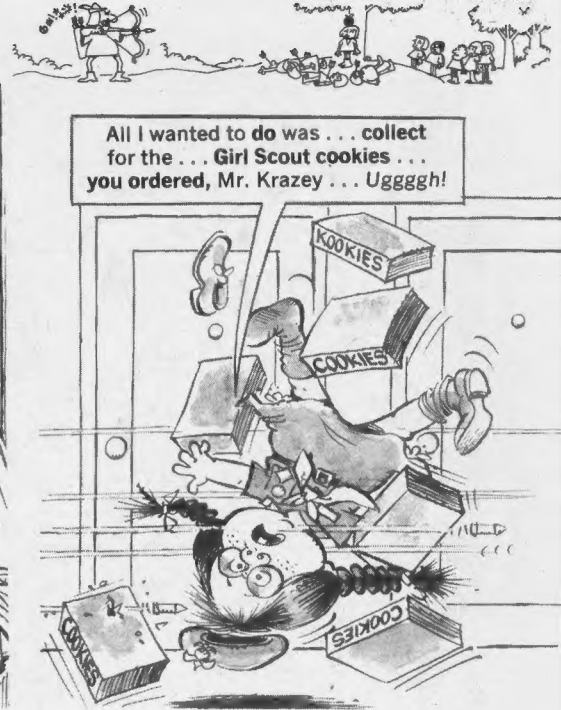


I... I told you it wasn't safe to... ride the subway... at night! Unnnngh!



I'm here for your money!

Oh, yeah!?



All I wanted to do was... collect for the... Girl Scout cookies... you ordered, Mr. Krazy... Uggghh!

It's amazing! Since this Vigilante Killer started, muggings are down 45%! And that's not all...



... overtime parking has dropped 63%...



... litterbugging has declined 58%...



... and jay-walking has dropped 73%!!



Today, inspired by the Vigilante Killer, people are starting to defend themselves... like Mrs. Elsie Guerrio here! How'd you do it, Mrs. G.?

I used a hat pin! When that louse tried to take my purse, I whipped this out... and he just ran away!

And this experience changed your entire outlook on life...?

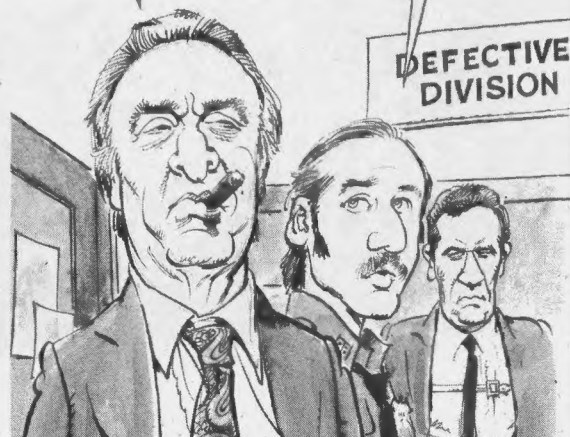
You betcha! I'm not defenseless any more! I've got me a weapon!

What about the future, Mrs. G.?

I'm gonna become a MUGGER!!

I want a list of names of everyone in New York who's been mugged, or had a member of his family mugged!!

That's easy, Chief! Just pick up the phone book!



DEFECTIVE DIVISION

Hello, Dad! This is your Son-In-Law, Seymour! I've got some **good** news and some **bad** news ...!

Well, first the **good** news! The temperature today will be in the mid-seventies, with **no** chance of showers!

Mom and Selma got **beaten up** and **raped**, and they're in the hospital!

Okay, what is it ...?

And the **bad** news ...?



Oh, my God, Dad! This is absolutely terrible! It's simply horrible! It's ... it's just awful! I mean, my God, what a **shocking** thing! Isn't it shocking?

Yep ...!

Dunno ...!

You're showing enough for both of us!

I can't believe it! Why them?!!

Hey, Dad! Why aren't you showing any emotion?



Mr. Krazy, I've got some **good** news ... and some **bad** news for you! First the **bad** news! Your Wife died!

And the **good** news ...?

Her condition won't get worse!



Do you have any **leads** on the punks who killed my Wife and attacked my Daughter?

The only information we have is that one of them was a **six-foot-seven-inch bald-headed teenager** who lives on the upper West Side! It's not much to go on!

Aren't you gonna **DO** anything!

Please, Mr. Krazy! You have to **understand!** If we tried to track down **EVERY** killer, we wouldn't have time to bust up **crap** games, or **pot** parties, or **illegal** stickball games!!



Hey! Get away from that car!

Why? It belongs to me!

Then why are you breaking **INTO** it?!!

Just to keep in practice!!



The best way to defend yourself is to get **\$20 worth of quarters** ... and put them in your **sock!**

Gee ... doesn't that make it kinda tough to **WALK**?!!

No, dummy! You keep the **sock** in your pocket, and when someone attacks you ... **wham!** You hit 'im with the money!



What happened? Didn't you follow my **advice?**

Well ... almost!

What do you mean - almost?!!

You know how **afraid** I am to carry money in New York! So I put a **\$20 Travelers Check** in my sock instead! Hitting a mugger with **THAT** don't **DO** much!



Now, out here in Arizona, we have plenty of land! So I don't want any of your Urban Slums!

That's gonna be a tough assignment!

Really? How come?

Well . . . I never built a RURAL Slum before!



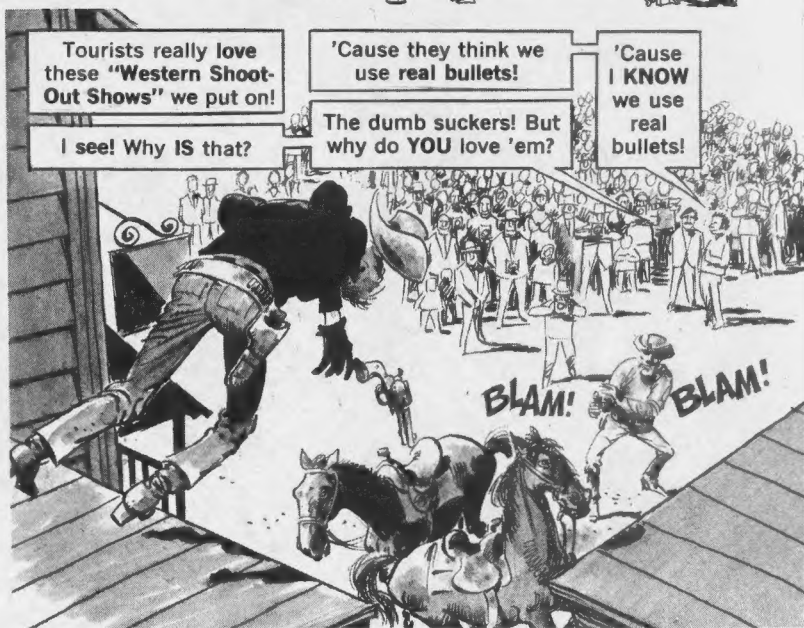
Tourists really love these "Western Shoot-Out Shows" we put on!

I see! Why IS that?

'Cause they think we use real bullets!

The dumb suckers! But why do YOU love 'em?

'Cause I KNOW we use real bullets!



So you don't like guns, eh?

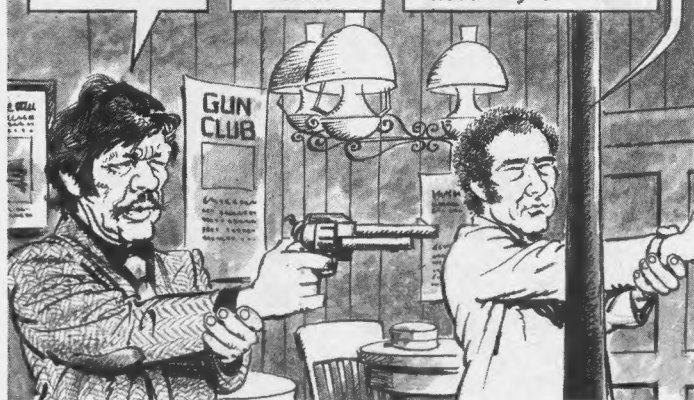
How come?

That must've been rough!

No! I was a Conscientious Objector during the last war!

My father was shot and killed while we were hunting deer!

It was! You know how hard it is trying to drive through heavy traffic with your Old Man strapped to the hood of your car?!



Krazey I like you, and I don't want you getting hurt back in New York . . . so I got you this little present!

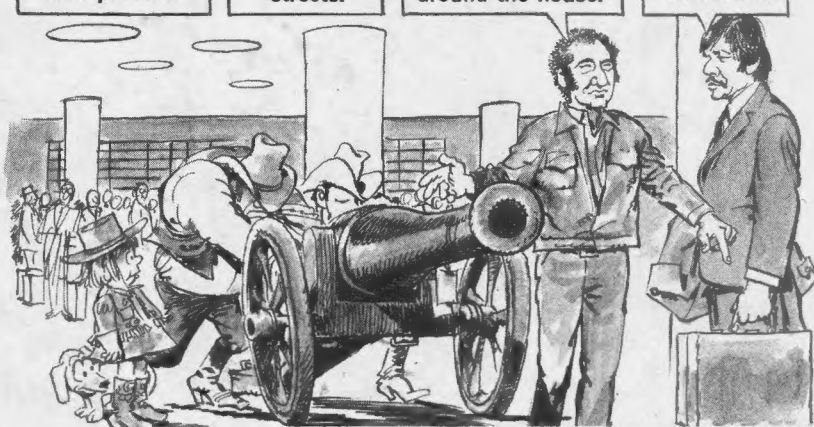
Gee, thanks!

Take it with you whenever you go out on them dark streets!

You're too kind!

An' I also put a pistol in your luggage! Just something for around the house!

Great! When they X-Ray my bags, I'll get 20 years for being a HIJACKER!!



How's Gloria?

Well, give me the bad news first!

You believe that?

I've got good news . . . and I've got bad news . . . !

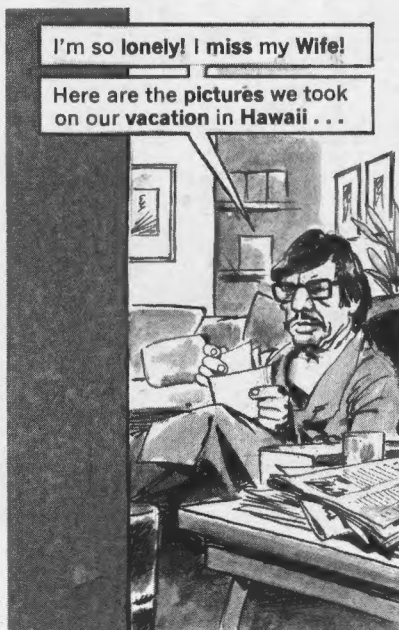
The Doctor says she's nothing but a vegetable!

I'm afraid so! She's being treated with salad oil!



I'm so lonely! I miss my Wife!

Here are the pictures we took on our vacation in Hawaii . . .



Hmm! Maybe I don't miss her that much after all . . .





That's our man! Follow him!!

Gee, Chief, I'd rather not have to tail him!

That's an ORDER!!



Trying to sneak up on me, huh ...

Unnngh! THAT's why I'd rather not have to ... tail ... him!



Hey! Hold it right there, you!

Finish your sentence ...!

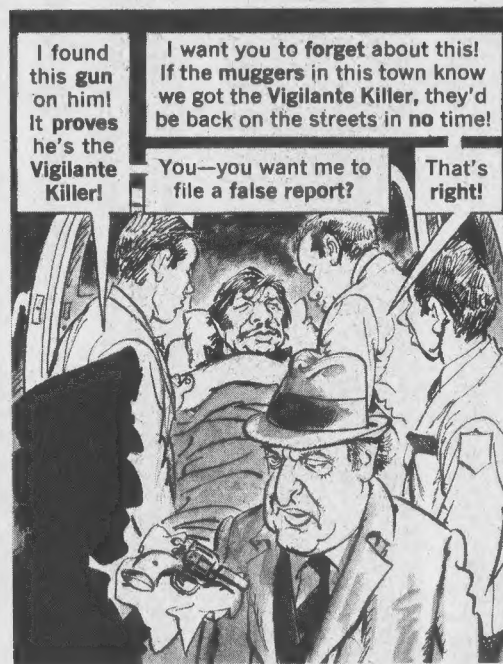
... you—you Mother-~~C#~~!*

You get an "A"!



Hey! You shot me!

Yeah! It only took us muggers three weeks to figure out that we could use guns, too!!



I found this gun on him! It proves he's the Vigilante Killer!

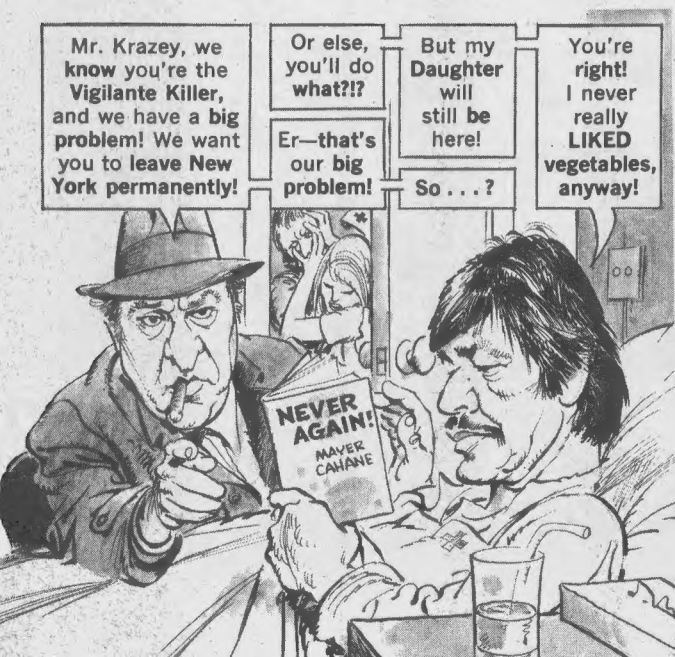
I want you to forget about this! If the muggers in this town know we got the Vigilante Killer, they'd be back on the streets in no time!

You—you want me to file a false report?

That's right!



I have the feeling that I can't trust that Cop!



Mr. Krazey, we know you're the Vigilante Killer, and we have a big problem! We want you to leave New York permanently!

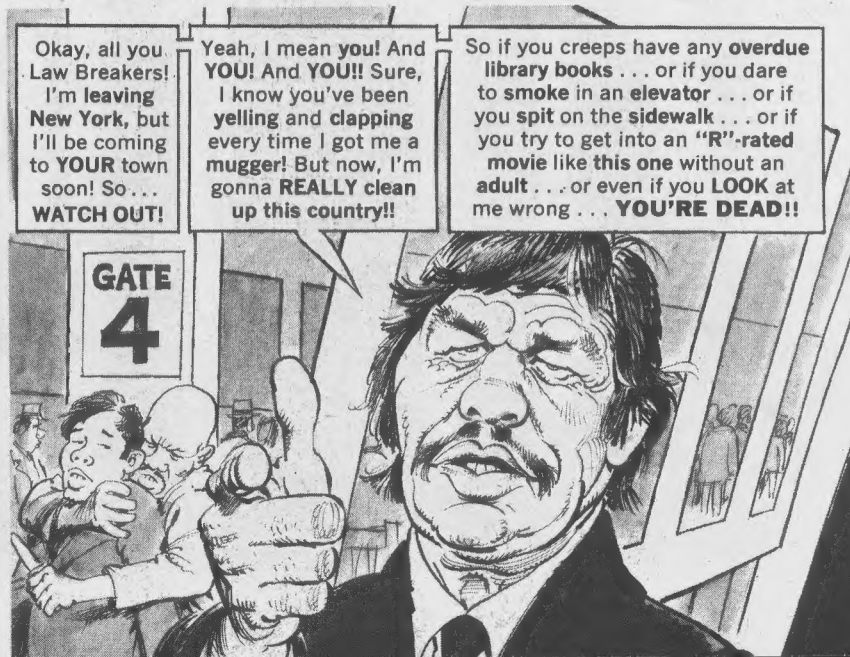
Or else, you'll do what?!

Er—that's our big problem!

But my Daughter will still be here!

So ... ?

You're right! I never really **LIKED** vegetables, anyway!



Okay, all you Law Breakers! I'm leaving New York, but I'll be coming to YOUR town soon! So ... **WATCH OUT!**

Yeah, I mean you! And YOU! And YOU!! Sure, I know you've been yelling and clapping every time I got me a mugger! But now, I'm gonna **REALLY** clean up this country!!

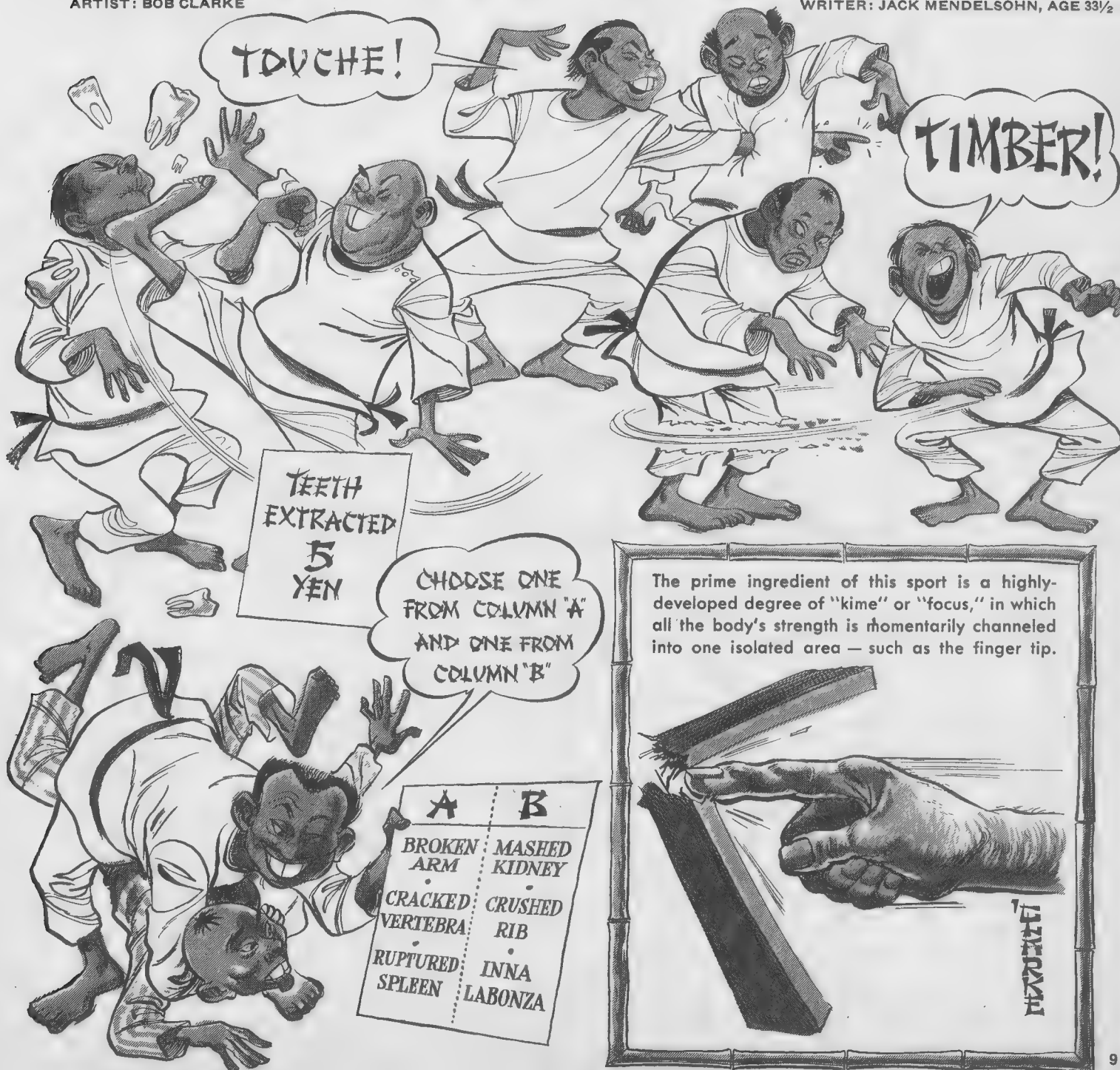
So if you creeps have any overdue library books ... or if you dare to smoke in an elevator ... or if you spit on the sidewalk ... or if you try to get into an "R"-rated movie like this one without an adult ... or even if you **LOOK** at me wrong ... **YOU'RE DEAD!!**

Ever since the end of World War II, it has been considered quite stylish for Americans to adopt some of the traditions of Oriental culture — such as Judo, Zen Bhuddism, Sukiaki, and Horn-Rimmed Glasses. The latest Japanese import is a rugged form of physical combat in which the participants employ ancient and respected Oriental techniques, like slapping, kicking, biting, eye-gouging and rabbit-punching. In other words — fighting dirty! This sport is known as

'KARATE'

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

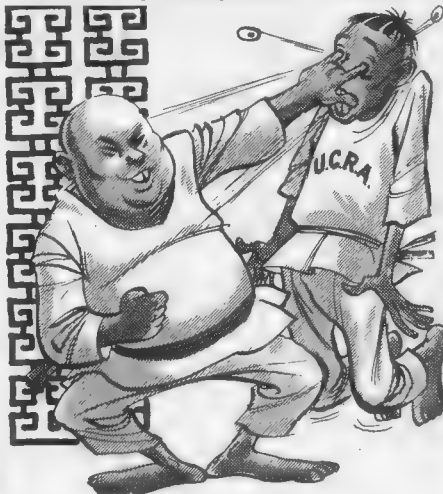
WRITER: JACK MENDELSON, AGE 33½



Despite its violent appearance, the true goal of Karate lies in achieving a state of absolute calm and serenity.



In the cloistered tranquility of Tokyo "Dojos," Karate disciples spend long hours in philosophical discussions.



Students claim this ancient art is an opportunity to contemplate nature at close range — like f'rinstance, stars!



Actually, serious students of Karate will rarely engage in physical combat with one another, preferring to test their highly-developed skills on inanimate objects instead, such

as boards, rocks, and nails. This is partially because they do not wish to inflict injury on another living being, but mainly because boards, rocks, and nails can't fight back!

BOARDS



ROCKS

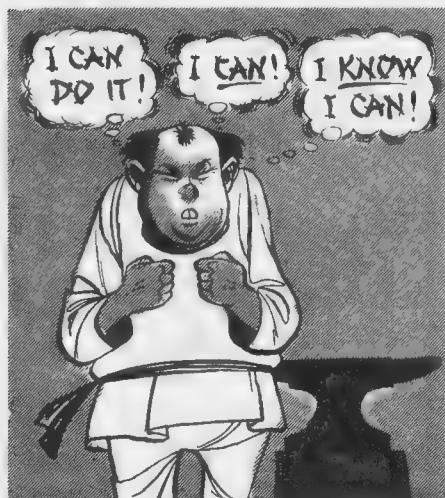


NAILS



"I KNOW I CAN DO IT . . . THEREFORE I CAN DO IT!" By implanting positive, convincing thoughts such as this one

firmly in his mind, the Karate student is capable of performing incredible feats of strength and physical prowess.



Before attempting to split the anvil with his bare hand, Karate student prepares himself for the feat psychologically.



Sufficiently confident of capability, Karate student brings edge of his hand down sharply, splitting anvil in two.



Closer examination of shattered pieces reveals WHY Karate student knew that he could split anvil in two all along.

As with many other Oriental rites, the prelude to a Karate exhibition involves traditional rituals, including chants and incantations, burning of incense, scattering of salt to the four winds, and taking side bets. Below, we see a part of the elaborate ceremony performed by a student prior to driving a nail through a 4-inch plank with his bare foot.



Karate student first scatters rice on ground. This ritual signifies manhood.



Student then covers the rice with salt, signifying strength and determination.



Student then eats the rice with salt, signifying Karate don't pay very good.

Student next performs series of low bows to each point of compass. Not only does this ritual symbolize humility, but also helps him find any grains of rice he may have missed.



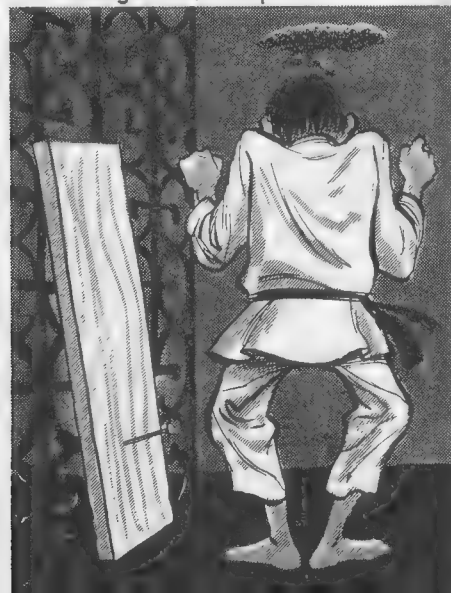
Close study of hands reveals ancient Oriental expression of student's inner confidence.



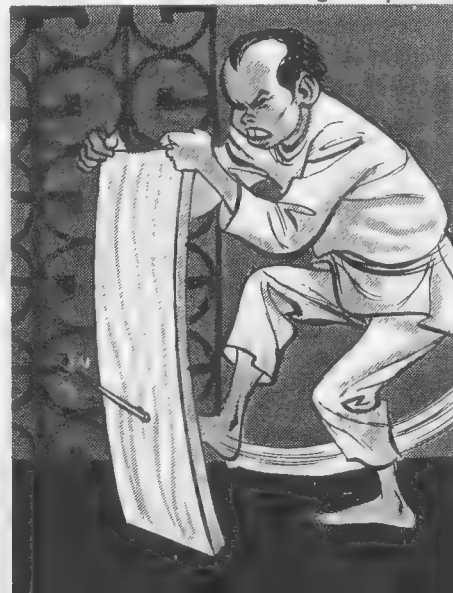
Closer study of hands reveals ancient Occidental expression —thrown in for good measure.



At the start of the actual feat, the student must remember to "kime" all of his strength into the point of his toe.



When the force of the blow drives the nail through the mahogany board, the student must remember to ignore pain.



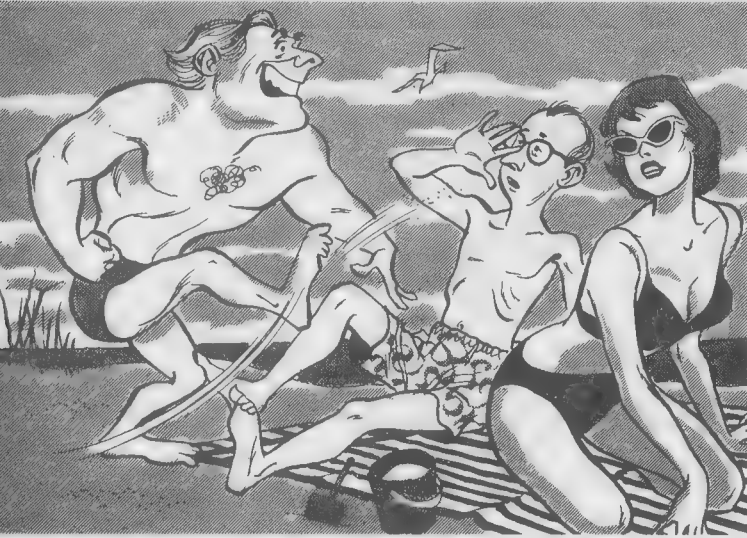
When nail turns out to be wrong one, student must remember to take pedicure before he tries next Karate exhibition.



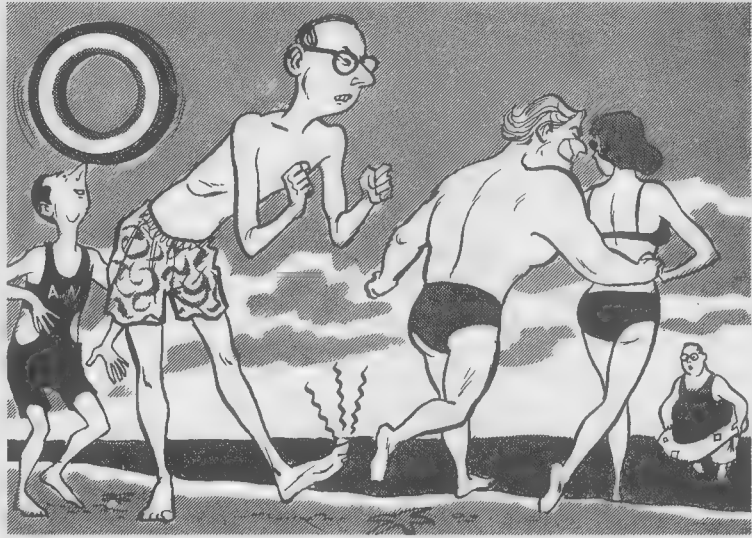
One of the reasons for the upsurge of interest in Karate is that many practical uses may be found for this ancient

AT THE BEACH

You are embarrassed in front of your girl by a bully who keeps kicking sand in your face, and calling you "skinny."



With Karate, through the means of "kime," you just direct all of your strength and energy down into your left foot.



ON THE ROAD

Your car develops a flat tire on a lonely, deserted road, and to your horror, you find that you have no jack handle.



With Karate, by sheer concentration, you will your index finger into becoming as hard and as rigid as a steel rod.



IN THE CITY

You find yourself in a dark alley, suddenly surrounded by a gang of tough, belligerent, black-jacketed delinquents.



With Karate, you simply channel every ounce of your energy and strength into the muscles around your mouth and lips —



art by applying its various facets to everyday situations.

That way, when you kick the chair before gambling a 4 cent stamp for the Charles Atlas course, it won't hurt so much!



Which makes it a snap to press the button summoning help!



— and, as loud as you can, repeat over and over the word —



HOW KARATE CAN BE USED AROUND THE HOUSE

NO MORE CAN OPENER



NO MORE SKILLET



NO MORE HAMMER



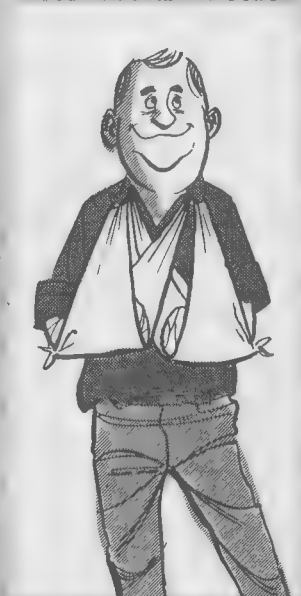
NO MORE SAW



NO MORE CHISEL



NO MORE WORK



PROPS AND ROBBERS DEPT.

Street crime is rising at an alarming rate. Every day, people are mugged, robbed and beaten. The police would like to help, but Heaven knows they have their hands full with gamblers, illegal parkers and Sunday Blue Law violators. Nor can anyone expect help from his neighbor. Nobody wants to get involved. Alarms, whistles and sundry

CRIME FOILERS FOR T MUGGINGS, HOLD-UPS, PURSE-SNATCHINGS

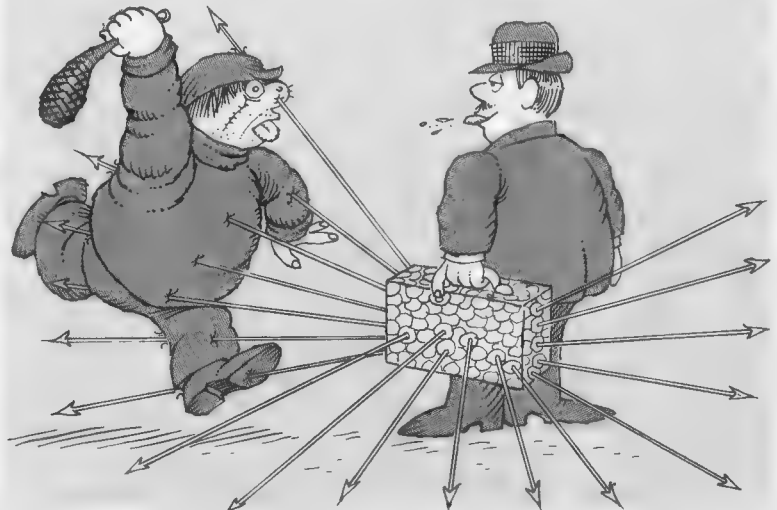
THE PHONY FRONT



Almost all muggers count on the element of surprise. They attack from behind to avoid tangling with anyone who can fight back. This costume prevents all that. It consists

of a two-way suit and shirt. Phony shoe fronts complete the ensemble. No matter which way mugger approaches, he always thinks he's facing you, and you're watching him.

THE SPINY ATTACHE CASE



Pushbutton trigger in handle instantly releases dozens of porcupine-like telescoping barbed steel spines. Warning

"attacker" that spine tips are coated with curare poison guarantees safety...if he hasn't run into them already.

noise-makers are useless. And carrying a weapon is even worse. With surprise on his side, the mugger can quickly disarm the average person and turn the weapon against him. So what we need are devices that even crippled old ladies can rely upon with confidence as they walk the lonely city streets at night. Mainly, we need these MAD



THE AVERAGE CITIZEN AND OTHER STREET ATTACK FOILERS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE BALL-BEARING POCKET BOOK



As "attacker" appears, pocketbook-wearer presses trigger and thousands of tiny lightweight plastic ball-bearings are released. "Attacker" is suddenly rendered helpless as

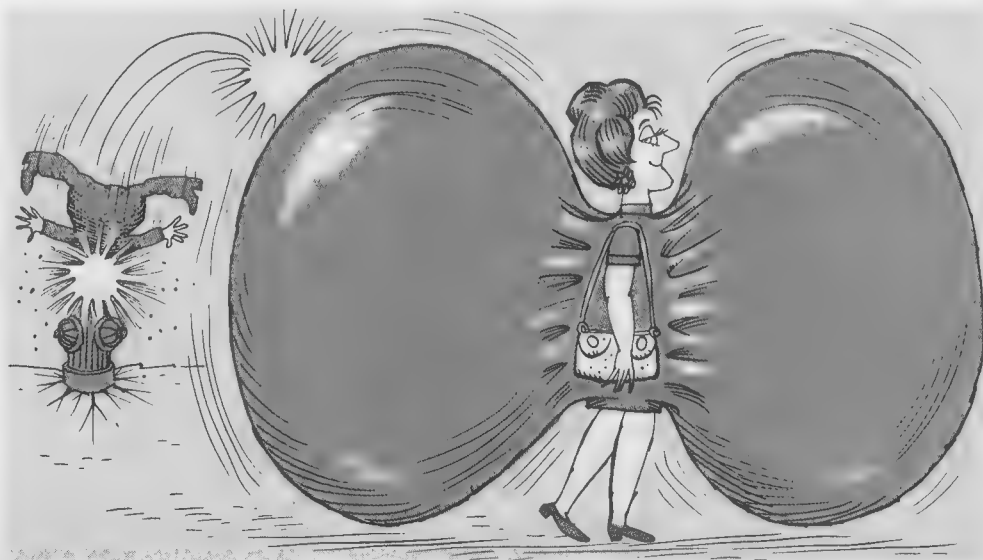


he struggles to maintain his balance. Meanwhile, "victim" walks safely away over treacherous ball-bearings with the aid of the specially-designed spiked shoes she is wearing.

THE AIR BAG STRETCH SUIT (OR DRESS)

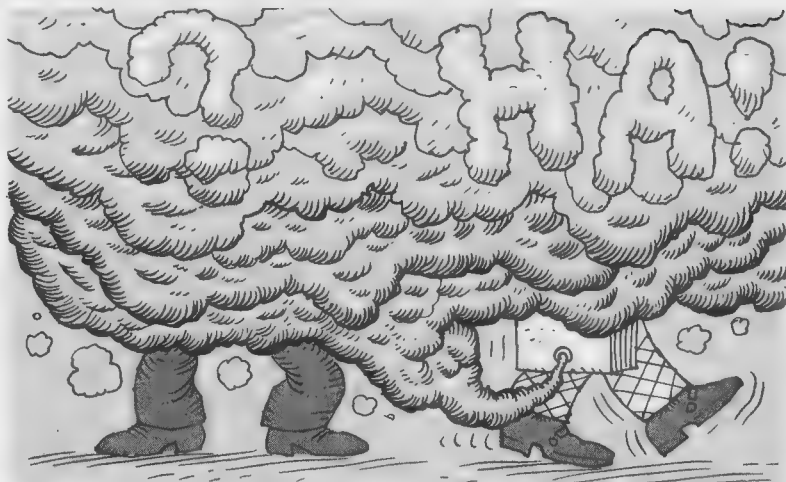


The idea for this protective device came from auto safety experiments. When "victim" is attacked, air bags instantly



inflate and fling mugger violently away. However, caution must be exercised to avoid sudden embraces of loved ones.

THE SMOKESCREEN SUITCASE



Potential "victim" presses handle and releases huge smoke cloud. Special eyeglasses permit clear vision through the

chemical smoke, and "victim" can take off without fear of bumping into "attacker," or any other unpleasant object.

THE MAGNETIC VEST



This garment looks like any ordinary vest but is actually lined with powerful magnets. Anyone approaching magnetic field with metal weapon (gun, knife, ice pick, etc.) is

immediately rendered weaponless. However, caution must be exercised by wearer in everyday situations, such as when approaching metal object like a car, fence, lamppost, etc.

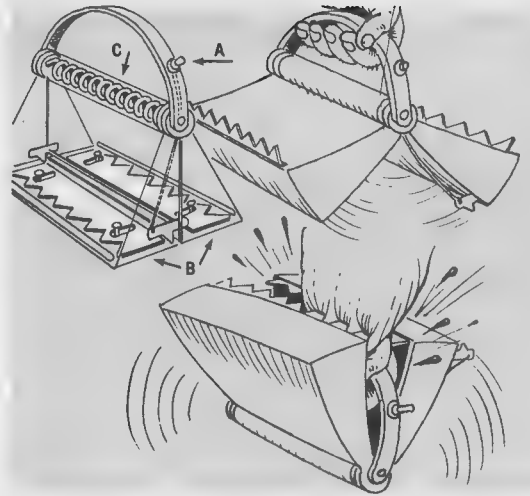
THE GUSHING HANDBAG



Trigger in handbag handle breaks chemical capsules which combine to produce huge puddle of slipperiest goo known

to Man. Special shoes on "victim" are unaffected by goo, and she walks blithely away while "attacker" goes flying.

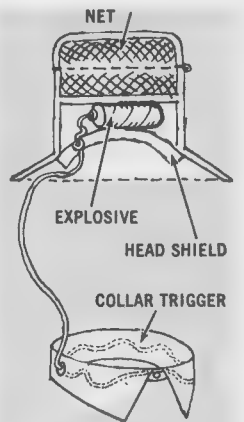
THE VISE-GRIP PURSE



As purse-snatcher grabs purse away, handle-button (A) is released and trigger (B) unlocks two separate bag-halves.

Powerful bear trap spring (C) whips bag halves around at lightning speed and bone-crushing force onto mugger's hand.

THE EXPLODING HAT NET



Net, woven of extremely fine but strong synthetic fibers, is carefully packed into hat. When "victim" is grabbed at throat, special collar triggers an explosive device which

sends net billowing out over both "victim" and "attacker." Since they are both trapped until help comes, "attacker" will not hurt "victim" and risk more serious punishment.

THE BONE-CRUSHING KNAPSACK



Innocent-looking knapsack contains spring-mounted flatiron which is released by any violence directed at wearer from

the rear. Delivers a blow equal to being hit by a 5-pound weight dropped from the top of the Empire State Building.

BURGLARIES, BREAK-INS, THEFTS, ROBBERIES

THE TRAP DOOR WELCOME MAT

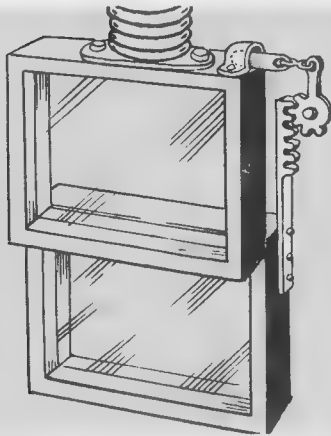


Special lock on door is calibrated to accept special key. Any other device such as a jimmy, screwdriver, hairpin or foreign key sets off mechanism that opens trap door. If

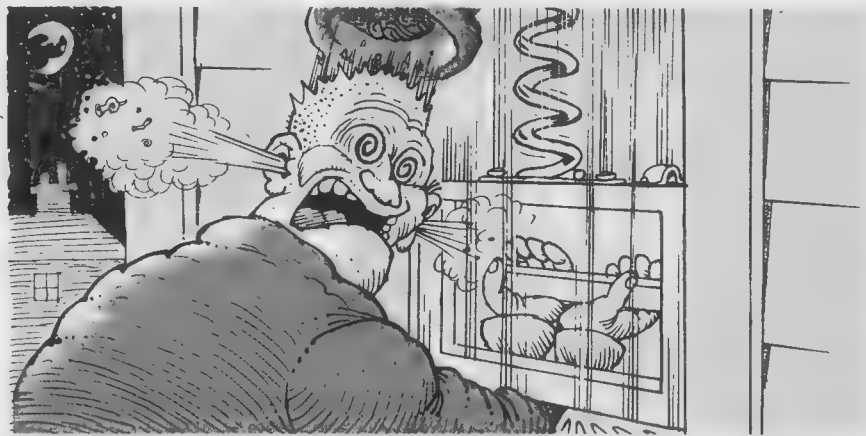


homeowner intends to be away for an extended period, it is advisable to leave some food and water in the trap. Otherwise, disgusting sight will greet him on his return.

THE SPRING LOADED WINDOW

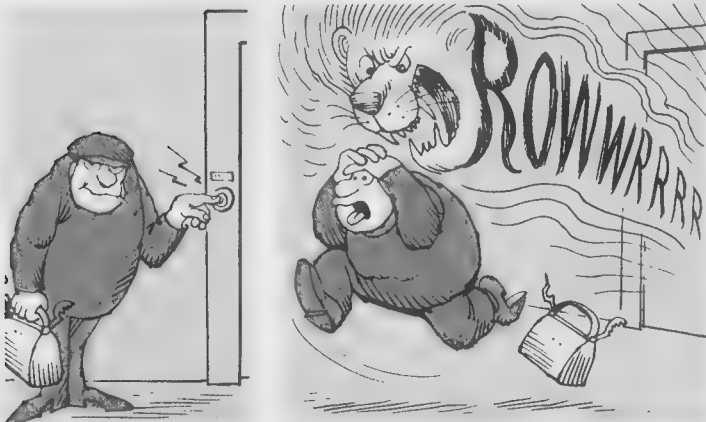


When burglar lifts lower (inner) sash, it hits mechanism (A) which releases spring (B). Upper (outer) sash comes

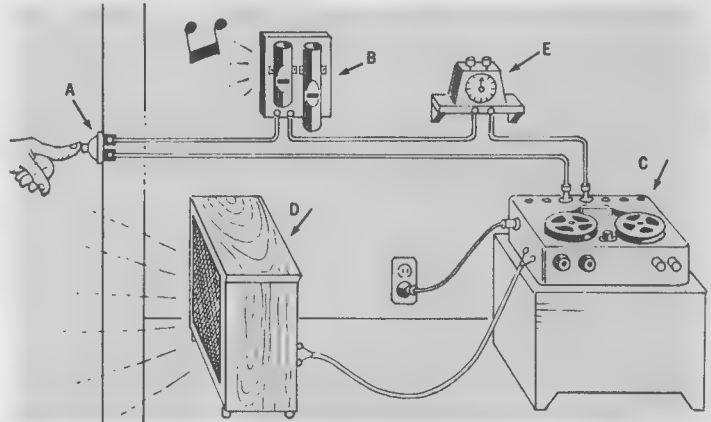


down with thrust equal to two tons of weight, trapping thief in the act. Too bad if he's a moonlighting pianist.

THE FEROCIOUS ANIMAL



Since burglar always rings doorbell first to make sure no one is home, this simple set-up effectively discourages him. When bell-button (A) is pressed, it rings chimes (B) and starts tape (C) which emits thunderous animal roars.



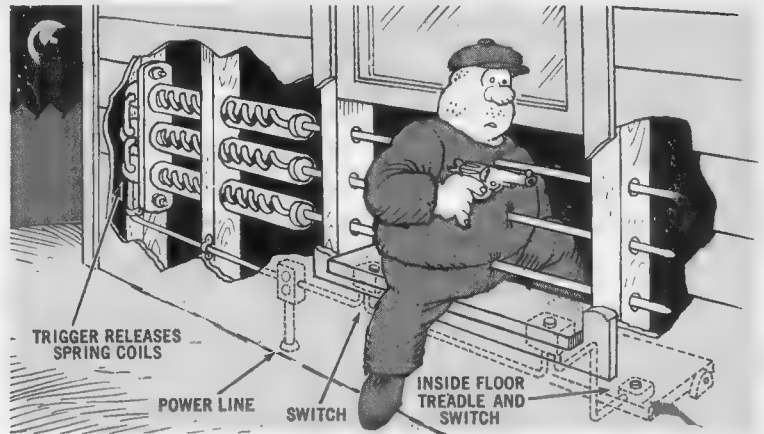
through loudspeaker (D). Timer switch (E) stops the tape after 5 minutes. If another burglar comes, it starts all over again. Set-up can accommodate 6 or 7 burglars, which should just about cover one night's supply in most cities.

RIES AND OTHER HOUSE CRIME FOILERS

THE AUTOMATIC WINDOW BARS

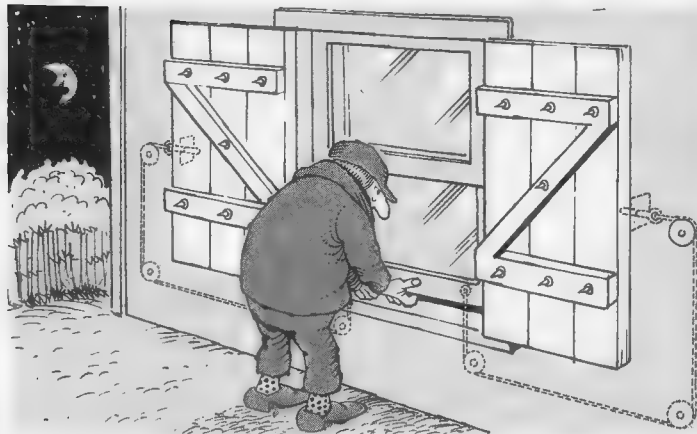


Spears are hidden in window frame. When burglar puts his weight on window sill, switch is activated and spears are released which effectively bar entry to thief. Too bad—

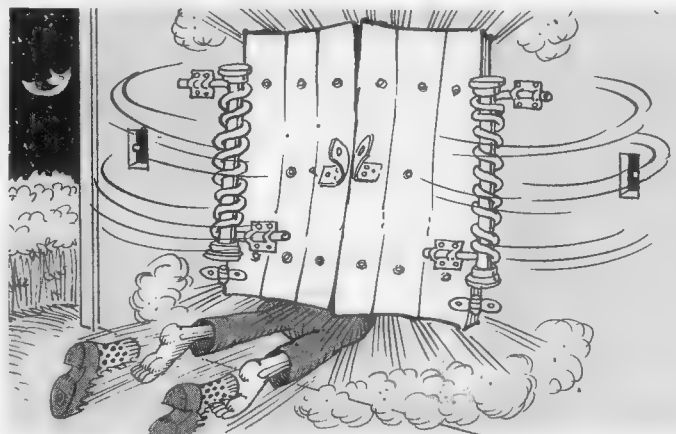


heh-heh—if he's caught in the middle! Note: floor treadle safety feature (A) which cuts current to spring switch so that a person opening window from the inside is protected.

THE SLAMMING SHUTTERS

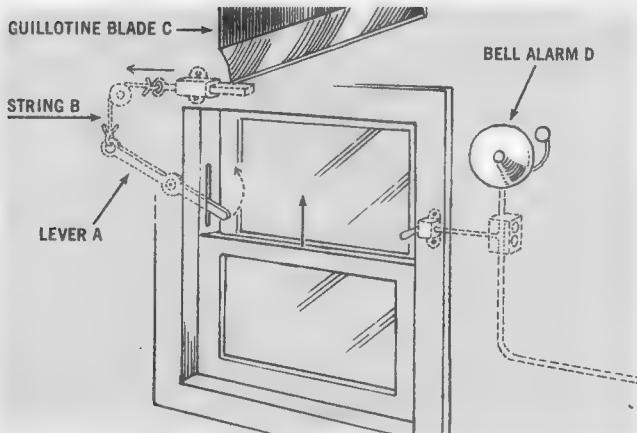


Innocent-looking shutters are hooked up so that lifting window releases spring-hinges and they crash on unsuspecting intruder. Naturally, window panes are made of

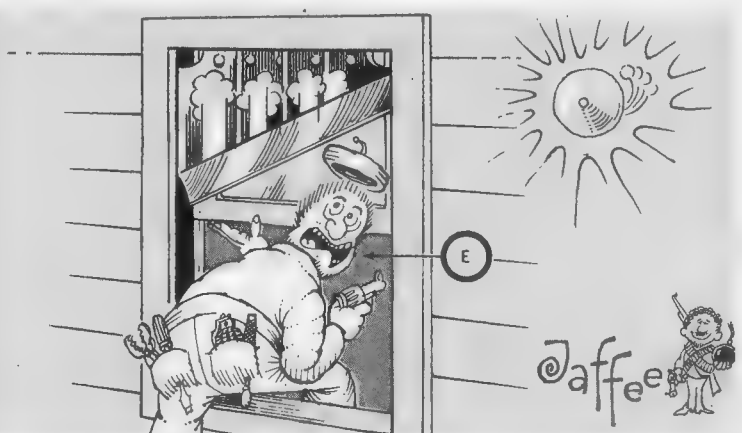


shatterproof glass to avoid cuts and bloodshed and—ecch.

THE GUILLOTINE WINDOW



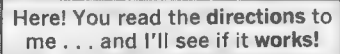
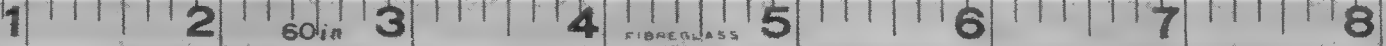
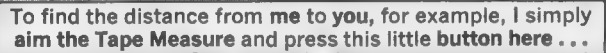
When intruder raises window beyond a certain point, it pushes lever (A). Lever (A), in turn, pulls string (B). String (B) releases razor sharp guillotine blade (C) which is concealed in the wall above the window. When



guillotining blade (C) drops, it presents a steel shield, blocking entry to the thief, and also setting off a bell alarm (D). And if the intruder is slow getting out of the way, it also sets off another alarm... a scream (E).

DON MARTIN'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH...

NEW POW THE HO



**Got
it!**

Now, how do I turn it off?

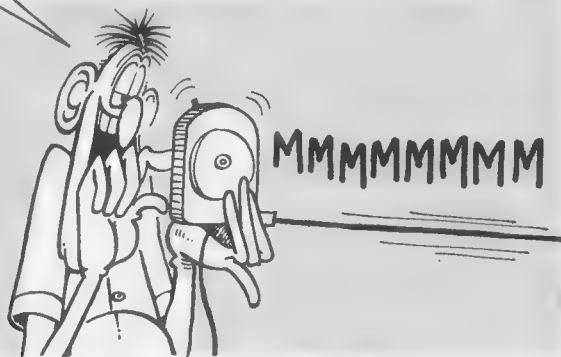
Klik
ZZZZZZ



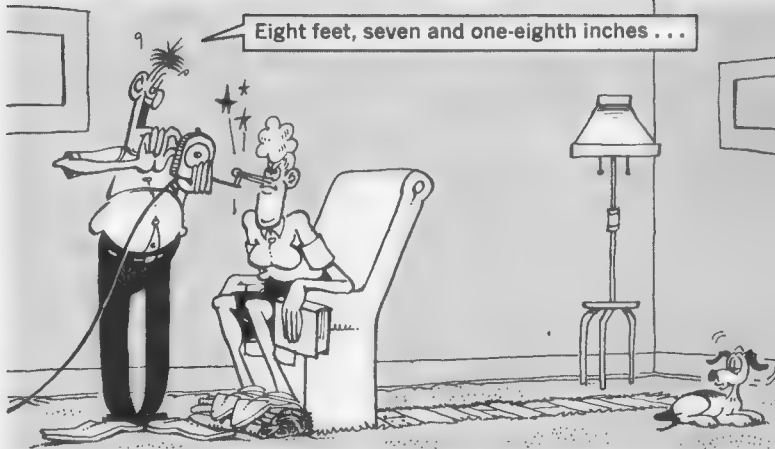
ZZZZZZZZZZZZ

ER TOOLS FOR ME CRAFTSMAN

That's all there is to it! The instance the magno-tipped hook-end makes contact, the Tape automatically re-winds itself, and the exact measurement appears in this window!



Eight feet, seven and one-eighth inches ...



9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16

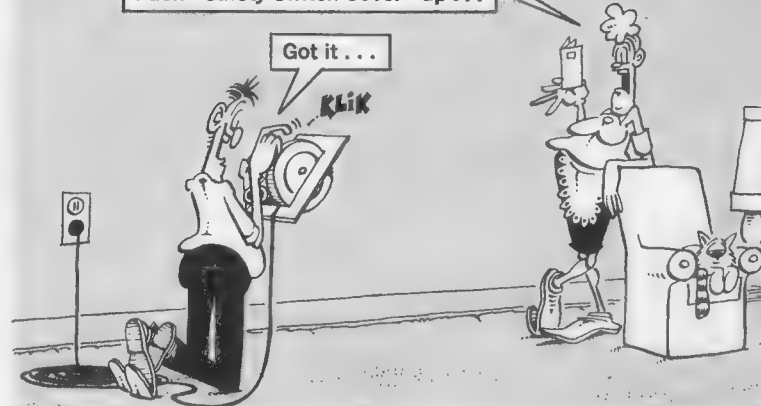
To Start ... insert plug in wall socket!

Got it ...



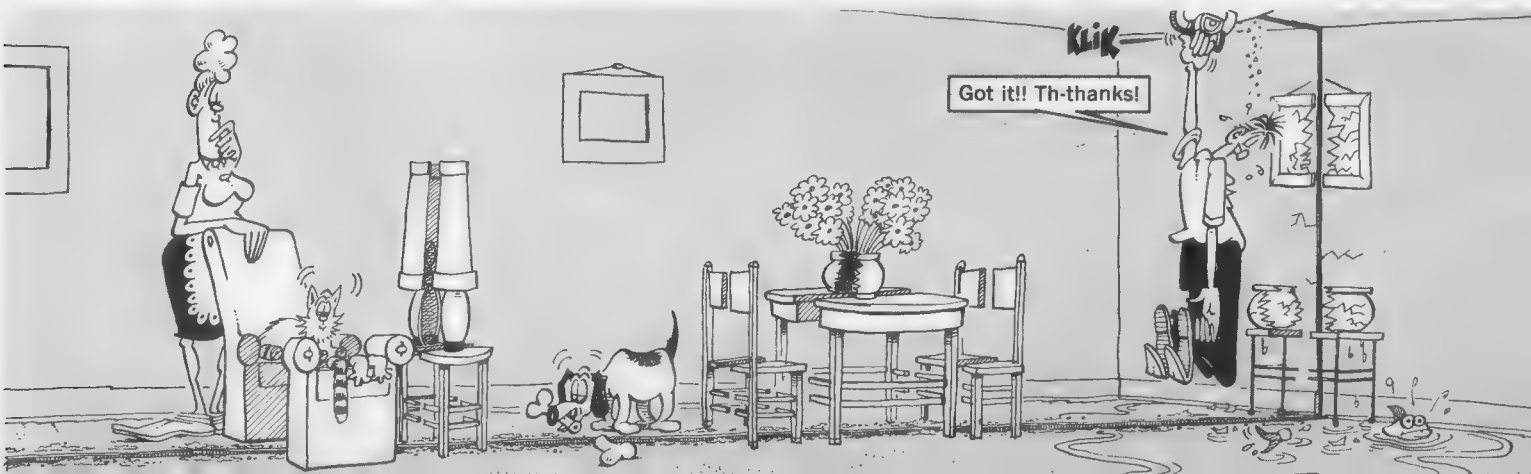
Push "Safety Switch Cover" up ...

Got it ...



Klik

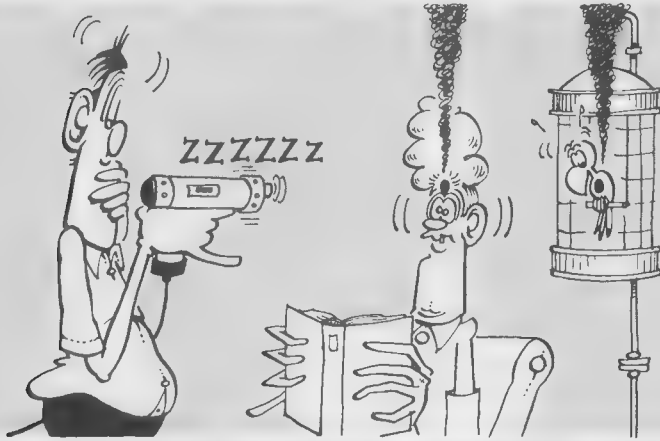
Got it!! Th-thanks!



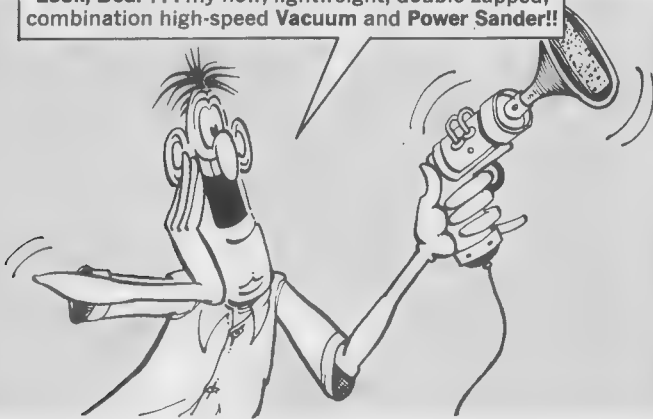
Look, Dear . . . my new, heat-insulated, super-speed **Powered Hand Drill** with the double-plated, rodium-tipped **Drill Bit**!



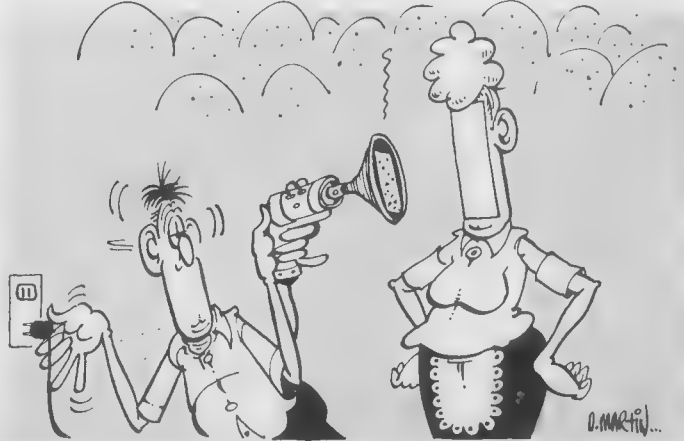
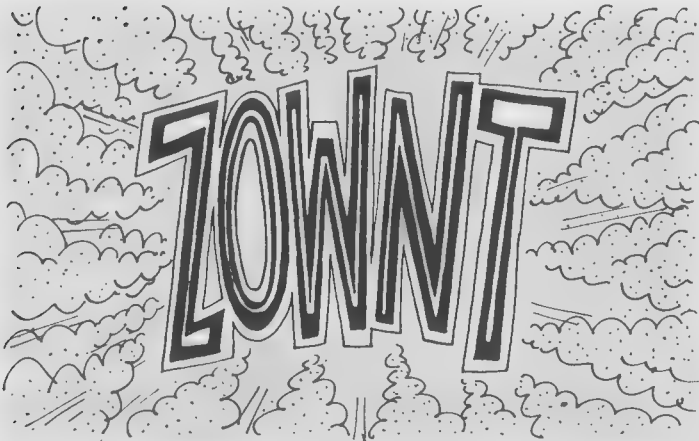
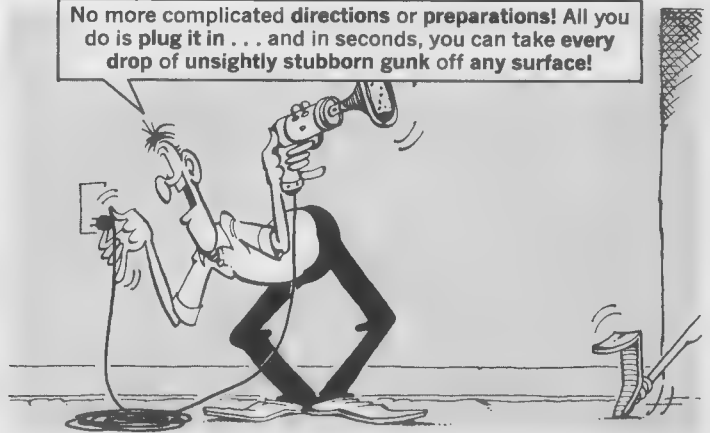
Just a quick flip of the finger-tip switch
... and I can drill through anything!!



Look, Dear . . . my new, lightweight, double-zapped, combination high-speed **Vacuum and Power Sander**!!



No more complicated directions or preparations! All you do is **plug it in** . . . and in seconds, you can take every drop of unsightly stubborn gunk off any surface!



If you live in a big city . . . or a small town, for that matter . . . the odds are that sooner or later you're gonna be mugged! So, as a public service, MAD offers these lines of dialogue calculated to

BLUFF THAT MUGGER!

Gee, you're the **first** person that's **spoken** to me since I escaped from the Insane Asylum's **Violent Ward**!

Help yourself! I just want to **warn** you! Since I saw "**Papillon**," I keep my money in a **strange place**!

Beat it! There's a **Mafia Contract** out on me, and anybody that's **seen** with me is as good as **dead**!

You're **welcome to it!** I'm sick and tired of trying to **pass** these **marked bills** from the **ransom**!

Congratulations! You're gonna be the **tenth mugger** I've killed this month with my **Kung Fu**!

Sure, I've got something for you! Where do you **want** it . . . in the **belly** or the **head**?

Great! This'll give me a **good workout** for my upcoming **title fight** with **Foreman**!

No, no! You're doing it **all wrong!** Let an **EXPERIENCED mugger** show you how!

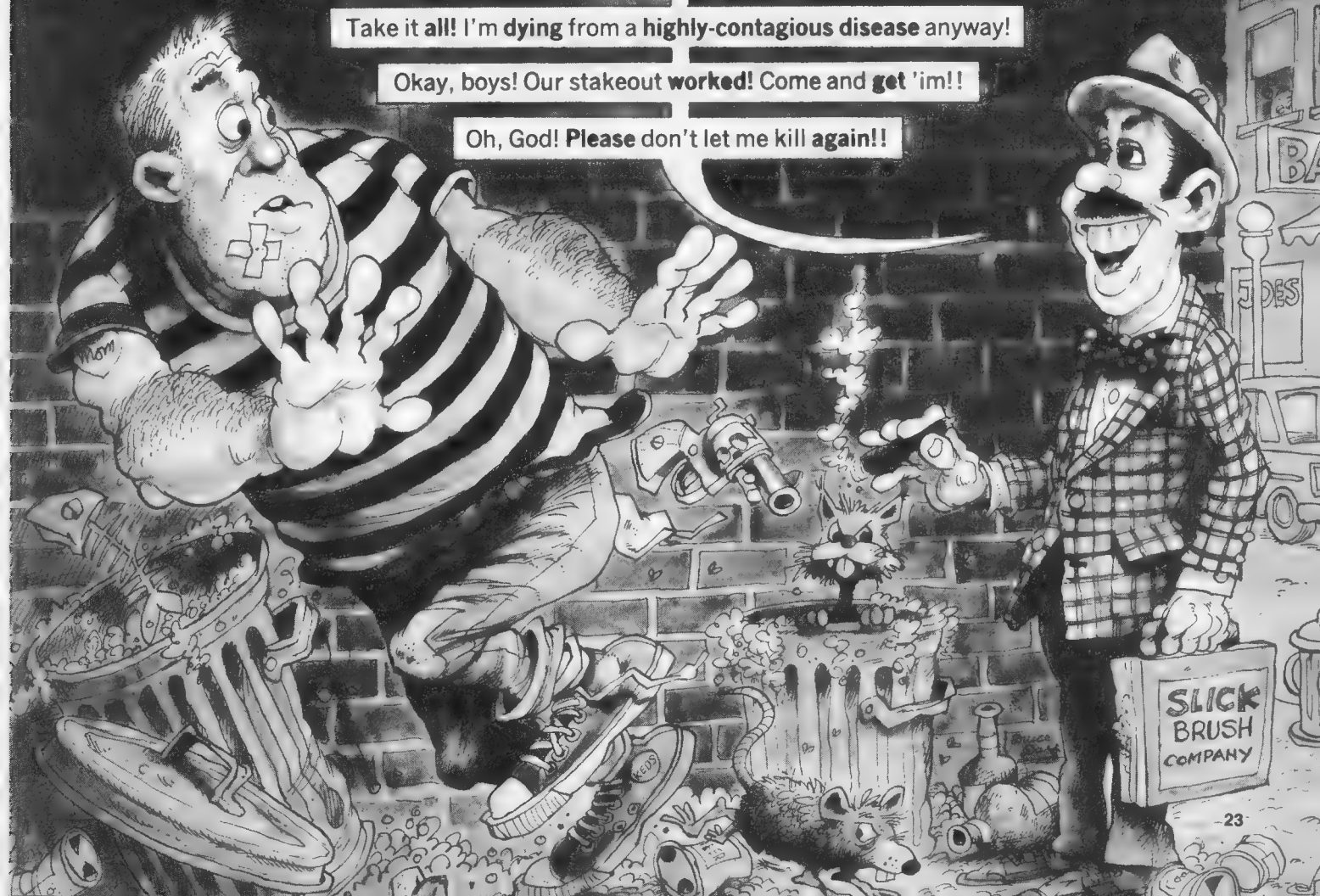
I like your **style**, kid! How'd you like to move up to where the **REAL dough** is?

That's it! Fantastic! You're **exactly** the actor I **need** for my next **picture**!

Take it all! I'm **dying** from a **highly-contagious disease** anyway!

Okay, boys! Our stakeout **worked**! Come and **get 'im!!**

Oh, God! **Please** don't let me kill **again!!**

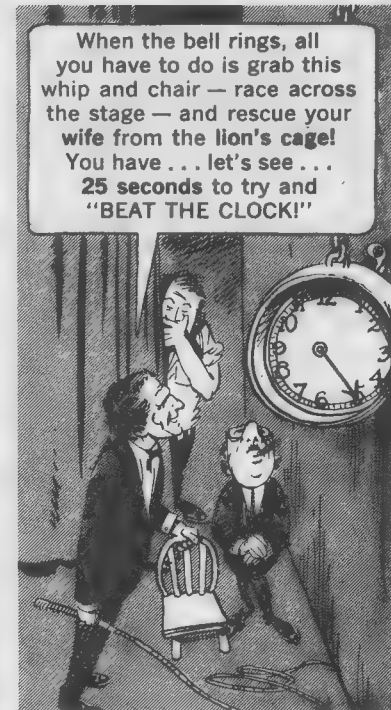


21-INCH SCREAM DEPT.

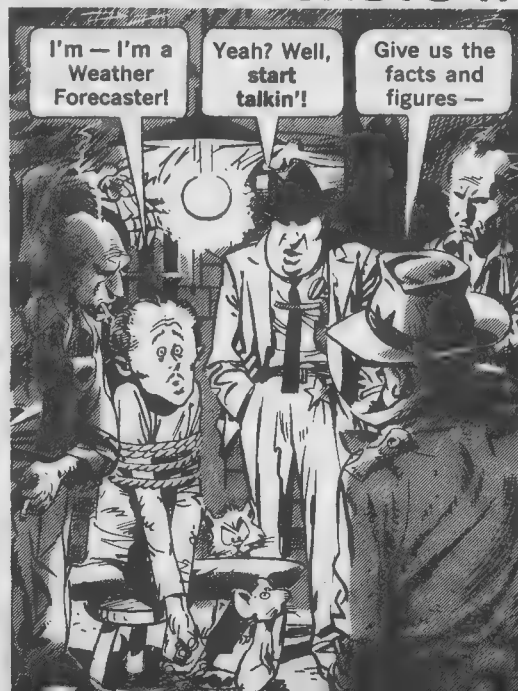
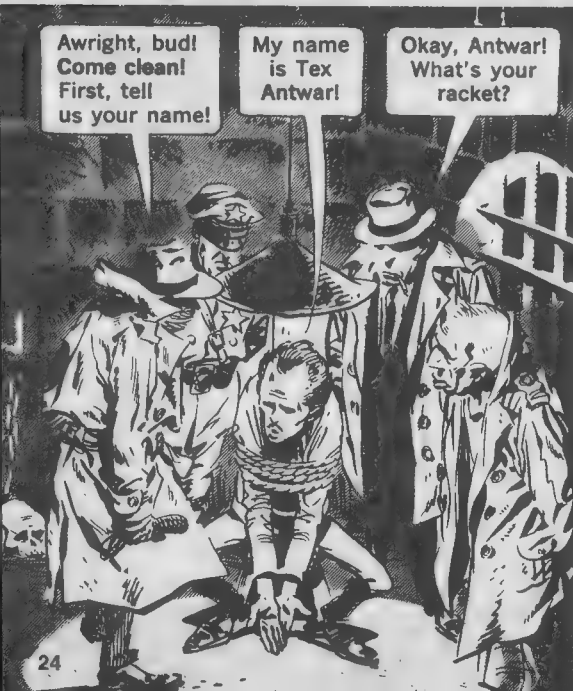
In spite of the criticism leveled at it from all quarters, television is still as violent as ever — only more so. Today, from coast to coast, the cathode ray tubes run with gore, and the rabbit ears vibrate to the crash of gunfire and the crunch of fist-on-chin. Because the TV moguls are well-aware of the time-tested

THE "VIOLENCE"

VIOLENCE IN "GIVE-AWAY" SHOWS...



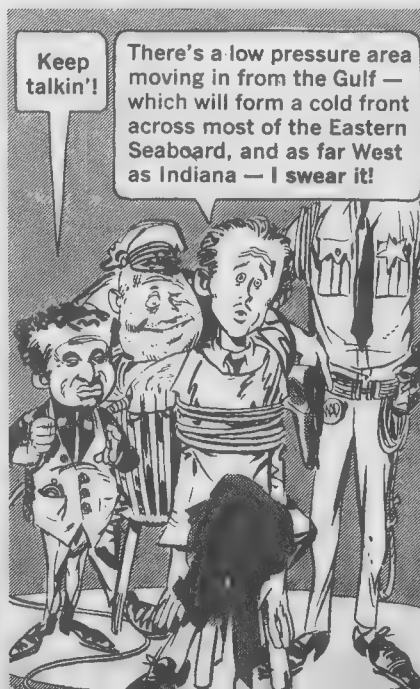
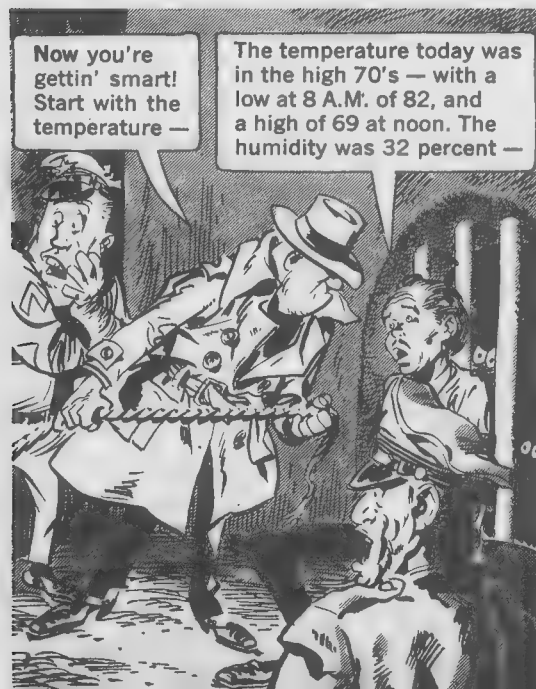
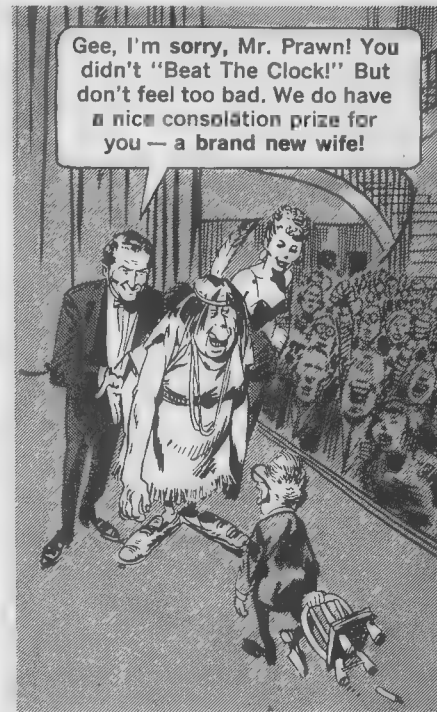
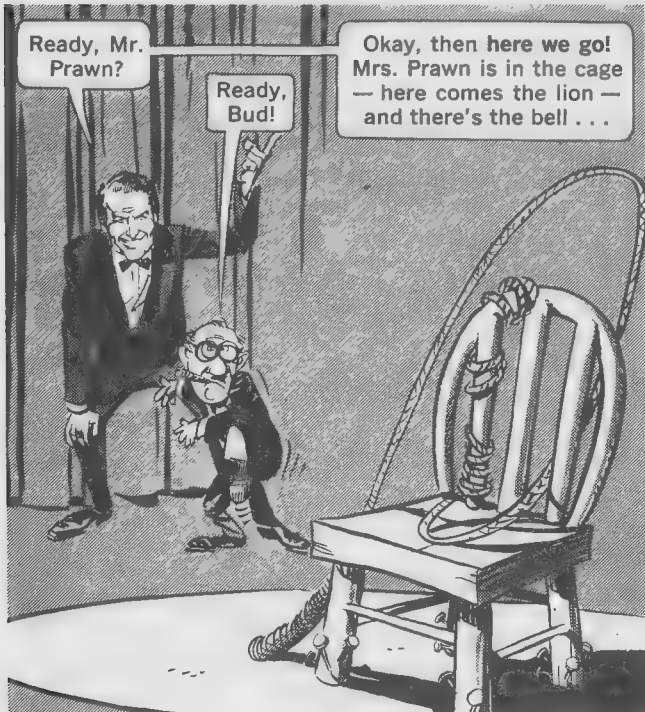
VIOLENCE IN "WEATHER FORECASTS"...



entertainment formula, namely—that VIOLENCE SELLS! In fact, the way things are going, MAD figure■ that it's only a matter of time before this emphasis on "blood 'n guts" spreads to other television areas beside Crime and Western shows. And then we'll be seeing *these* exciting new developments, as they continue . . .

TREND" ON TV

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITERS: SY REIT with DAVID BERG, FRANK JACOBS & LARRY SIEGEL



VIOLENCE IN "NEWS BROADCASTS"...

Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Douglas Edward with the latest world-wide and local news!

Well, what kind of a day has it been?

It's been a day President Eisenhower called for major **CUTS**... in all government spending!

A day that Democratic Senators on Capitol Hill **HAMMERED** away at the Republican legislative program

VIOLENCE IN "COMMERCIALS"...

Ladies and Gentlemen, you are about to witness an on-the-spot road test, designed to show how **Armstrangle Tires** "grip the road" — to stop on a dime — every time!

Here we see two cars — one equipped with 4 **Armstrangle Tires** — and the other equipped with 4 "Inferior Brand Tires" — approaching a curve at fifty MPH, as an unsuspecting pedestrian has started to cross the road!

Both drivers see the pedestrian ... and both drivers apply their brakes at the same time!

VIOLENCE IN "STATION IDENTIFICATIONS"...

The following program is brought to you in living color on N.B.C. . .

Ladies and Gentlemen . . .
**THE STEVE ALLEN
PLYMOUTH SHOW**

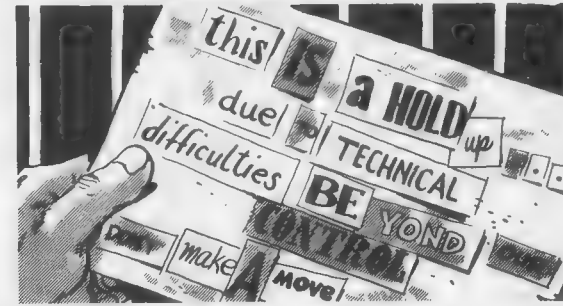
... brought to you by ...
the solid Plymouth for 1960!

FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD,
GET THAT PEACOCK
OFF THE ROAD!

A day Federal Narcotics agents **SMASHED** a nationwide dope ring!

I'll be back with the details in a moment . . . right after a brief **SCREAM** from our sponsor . . .

VIOLENCE IN "SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS"



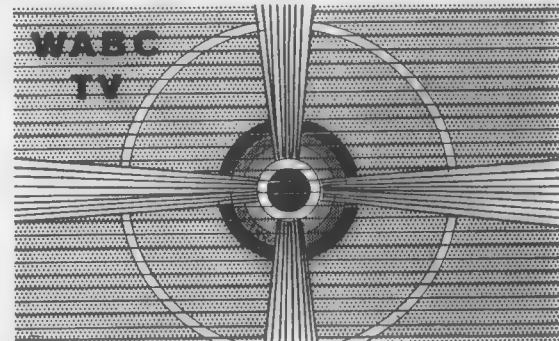
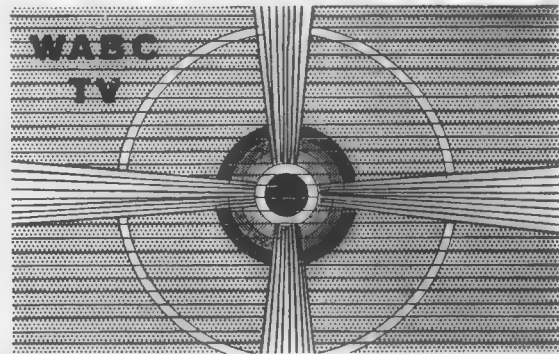
Note that the car equipped with the "Inferior Tires" skids nearly 150 feet before coming to a stop

— killing the pedestrian!

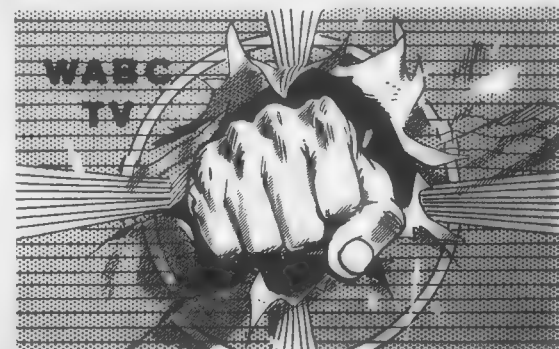
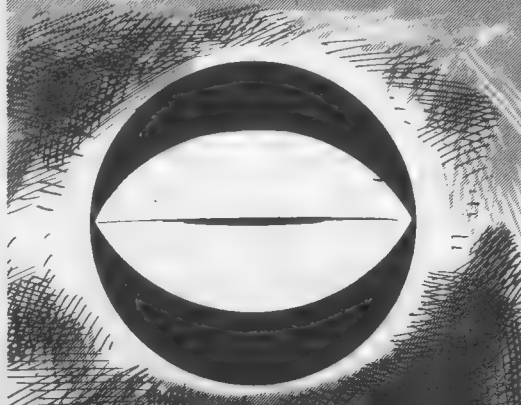
While the car equipped with **Armstrangle Tires** stops almost instantly

— killing the driver!

VIOLENCE IN "TV TEST PATTERNS"



Ladies and Gentlemen, due to an especially violent station identification on another network — which sent wreckage scattering all over the TV channels — the C.B.S. eye has been blinded by feathers and glass!



SELF-DEFENSE FOR LITTLE OLD LADIES

HOW TO WHIP THAT YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER

Seven Defense Devices You Can Hide In Your Orthopedic Shoes

HOW TO KNIT A 20-POUND CHAIN INTO YOUR SHAWL

A Concealed Hat Pin: Your Most Cherished Defense Weapon

HOW TO BITE A MUGGER WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR FALSE TEETH IN HIS ARM

Build Your Own Bullet-Proof Corset

18 TERRIBLE THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH AN UMBRELLA



HITTING BELOW THE BLACK BELT DEPT.

TODAY, MORE THAN EVER BEFORE, PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN LEARNING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES. IF YOU'RE LIKE THE REST OF US, YOU PROBABLY HAVE SOME BIG LUG WHO'S ALWAYS BULLYING YOU. WELL, ISN'T IT TIME YOU STOOD UP TO YOUR WIFE? THERE ARE DOZENS OF BOOKS ON THE MARKET

MORE SPE SELF-DEFE



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

Self-Defense For POLICEMEN

★ ★ ★
12 WAYS TO STOP A CRIMINAL WITH JUST ONE FINGER (Your Trigger Finger)

★ ★ ★
HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST ONE ATTACKER

★ ★ ★
How To Defend Yourself Against One Attacker With A Crowd Of 500 Watching

★ ★ ★
HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST 501 ATTACKERS

★ ★ ★
The Only Sure Way To Avoid A Riot: GO OFF DUTY!

★ ★ ★
18 WAYS TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST AN IRATE LITTLE OLD LADY WITH AN UMBRELLA

★ ★ ★



Self-Defense For TEENY-BOPPERS

IF A THUG GRABS FOR YOUR PURSE... LET HIM HAVE IT! (He Deserves The Hernia)

□ □ □ □

How To Defend Yourself Against Your Boyfriend ... Or An Octopus

□ □ □ □

TEN THINGS TO SAY TO FRESH GUYS WHO WHISTLE AT YOU

□ □ □ □

15 Streets Where You Can Find Fresh Guys To Whistle At You

□ □ □ □

GET THE EFFECT OF BRASS KNUCKLES WITH 4 FRIENDSHIP RINGS

□ □ □ □

How To Hide A Mini-Knife Under Your Mini-Skirt

□ □ □ □

THE BEST DEFENSE: RUN FASTER THAN YOUR NYLONS



DEALING WITH SELF-DEFENSE. MANY OF THEM ARE EVEN BROKEN DOWN INTO CATEGORIES, SUCH AS "SELF-DEFENSE FOR MEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR WOMEN", "SELF-DEFENSE FOR BOYS", AND SO ON. WELL, MAD WOULD LIKE TO ADD TO THIS RIDICULOUS COLLECTION OF "SELF-DEFENSE BOOKS" WITH

Specialized Self-Defense Books



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Self-Defense For HOUSEWIVES



HOW TO GIVE A GOOD KARATE CHOP TO A BUTCHER WHO GAVE YOU A BAD PORK CHOP

Sex Appeal: Your Most Valuable Weapon For Avoiding A Traffic Ticket

HOW TO AVOID A TRAFFIC TICKET... AND A MORALS CHARGE

Self Defense Against White Tornadoes, Giants In Washers, Witches, Flying Maids, White Knights and Gabby Lady Plumbers



Self-Defense For TINY TOTS

IT'S YOUR ICE CREAM—DEFEND IT!
A Collection Of Punches & Blocks
That Only Use Your Free Hand

CONVERT YOUR CAP PISTOL
INTO THE REAL THING

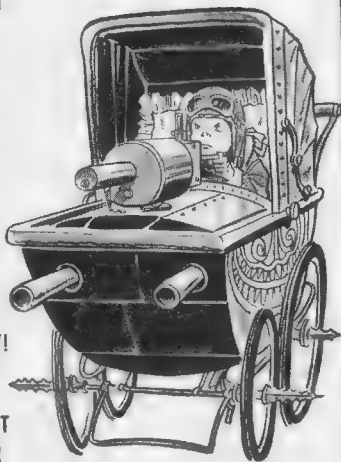
Seven Self-Defense Methods
You Can Practice On Your
Barbie Doll

BITE SCRATCH AND KICK!
You're A Kid, And You're
Not Expected To Fight Fair!

ALWAYS CARRY EXTRA CANDY!
Every Bully Has His Price!

CONVINCING YOUR ASSAILANT
YOU'VE GOT A BIG BROTHER

When All Else Fails . . . Cry!



Self-Defense For ANIMAL LOVERS

HOW TO EAT A STEAK DINNER
SAFELY WHEN YOU OWN
THREE DOBERMAN PINSCHERS

4 Effective Judo Holds
You Can Use On A
Depraved Parakeet

BEING ATTACKED BY A
LAUGHING HYENA IS NOT
AS FUNNY AS IT SOUNDS

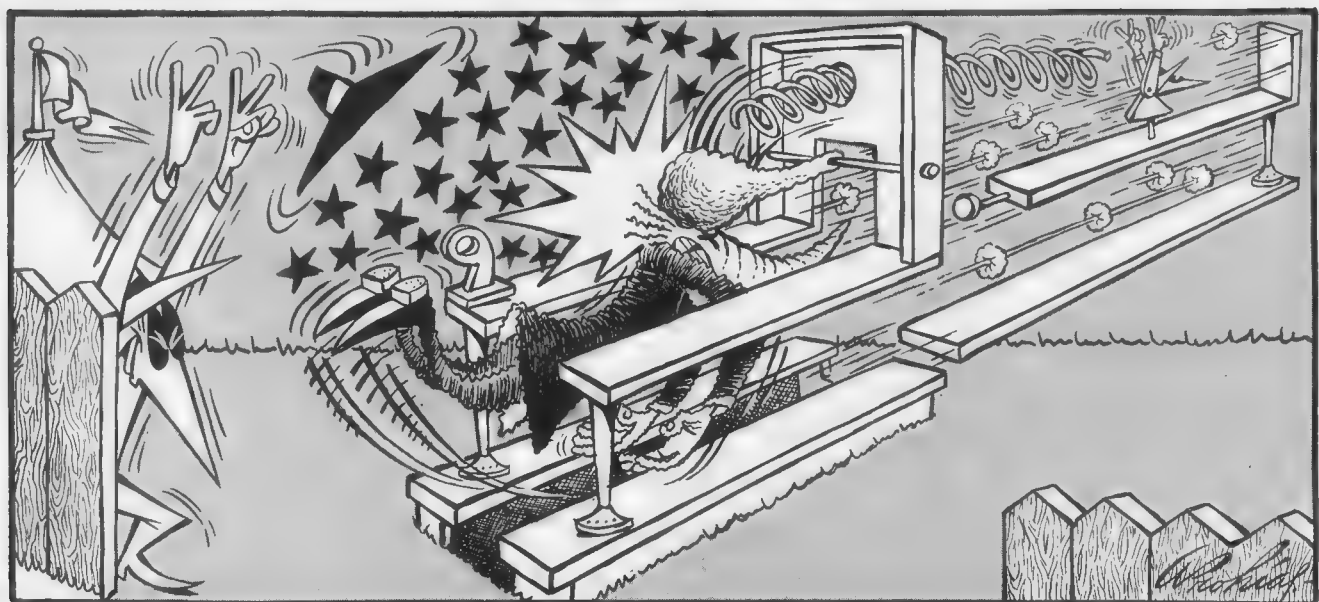
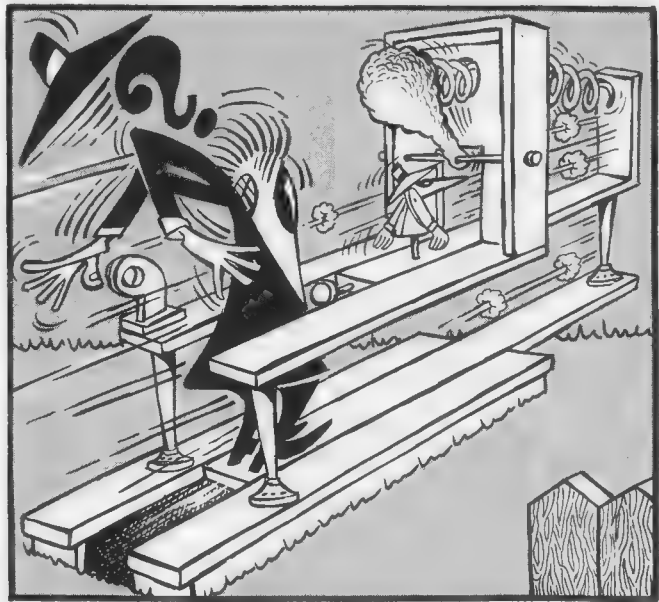
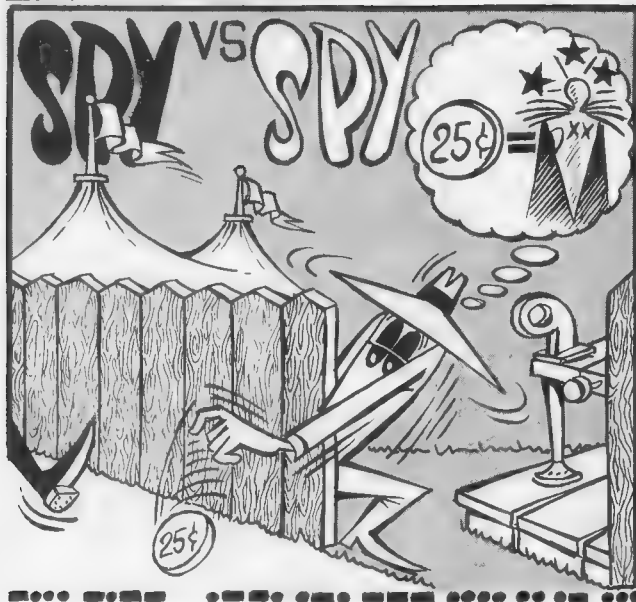
How To Deal With A Goldfish
Who's Been Watching Movies
About Barracudas On TV

PUTTING THE CAT OUT WHEN
HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO

How To Defend Yourself Against
Two—er—Six—er—Eighteen—er
—Seventy-Two—Crazed Rabbits

7 WAYS TO RELAX AND UNWIND
A NERVOUS BOA CONSTRICTOR



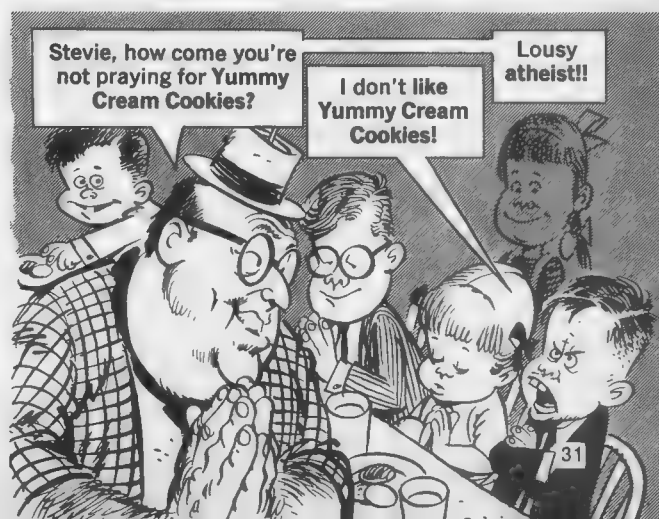


Since MAD's Official Article-Introduction Writer is ill this month, we've assigned Sidney Gwartzman, MAD's Accountant, to serve as Guest Introduction Writer for the following article. Here is Mr. Gwartzman's Introduction: *"The law provides a credit against tax dividends received from qualifying domestic corporations. This credit is equal to 4 percent of these dividends in excess of those which you may exclude from your income. The credit may not exceed: (a) the total income tax reduced by foreign tax credit; or (b) 4 percent of the . . ."* But enough of this hilarity. Let's save the jokes for the story as

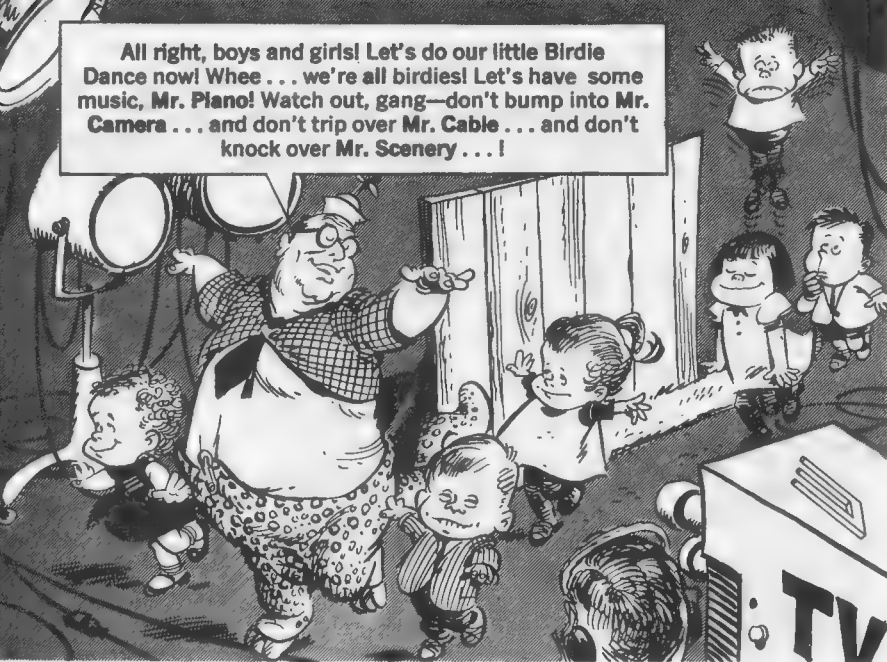
MAD LOOKS AT A TYPICAL KIDDIE TV SHOW

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



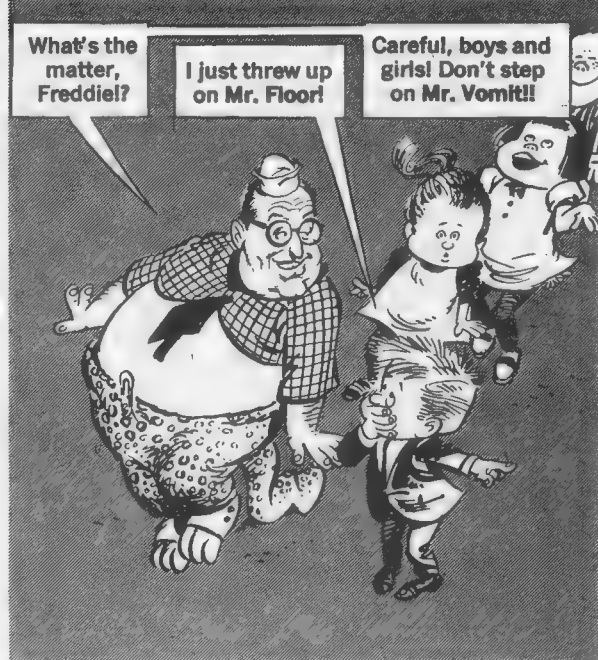
All right, boys and girls! Let's do our little Birdie Dance now! Whee . . . we're all birdies! Let's have some music, Mr. Piano! Watch out, gang—don't bump into Mr. Camera . . . and don't trip over Mr. Cable . . . and don't knock over Mr. Scenery . . . !



What's the matter, Freddie?

I just threw up on Mr. Floor!

Careful, boys and girls! Don't step on Mr. Vomit!!



Well, that was fun, right Gang? Now for a little "Simon Says"! Ready . . . ? Simon says hands on hips! Simon says hands down! Simon says hands on head!

Oh-oh! There's a fire in the Control Room! Brucie, grab a fire extinguisher and put it out!

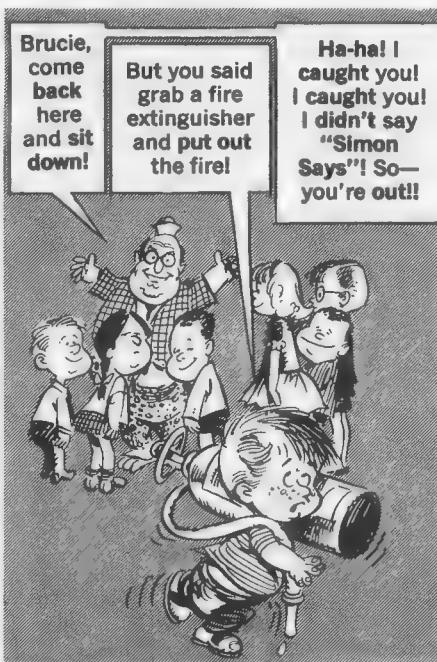
Okay, Uncle Nutzy!



Brucie, come back here and sit down!

But you said grab a fire extinguisher and put out the fire!

Ha-ha! I caught you! I caught you! I didn't say "Simon Says"! So—you're out!!



Now—Simon says Tommy grab a fire extinguisher and put out the . . . Oh-oh! Simon Says it looks pretty bad in the Control Room! Simon Says it's too late for a fire extinguisher! Simon says Mr. Piano—play "Taps"!



How about it, kids? Wasn't that a great game—and a great fire? You bet!! And now for an important message: Gang, remember how we got Daddy to shell out \$84.00 for this beautiful "Bubbie Doll" and her boy friend doll "Ben"? And then we got Daddy to shell out \$128.00 for scrumptious wardrobes for both? Well, guess what? The fashions have changed again . . . and Bubbie and Ben now need complete new Spring Outfits! Isn't that wonderful news? Especially for Daddy who'll have to come up with 148 more bucks?

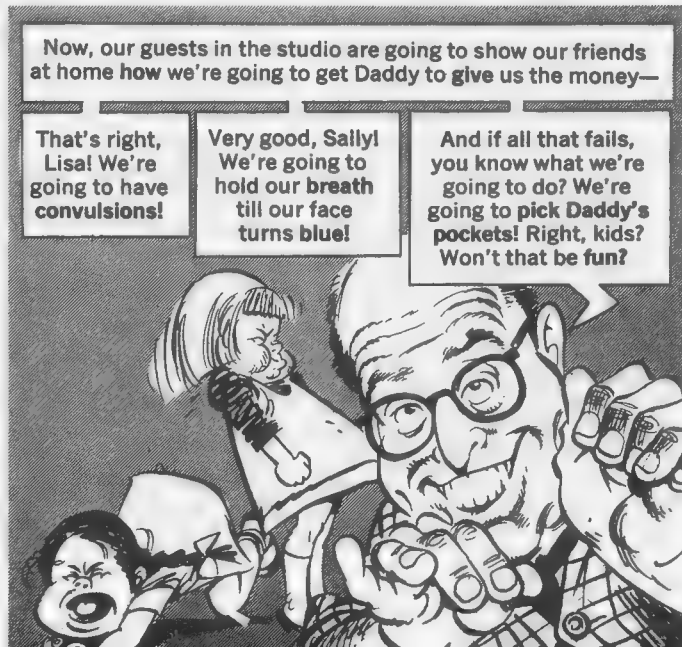


Now, our guests in the studio are going to show our friends at home how we're going to get Daddy to give us the money—

That's right, Lisa! We're going to have convulsions!

Very good, Sally! We're going to hold our breath till our face turns blue!

And if all that fails, you know what we're going to do? We're going to pick Daddy's pockets! Right, kids? Won't that be fun?



Oh, say, kids! There have been some complaints from various "square" parent groups about us selling you "Teeny"—the little baby doll that belongs to Bubbie and her boy-friend doll, Ben. You know . . . they think it's a rather unhealthy arrangement! So guess what the Bubbie Doll Company is going to do in order to make everything wonderful and decent again? For just \$31.00, you can get Daddy to buy you a "Preacher Doll" and you can stage your very own wedding for Bubbie and Ben! Better late than never, we always say! Ha-ha!

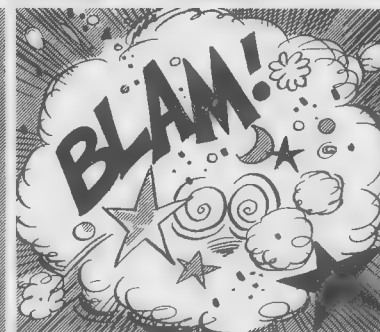
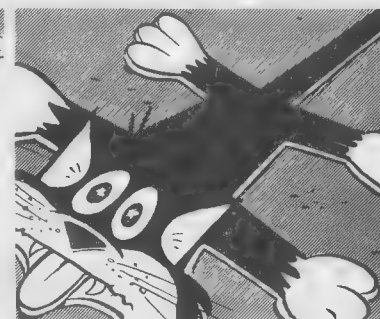
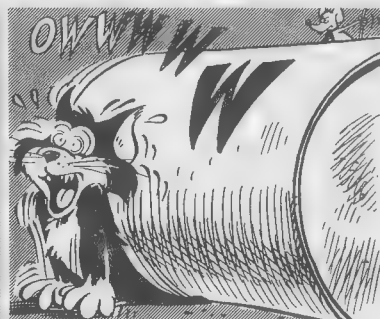
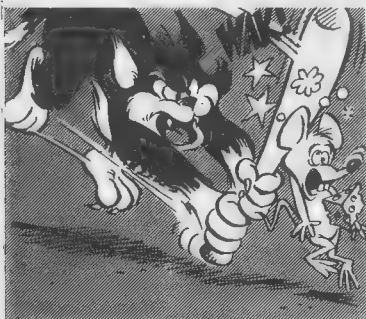
NOW ONLY \$31.00
THE NEW IMPROVED
PREACHER DOLL!

BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK!



ALSO
 FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!
WITNESS DOLLS ONLY
 \$27.59 EACH!

And now, guess what, boys and girls? Time for a cartoon! I'm sure you're going to like this one! You know how I know? Because you liked it yesterday, and you liked it the day before yesterday, and you liked it last week, and last month, and 212 times last year! Okay—here we go!



Hey, wasn't that a great cartoon, boys and girls? It's the newest one we've ever shown! It was made in 1928—but very, very late in the year! Didn't you learn a lot about life from this adorable cartoon??

I sure did, Uncle Nutzy! I want to play just like that with my little baby brother!

Very good, Herbie, and what else did you learn from this adorable cartoon—and from all the other adorable cartoons we show . . . Nancy?

I learned that cats are ugly and bad, and mice are cute and good, and mice always win in the end, and I'm going to bring lots of mice into my house, and I'm going to feed them and take them to bed with me, and I'm going to kill Mommy's Siamese cats, and—

Wonderful, Nancy! And now, another important message from one of our sponsors . . .



IT'S HERE, Boys and girls!! The great new fun-toy you've been waiting for! **"DEATH-26"!!** Yes, kids, **"Death-26"** is 26 real fun-weapons combined into one magnificent toy! It's a combination rifle, machine gun, rocket-launcher, grenade-thrower, bazooka, mortar, H-bomb detonator, and so much more!



Can't you just picture yourself destroying the entire Russian Army with your **"Death-26"**?



... and laying to waste 3/4 of the world ... ?



... and eliminating all the competitors of Yummy Cream Cookies ... ?



... and all the other Kiddie Show Emcees except your Uncle Nutzy? You bet you can!!



"Death-26" is a product of Educational Toys Corporation and costs just \$212.00 wherever all fine toys are sold! And, kids, remember our sensational **"Free Trial Offer"**! We'll send you a **"Death-26"** at no charge for one whole week! Think of what you can do with it: Frighten your friends, scare shell-shocked war veterans ... and even make Daddy come across with \$212.00 so you can keep your **"Death-26"** toy after the free trial week is over ... **OR ELSE!!**



Well, that's it for today, boys and girls! Remember ... buy **"Death-26"** for \$212 ... and buy the whole **Bubbie Doll Family** for \$391 ... and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Hat** for \$18 ... and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Suit** for \$43 ... and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Mask** for \$14 ... and make Mommy take you downtown to the **Tip-Top Theater** on Main Street tomorrow afternoon where Uncle Nutzy will be making a **Personal Appearance** at \$2.50 a head! Goodbye, out there!!



Great show, Uncle Nutzy! Er—your wife is on the phone!

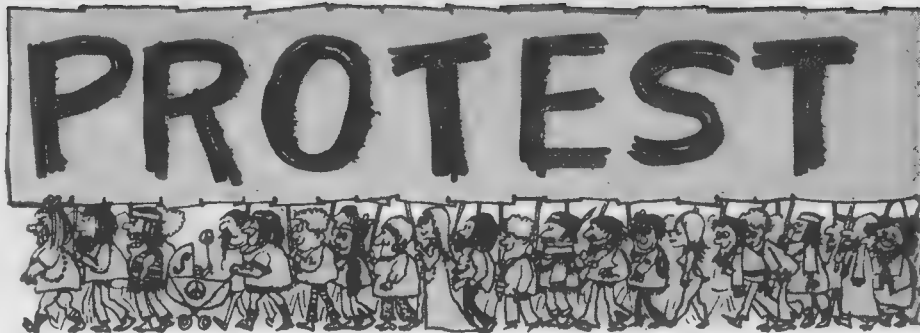
Hello, dear ... How are the kids? They what! Look, how many times have I told you not to let them watch my show!? What do you want to do—ruin them? Now tomorrow at this time, have them watch **"The Untouchables"** instead! Yeah—that's a lot safer and healthier for them! Bye!



ONE FAIRLY NICE DAY DOWNTOWN



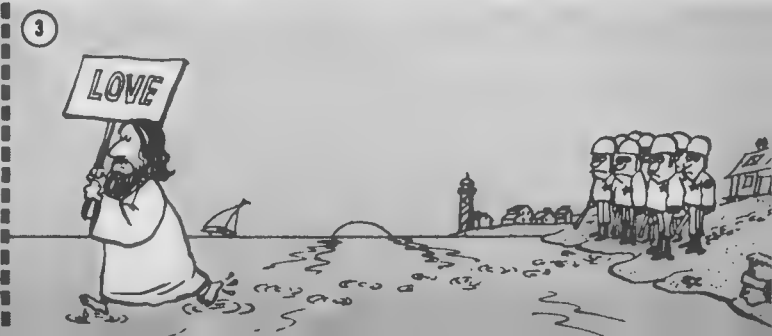
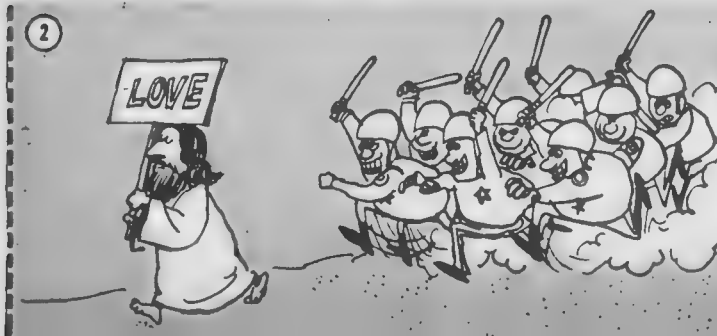
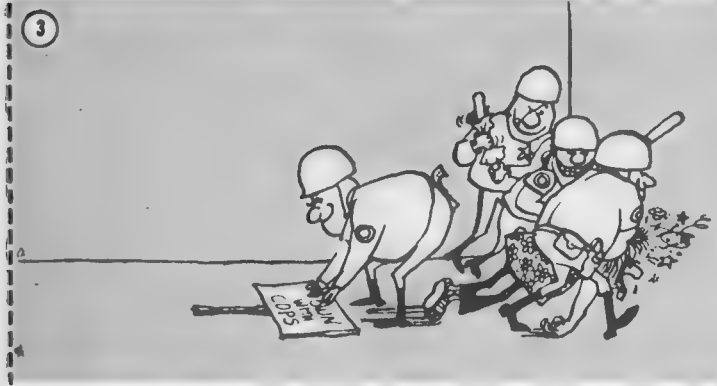
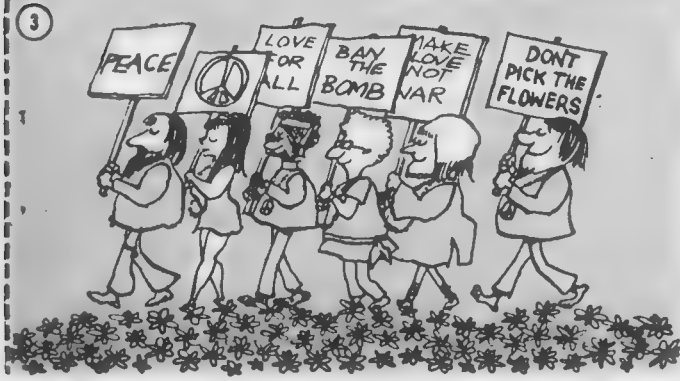
BOMBING THE BAN-ERS DEPT.
SERGIO ARAGONES
TAKES A
MAD LOOK AT...

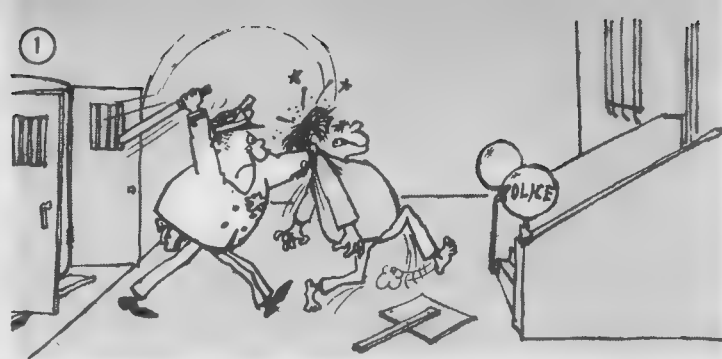
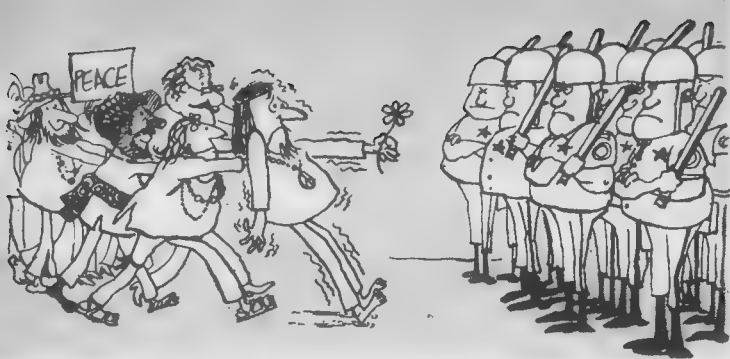


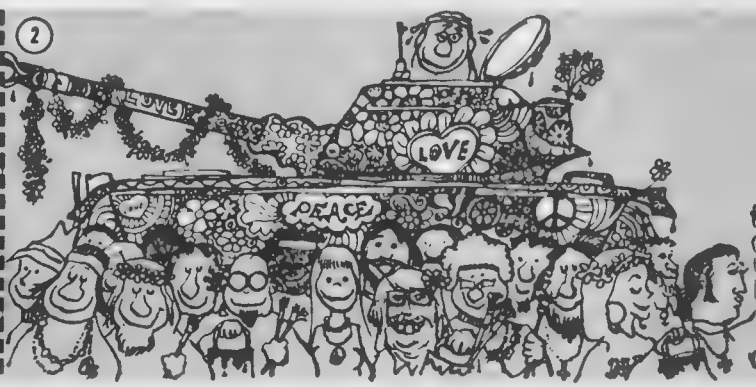
DEMONSTRATIONS



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

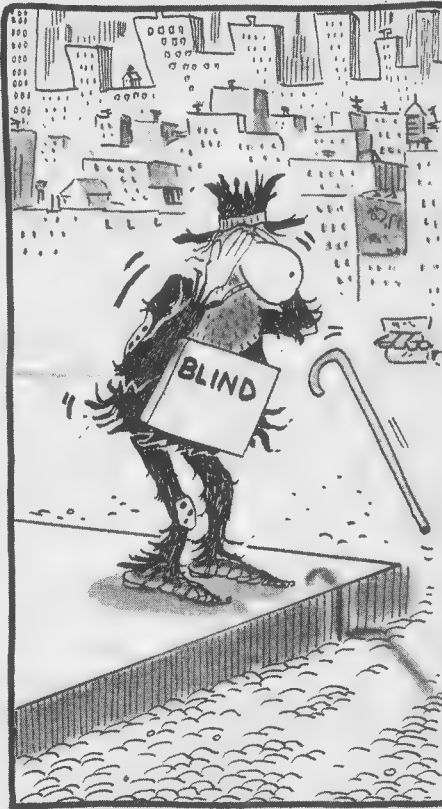
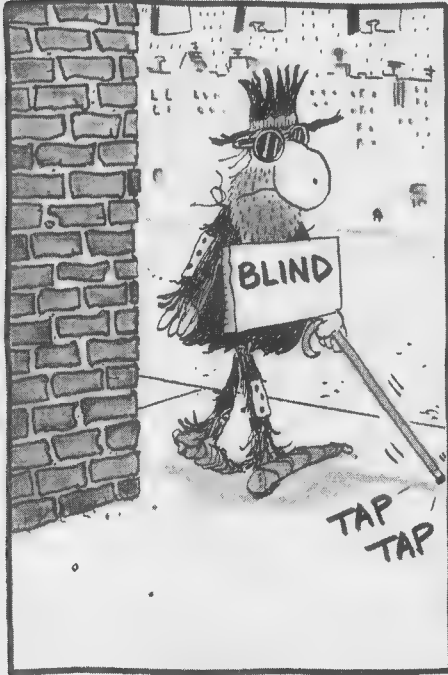








AN EYE-POPPING SCENE ON A CORNER



ARTIST & WRITER: DON EDWING



BLUNDER-COVER DEPT.

Here we go with MAD's version of TV's latest Hit Show in which two guys develop a close relationship while driving around in a car, fighting crime. It's sort of an up-dated, realistic rip-off of "Batman and Robin" called . . .

HARSKY & STUTCH

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Listen, mister . . . I'd advise you to come clean before my partner really loses his temper!

TALK, YOU @#\$%! AND YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE AN ATTORNEY PRESENT DURING QUESTIONING!!

But I AM an Attorney! Gasp! I'm here to see a CLIENT!!

What's going on in here?! Sounds like somebody's getting killed!

It's nothing, Captain! We're just advising this citizen of his rights!

Could you send in a Stenographer?

Does he want to make a confession?

No . . . his Last Will and Testament!



You guys have got to cut down on the rough stuff! We've been getting a lot of complaints lately!

You mean from the Police Brass . . . ?

No, from the TV Critics! Better go easy on the violence, or you might find yourselves transferred!

You mean back to pounding a beat . . . ?!

Even worse! They might switch you to the Family Hour!

The Family Hour?! That would mean no more bloody fights or fatal shootouts or wild car chases!

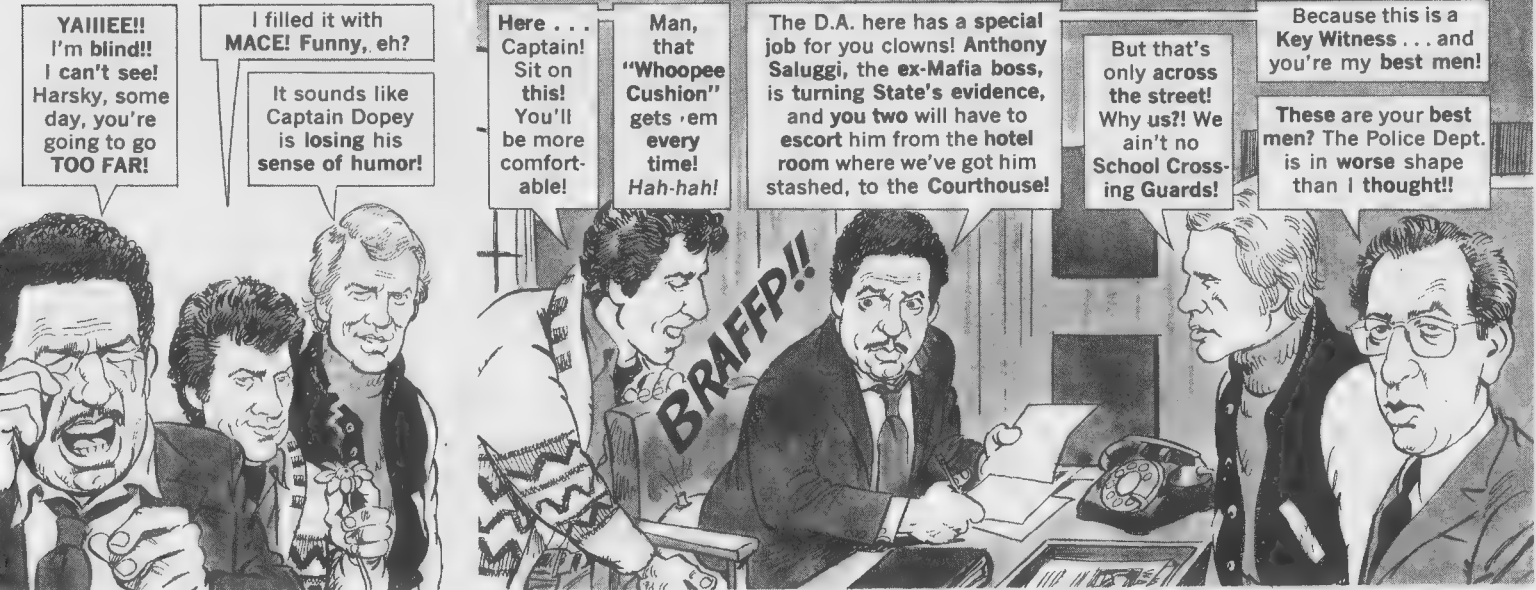
We'd end up with only a fifteen-minute program!!

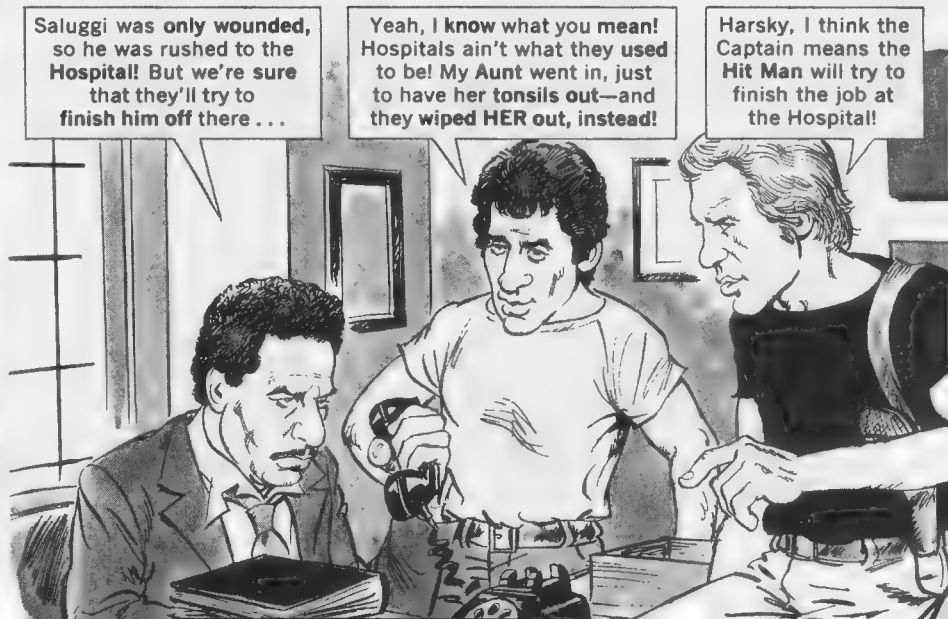
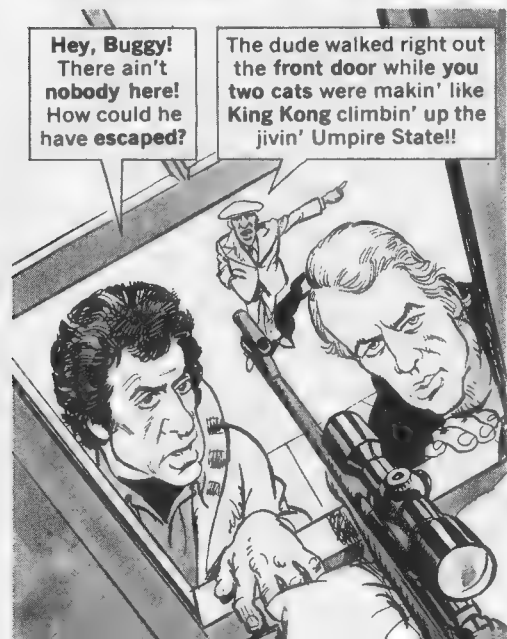
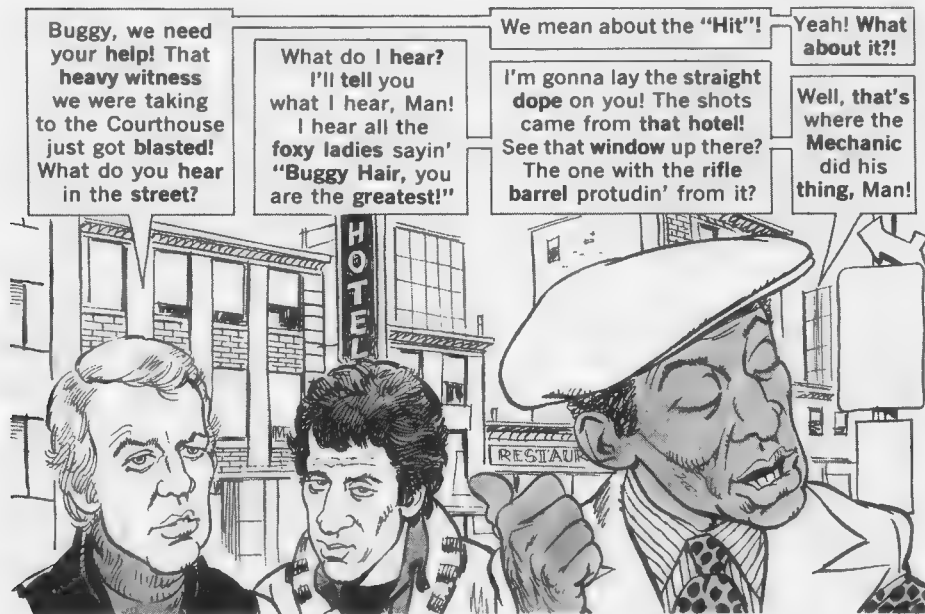
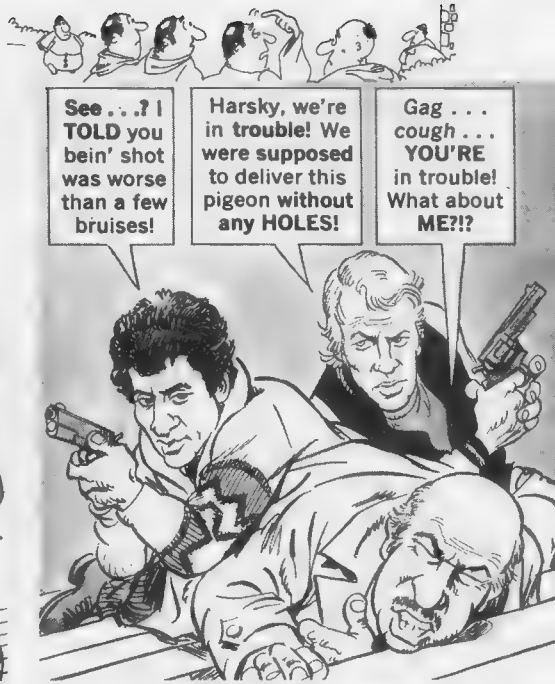
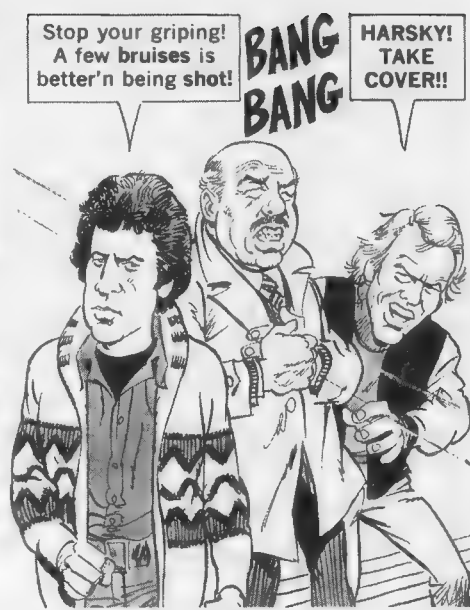
We'll try to be good boys, Captain! Right, Harsky . . . ?

You bet, Captain! Hey . . . smell my flower!

Harsky, that gag is older than the Crime Plots we use on this show! But if it'll make you happy . . .







Right! And you two are elected to see that it doesn't come off!

We already DID our Guard Duty bit! Get someone ELSE to handle it!

Sorry! If I send some other Cops to the Hospital, they might forget why they're there and start foolin' around with the Nurses! With you two guys, I don't have to worry!

Boy . . . a Hospital! What a chance to play "Doctor"!

With the patients?

No, with each other!

Forget it! Let's try to find our Hit Man! Spread out and scout around! Look for anybody acting suspicious!

Hey . . . what's going on in here!?!
HOLD IT!! I'm a Police Officer!!

**BLAMM
BLAMM**



What happened . . . ??

I spotted this guy wearing a mask and carrying a knife! I identified myself as a Cop, and then I blew him away!

Harsky, this is an Operating Room! ALL Doctors wear masks when they operate! You just burned the Chief Surgeon!

Ooops! Sorry about that! Okay . . . the rest of you can put down your hands!



Boy, the Captain's gonna be teed off when he hears about this!!

What are you getting uptight about!? I went according to the book!! Er . . . Stutch . . . I think I see our guy! He's wearing a mask . . . and he's doing a knife act!

It's just another operation!

Okay, have it your way! But it sure is a strange place to have an operation . . . out here in the HALL! And the PATIENT is the COP that's guarding Saluggi's ROOM!!



Harsky, you BLEW it! You let our man get away!!

I blew it! How do you like that?! YOU said—

Never MIND what I said! C'mon!! Let's find him!

Stutch, that guy in the wheel chair! There's something SUSPICIOUS about him!

Hey, man! This IS a Hospital! What's so suspicious about a guy, in a wheel chair?

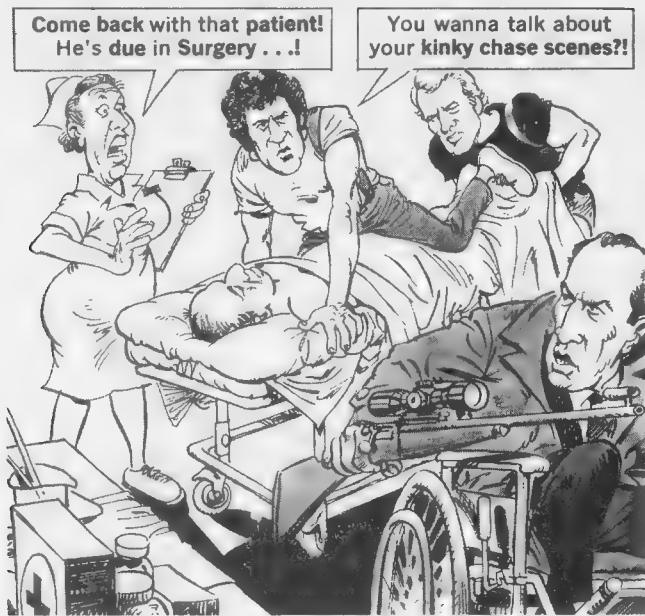
Well, for one thing, he's pushing himself with a RIFLE!!



And now he's FIRING that rifle! At US!!

You're right! That IS suspicious!! Nail him!!





Come back with that patient!
He's due in Surgery . . .!

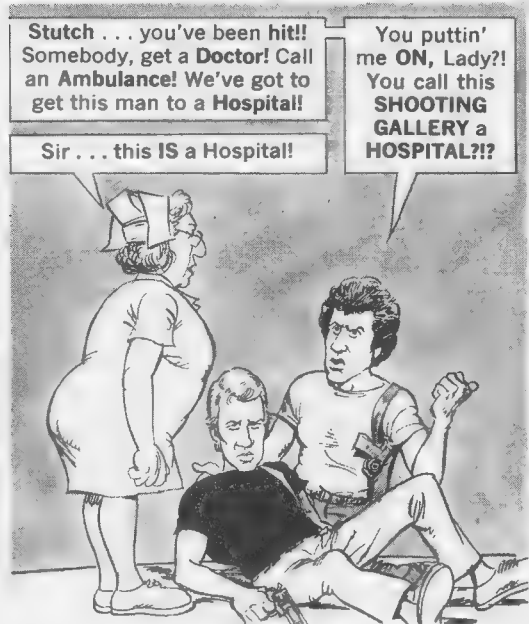
You wanna talk about
your kinky chase scenes?!



All you need is some
rest and quiet! A few
weeks in the Hospital
will do wonders for you!

My HEART!!
I can't stand
all this noise!
G-a-a-c-c-k!!

BLAMM!
BLAMM!



Stutch . . . you've been hit!!
Somebody, get a Doctor! Call
an Ambulance! We've got to
get this man to a Hospital!

You puttin'
me ON, Lady?!
You call this
SHOOTING
GALLERY a
HOSPITAL?!!

Sir . . . this IS a Hospital!



Well . . . how's
our patient
doing, Nurse?

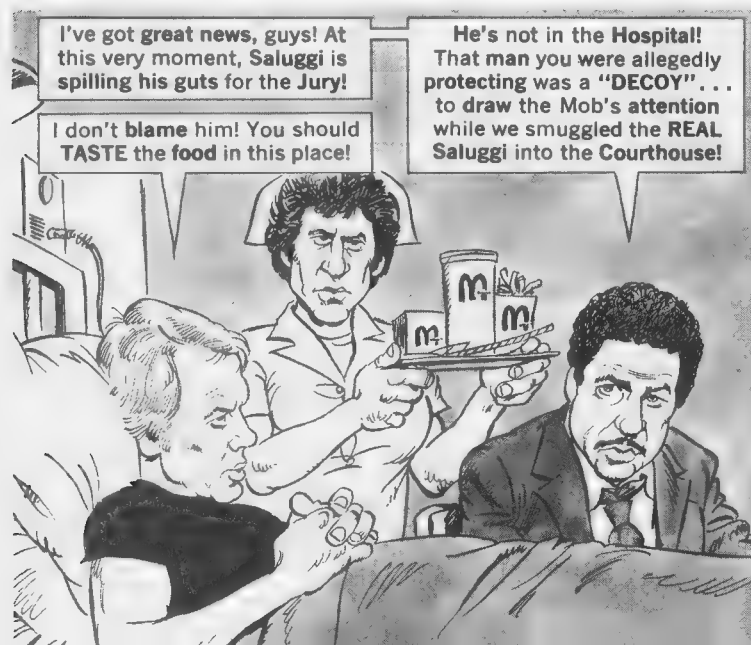
He'll live! Luckily
he was hit in the
thick of his head!



Don't you think
you're carrying
this "Buddy" stuff
too far, Harsky?!

What's "Rectal"
mean . . . ?

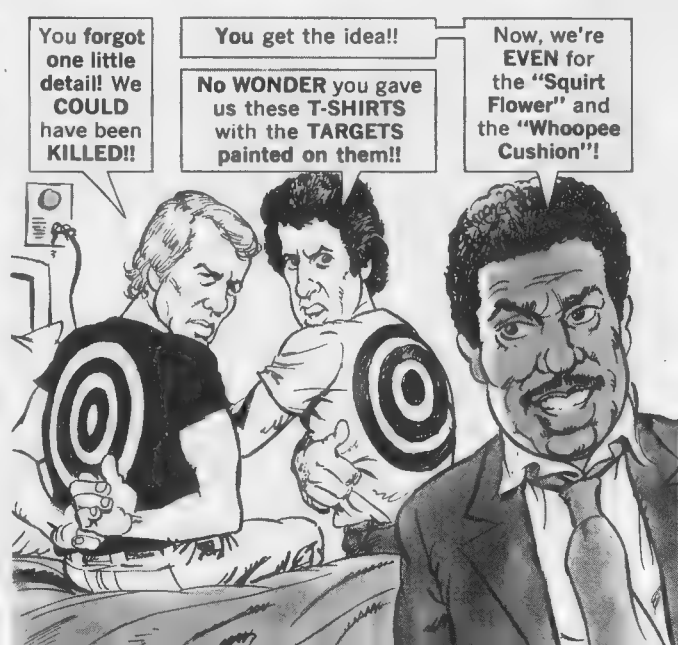
YECCH!!



I've got great news, guys! At
this very moment, Saluggi is
spilling his guts for the Jury!

I don't blame him! You should
TASTE the food in this place!

He's not in the Hospital!
That man you were allegedly
protecting was a "DECOY" . . .
to draw the Mob's attention
while we smuggled the REAL
Saluggi into the Courthouse!



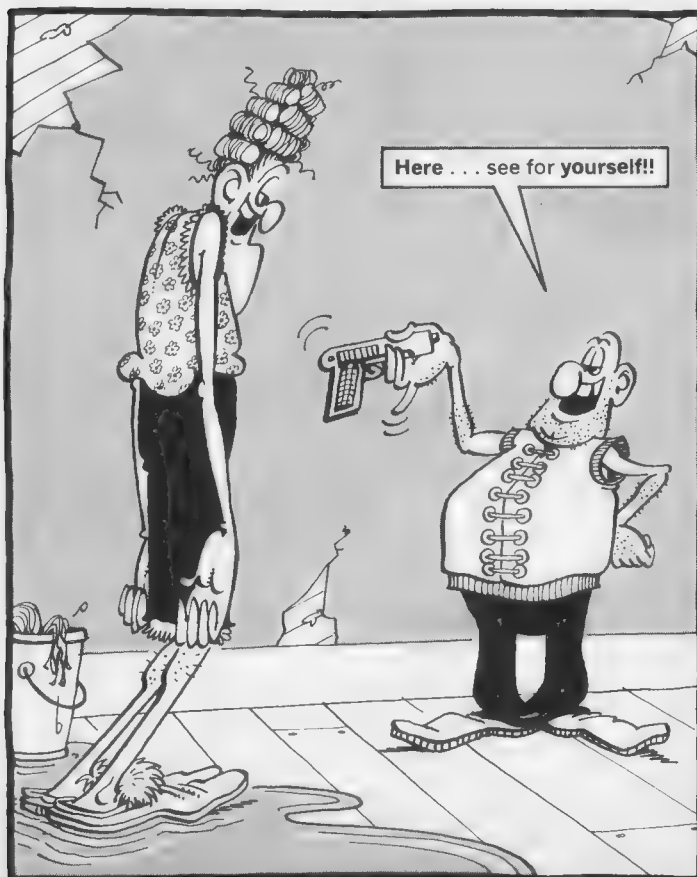
You forgot
one little
detail! We
COULD
have been
KILLED!!

You get the idea!!

No WONDER you gave
us these T-SHIRTS
with the TARGETS
painted on them!!

Now, we're
EVEN for
the "Squirt
Flower" and
the "Whoopee
Cushion"!!

ONE DAY IN A RUN-DOWN SHACK



CLASH OF '71 DEPT.

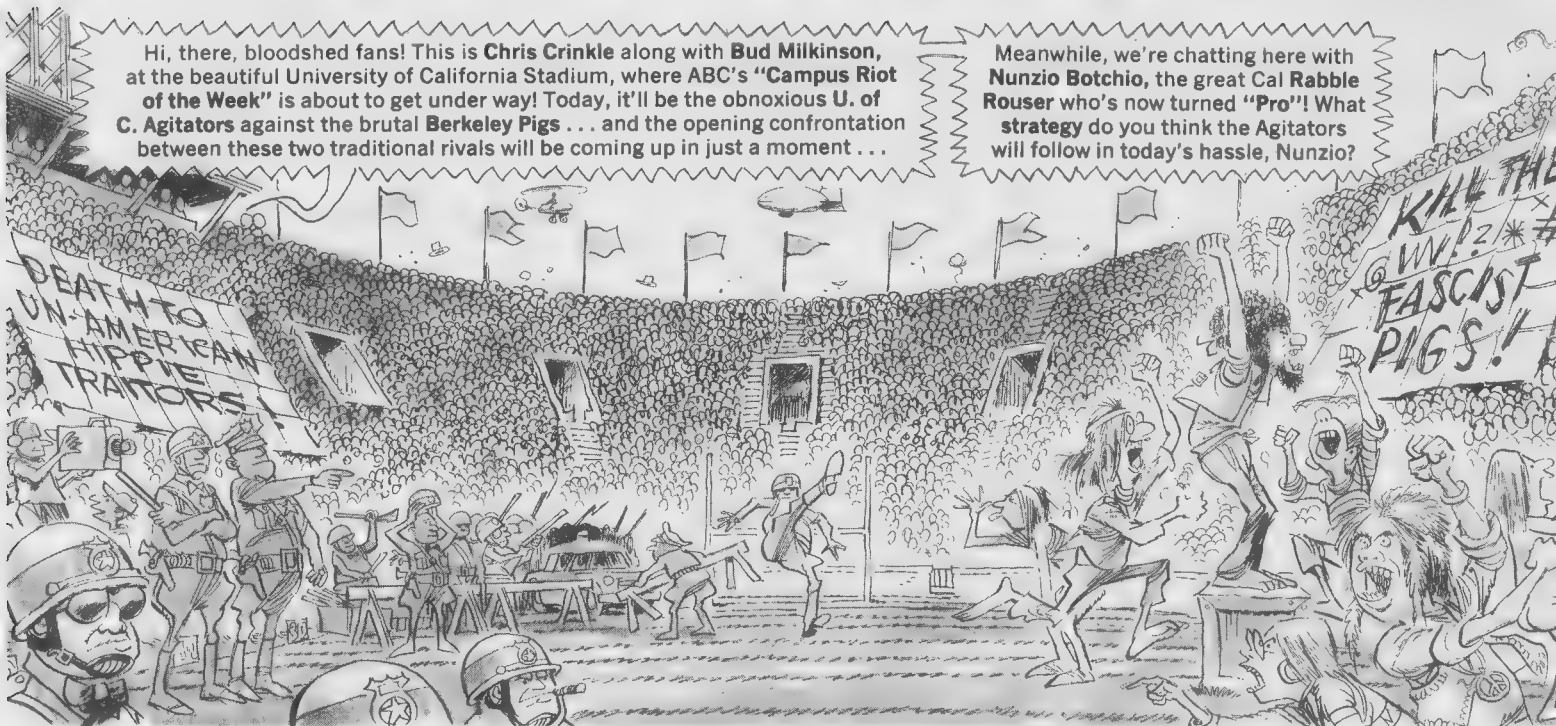
One of the dumbest things (of which there are plenty!) about "Campus Violence" is the fact that nobody makes any money out of it! Of course, there's an obvious reason why Collegiate Rioting remains a financial flop in spite of its growing popularity: The participants have never thought of charging the spectators to watch! In MAD's considered opinion, the solution is obvious: Why not move the mayhem off the campus streets and into the campus football stadium? Underfed radicals and underpaid cops would both benefit from ticket sales revenues. But more important, think of the millions a certain TV Network would gladly pay in order to televise every gory moment of . . .



ABC'S "CAMPUS RIOT OF THE WEEK"

Hi, there, bloodshed fans! This is **Chris Crinkle** along with **Bud Milkinson**, at the beautiful University of California Stadium, where ABC's "Campus Riot of the Week" is about to get under way! Today, it'll be the obnoxious U. of C. Agitators against the brutal **Berkeley Pigs** . . . and the opening confrontation between these two traditional rivals will be coming up in just a moment . . .

Meanwhile, we're chatting here with **Nunzio Botchio**, the great **Cal Rabble Rouser** who's now turned "Pro"! What strategy do you think the Agitators will follow in today's hassle, Nunzio?



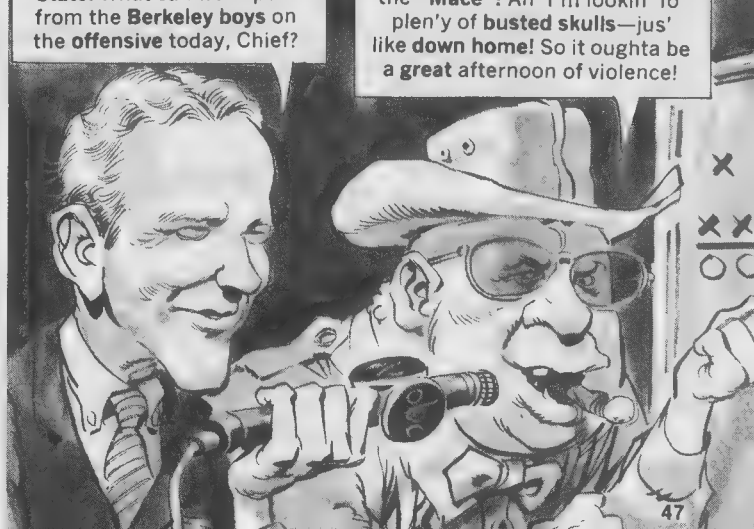
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: TOM KOCH

Well, the kids here have **always** relied on strong, fundamental **obscenity**, Chris! So I think the fans at home can look forward to a lot of hard-hitting **filthy speech** to provoke the Pigs this afternoon!

I'm sure we're in for a **first-rate donnybrook**! And now, here's Bud with a big-name **Law Enforcement** star . . .

Thanks, Chris! Here with me on this "Pre-Riot Show" is **Chief Bullneck Twiddle**, the all time "Pro" from **Alabama State**! What can we expect from the **Berkeley boys** on the offensive today, Chief?

Wal, I don' reckon they're gonna let them pointy-haired pinkos git past this **scrimmage** line here afore they bring out the "**Mace**"! An' I'm lookin' fo' plen'y of **busted skulls**—jus' like **down home**! So it oughta be a **great** afternoon of violence!



Excuse me, Bud, but we've just had the toss of the coin by the Governor down on the field! The Agitators have elected to provoke the incident that'll set off today's battle! And the Pigs have taken the wind advantage... which can mean a lot when you're facing 200 smelly radical revolutionaries!



We're just about ready for the mayhem to begin! But first... our National Anthem...

O-OH, SAY... CAN... YOU... SEE...



And we're under way!

Here comes the first confrontation of this afternoon's big riot...



FASCIST STORM TROOPER!

TOOL OF THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

CAPITALIST MURDERERS' ACCOMPLICE!

AHH, YOUR SISTER WEARS ARMY SHOES!



Care to analyze that opening provocation, Bud? Did it go just about as you expected?

Fairly true to form, Chris! Of course, you can't beat waving a Viet-Cong flag when it comes to goading the Pigs into getting trigger happy! But for an opening offensive move, I found that one pretty offensive!



And now, the Agitators are taking to the air for the first time this afternoon as one of the young punks lets fly with a homemade fire-bomb...



... but the toss is no good! It's way over the heads of its intended victims ... and here come the Fuzz—breaking through to nail the bomb-thrower for a probable felony rap ...

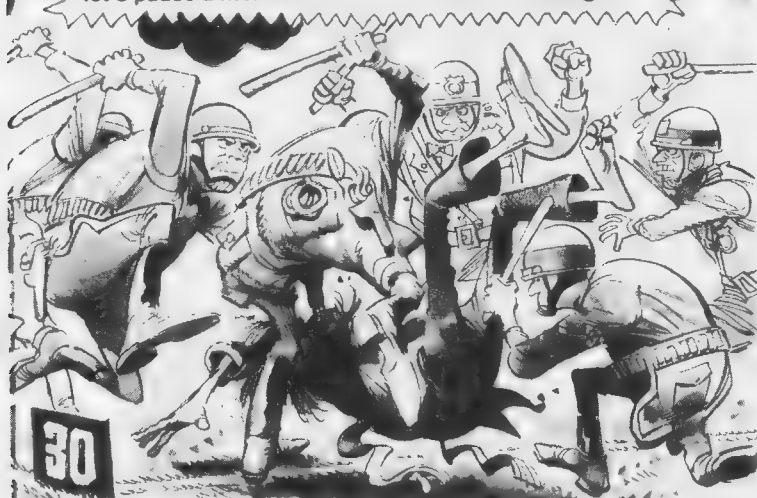


Taking a second look ... let's see what went wrong with that arson attempt ...

Notice how the bomb-thrower is turning to run before he's completed his follow-through motion! By doing that, he had no chance for accuracy! And, of course, tripping over his own feet didn't help very much, either!



Back to live action ... and the Pigs are now clubbing the bomb-tosser into a coma so he'll know he's under arrest! So while we're waiting for the completion of that atrocity, let's pause a moment for this commercial message ...



Hil I'm Norman Finstermacher ... notorious President of the S.D.U. ... "The Students For A Democratic Uprising"! Today, I'd like to conduct a revealing "dynamite comparison test" for all you militant revolutionaries watching at home ...

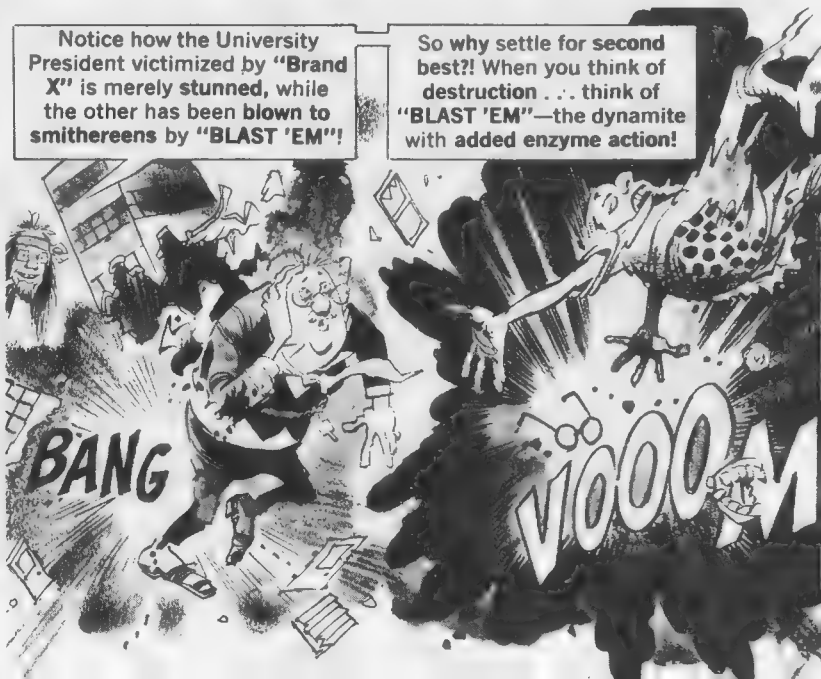


I've just ignited a leading brand of dynamite under one of two simulated College Administration Buildings here in the studio! And now, I'm lighting an identical stock of NEW, IMPROVED "BLAST 'EM" under this second model! Let's watch the results!



Notice how the University President victimized by "Brand X" is merely stunned, while the other has been blown to smithereens by "BLAST 'EM"!

So why settle for second best?! When you think of destruction ... think of "BLAST 'EM"—the dynamite with added enzyme action!





Back here at beautiful Cal Stadium, the Agitators have just presented their non-negotiable demands . . . and the Pigs have countered by dragging off a freshman English major and a sorority girl from Fresno! So, I'd say it's still anybody's riot, wouldn't you, Bud . . . ?



Absolutely, Chris! And here's the official rundown on those non-negotiable demands: The Agitators want an Eskimo Studies Program . . . mixed skinny-dipping in the fieldhouse pool . . . and recognition of Red China! So I'm sure that's going to lead to a lot more bleeding down on the field before we have a winner here today!



And we have a thrilling new wave of violence erupting now as the Agitators try to crack through and negotiate their non-negotiable demands . . .



Here's a sweeping end run by one of the rioters' "Red Power" advocates! He might go all the way! Can you get your glasses on that savage, Bud . . . ?



Yes, Chris! I've got him . . . and he's a great one! He's Arnie Noodlemeier, Cal's All-Conference Marxist in '69 who was just converted into a running Navajo this season! He almost eluded that last Pig defender there! Maybe our sideline reporter, Kyle Roach, can get a word with Arnie before he's dragged away!



Kyle Roach, here with Arnie Noodlemeier, who's now in custody after his brilliant break-away run! Nice going, Arnie!

Thanks—but you can just call me Snowbird Buffalo Jump! That's the name I go by now that I'm a "Red Power" fanatic!

Well, either way, it was a 45-yard gallop! But it looks as if you're being sidelined for the rest of the afternoon now!

That's right, Kyle! In fact, I'm planning to lose consciousness for a week or so! Bye . . .



Now we've got a rhubarb down on the field over that offensive clubbing of Noodlemeyer! The Agitators want the Pigs penalized for "Unsportsmanlike Brutality" ... but it looks as if the Governor's decision is going to go the other way!

Right, Chris! He's signalling 15 "Student Expulsions" for bad-mouthing a State Official!



While we're waiting for that penalty to be enforced, Bud, can you update us on the results of other big campus riots around the country?

Okay! At Wisconsin, the Radicals have blown up the entire campus to clinch the Mid-West title! Back East, the New York Fuzz mauled the Columbia Trouble-Makers, 53 concussions to 6! And at Ohio State, the Undergrads and the National Guard are deadlocked after three-quarters of their traditional riot!



Back here at Cal, the Agitators are attempting to mount an offensive! But with most of their leaders now expelled or hospitalized, it's going to be up to a mob of untested rookies to pull this one out of the fire ...



This is where lack of experience begins to show, Chris! Notice how a really good provocative Bronx cheer is being spoiled here by an obvious mix-up in signals!

Right! And, of course, both men were put out of action when they fell down and couldn't defend themselves!



INSTANT REPLAY

Now we're getting the "Two-Minute Tear Gas Warning" down on the field! Bud, if you were one of the riot leaders, what would you do in a long yardage situation like this?

I'd run home and try to hide under the bed!



Well, it's too late for that strategy now! The Pigs have opened up with the tear gas, and the Agitators are caught gasping deep in their own territory!

And with the official clock showing only seconds left to riot, the radicals appear to have blown their last chance to salvage a tie in this one!



There's the final gun! It's all over! And in this latest renewal of their traditional rivalry, the Pigs have once again beaten the daylight's out of the far weaker and out-maneuvered California Agitators!

BANG!



The official statistics really tell the story today! The Pigs inflicted **49 critical injuries** to only **2** for the Agitators! And in total net yards of campus territory occupied, it was the—

Excuse me, Bud, but we have **Kyle Roach** standing by down on the field with a special post-riot guest!



HAIL TO US, THE COPS OF BERKELEY—BEST FUZZ IN THE LAND...

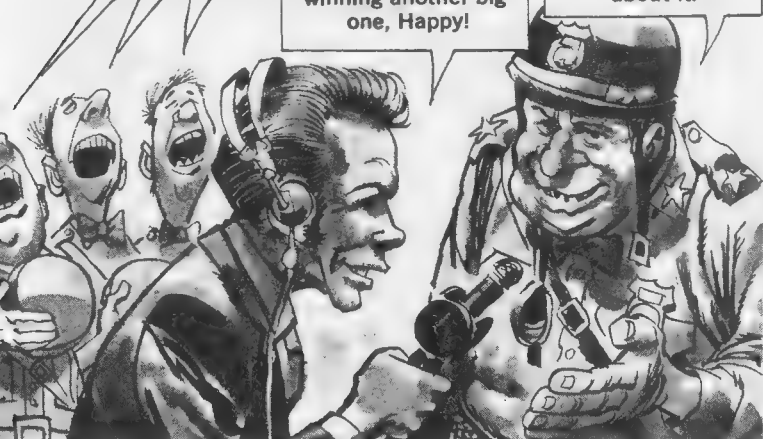
Here with me is the Commander of today's victorious Police Riot Squad, Captain E. K. "Happy" Thunderwall! Congratulations on winning another big one, Happy!

Thanks, Kyle! Looks like all the brutal tactics we've been working on just fell into place, and I feel real good about it!

Well... your boys certainly looked all charged up out there today!

Yes! We've been wanting to get another crack at those Commie punks ever since they made us look bad on TV last season! So I think we put a little extra effort into this thing today!

Well, believe me, it **showed!** Congratulations again... and now, back up to Chris and Bud in the booth!



And that about wraps it up! This telecast was authorized by the **National Collegiate Violence Association**, solely for the enjoyment of our viewing audience! Any other use without permission of the N.C.V.A. is prohibited!

Hey! What kind of facist drivel is that?

Hah! So you're finally showing your true colors, eh, Pinko!

Let go of me, you dirty little right-winger! **Brutality! Brutality!**

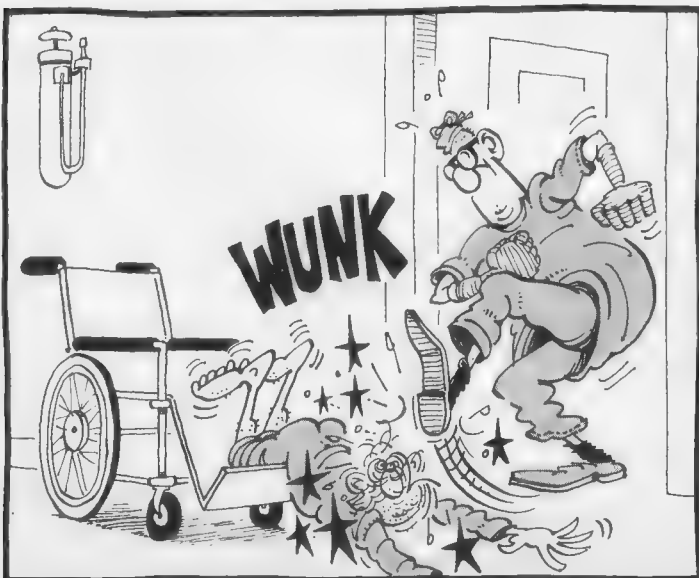
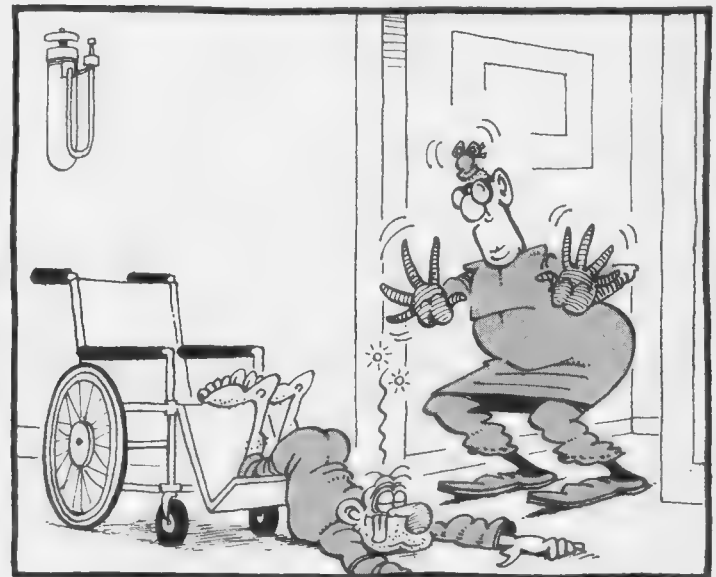
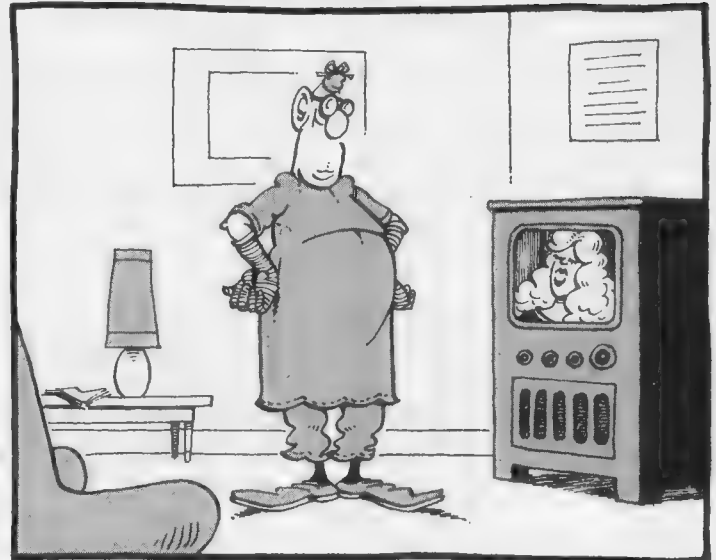
If you don't like it here, go back to Russia where you came from!

CUT! CUT! GET THE CAMERA OFF 'EM!

This has been a production of ABC's Sports and Civil Disorder Department, which is not responsible for the behavior of the riotors, the police, or our own boorish idiots on the scene! And now, stay tuned as J. Edgar Hoover goes hunting for **Black Panthers**—next on ABC's "Wide World of Hate"!



ONE DAY IN A HOSPITAL





The latest hit movie making the rounds is about a creature from another planet. It's supposed to be an original film, but it's a lot like an old movie called "The Thing," and a little like "The Exorcist," with a touch of "Star Wars," and a hint of "The Creature From The Black Lagoon," with a slight echo of "Lost in Space." As a matter of fact, it reminds us of so many movies, instead of "Alien," it should be called ...



How long were we in the "Sleep Pods" this time?

Four weeks!
Boy ... talk about sleeping through the alarm clock ... !

I keep forgetting that we sleep for weeks at a time! I think I'm gonna have to give up shaving BEFORE I go to bed! !

You say we were asleep four weeks?! ? Now I don't feel so bad about wetting the bed! !

Frett and I talked it over ... and we've decided we want an equal share of pay! After all, we LOADED this space tug!

That's a big deal! This space tug has "AUTOMATIC LOAD!"

Yeah, but WE were the ones who PUSHED the BUTTON!!

Ho-hum! So much for THIS wake-up period's exciting and interesting conversation! This time, I suggest we go back to sleep for FIVE weeks! !

WENDY'S HOT AND JUICY FOOD COMMISSARY

COURTESY F. PERDUE JR.

IIIQT DRUCKER

ALIAS

Good morning, Mother . . . !

Good morning, Son! Did you brush your teeth? Did you take a bath? Are you wearing clean underwear in case you have a space accident?

I think we made a bad mistake—nicking the computer “Mother!” The darn machine is carrying the role too far! !

MOTHER,
THE DISCO
COMPUTER
BY LITE LAB

Calling Antarctica Control . . . Calling Antarctica Control . . . This is Space Tug “Noisy Roamer” . . . Do you read? ? Come in, Antarctica!

Save your breath! We’re nowhere near home! When certain conditions arise, Mother changes our course! Those conditions have arisen!

I bet we’re supposed to stay out here in space until the price of the oil ore we’re carrying doubles! The oil companies make us do that every few years or so!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Mother has intercepted transmissions of unknown origin! She’s already diverted our space tug to investigate! We’ll probably be settling down into a hostile environment where they’ll be speaking a mysterious language!

Oh, boy . . . We’re going to Washington, D.C. . . . !

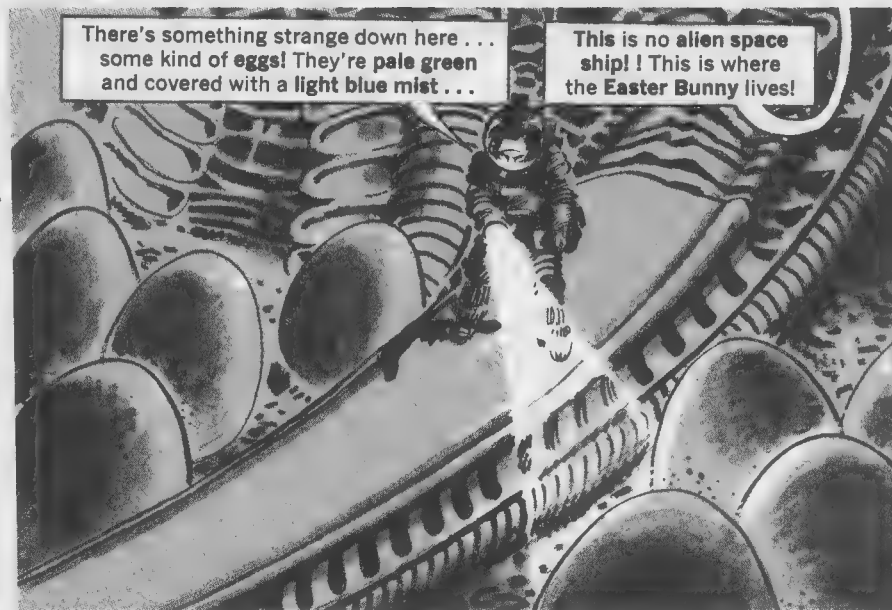
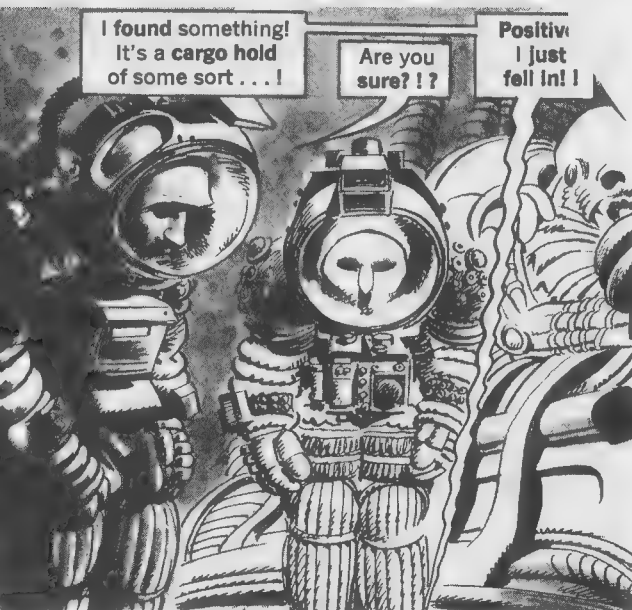
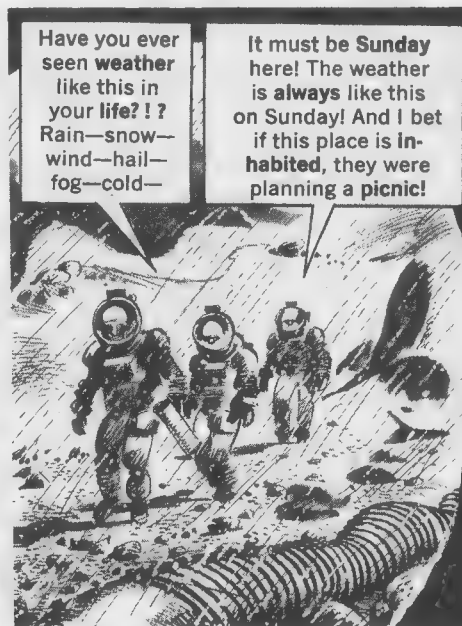
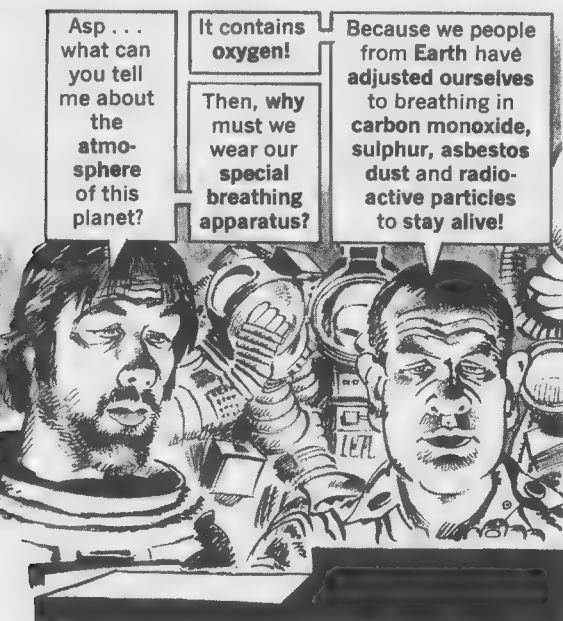
Ready for “Undocking” . . . !

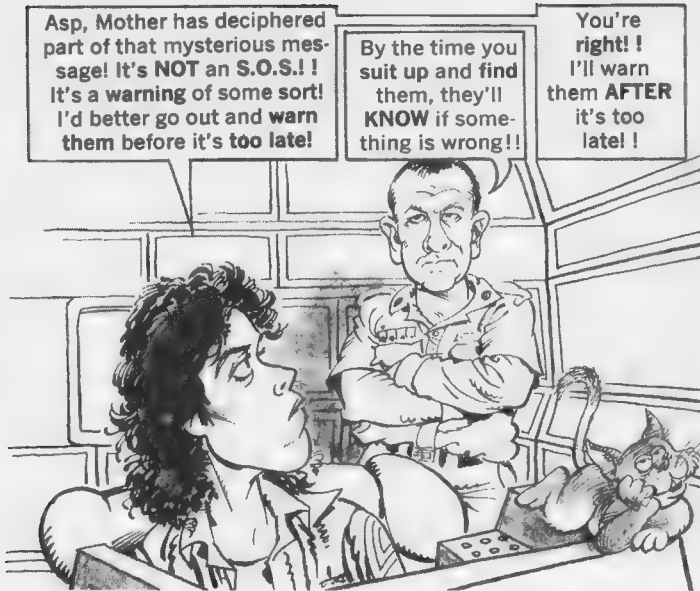
Set all gauges to 450° . . . ! Turn microwave to “latch!” Activate teflon pans . . . ! Grease cookie sheets, and—

I hate to interrupt during the countdown, Dripley . . . but I believe you’re reading the ship’s “Cookbook” not the ship’s “Manual!” !

Too late! Hang on! ! I already pushed “GRATE & CHOP!”

GRATE
& CHOP





Asp, Mother has deciphered part of that mysterious message! It's **NOT** an S.O.S.! It's a warning of some sort! I'd better go out and warn them before it's too late!

By the time you suit up and find them, they'll **KNOW** if something is wrong!!

You're right!! I'll warn them **AFTER** it's too late!!



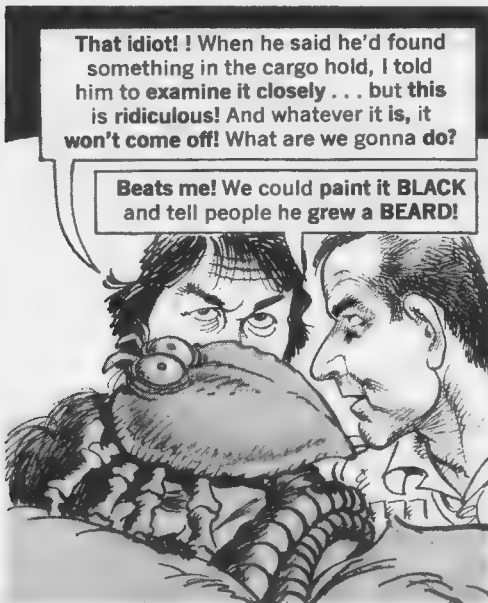
Dripley, open the hatch! Something has happened to Pain...!!

We don't know! He just keeps mumbling!

We don't know for sure! We **DO** know, whatever it is, it was terribly embarrassing for Pain! He keeps saying something about having **EGG** all over his face!!

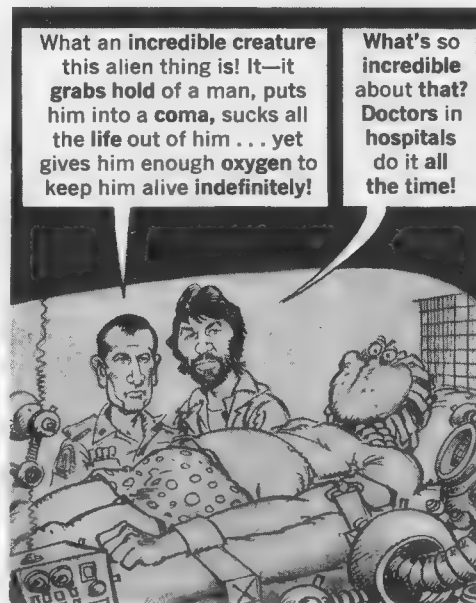
I can't let you in until you're more specific! Exactly what happened...?

What is it?



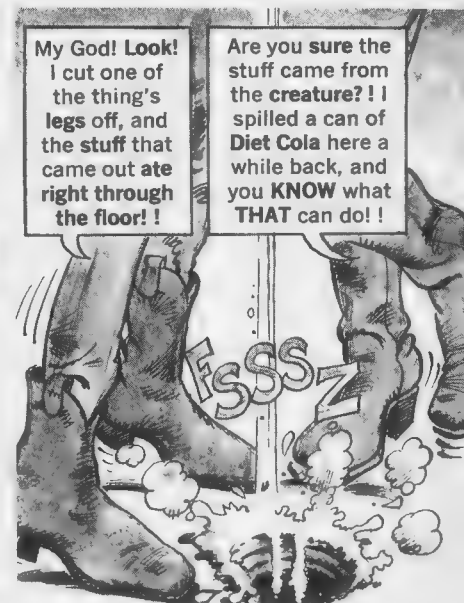
That idiot!! When he said he'd found something in the cargo hold, I told him to examine it closely... but this is ridiculous! And whatever it is, it won't come off! What are we gonna do?

Beats me! We could paint it **BLACK** and tell people he grew a **BEARD**!



What an incredible creature this alien thing is! It—it grabs hold of a man, puts him into a coma, sucks all the life out of him... yet gives him enough oxygen to keep him alive indefinitely!

What's so incredible about that? Doctors in hospitals do it all the time!



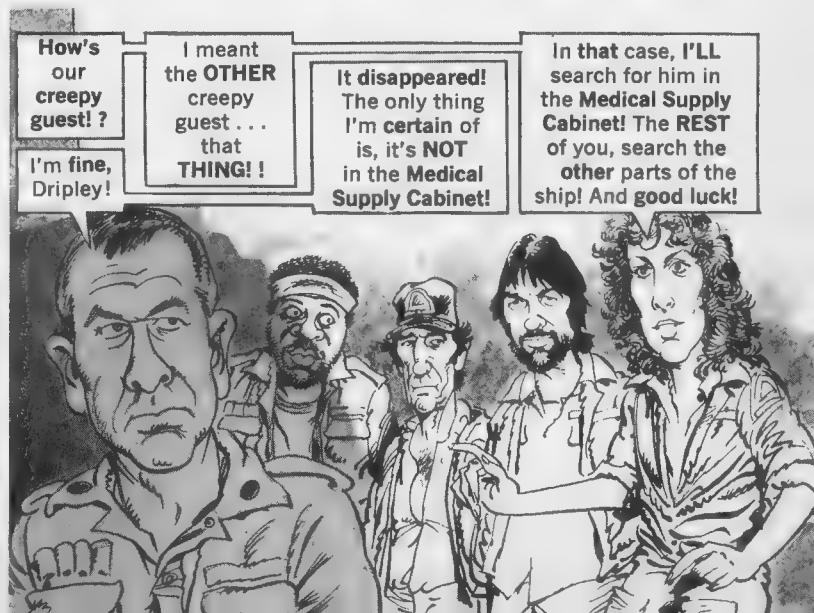
My God! Look! I cut one of the thing's legs off, and the stuff that came out ate right through the floor!!

Are you sure the stuff came from the creature?! I spilled a can of Diet Cola here a while back, and you **KNOW** what **THAT** can do!!



It's amazing! The thing has **ACID** for **BLOOD**!!

That's great! Maybe we can kill him with a **ROLAID**!!



How's our creepy guest? I'm fine, Dripley!

I meant the **OTHER** creepy guest... that **THING**!!

It disappeared! The only thing I'm certain of is, it's **NOT** in the Medical Supply Cabinet!

In that case, I'll search for him in the Medical Supply Cabinet! The **REST** of you, search the other parts of the ship! And good luck!



THERE he is!

GET HIM!

GET HIM!

That's the CAT ... you idiot!

Well, why in the world did we ever bring a CAT into space with us?

For companionship ... and to create sudden scary effects!

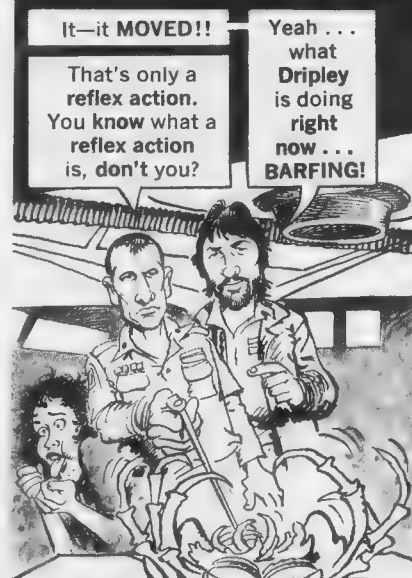
Here it is! I found it! It's DEAD!

Good! Let's get that yecchy thing OUT of here!

Are you crazy? ! This thing is one of a kind! ! A rare species! I'm taking it back to Earth! !

Whatever FOR? ! ?

To put in people's drawers, and down women's dresses! ! This yecchy thing will scare people silly! It has the WHOOPEE CUSHION beat by a MILE! !



It—it MOVED!!

That's only a reflex action. You know what a reflex action is, don't you?

Yeah ... what Dripley is doing right now ... BARFING!

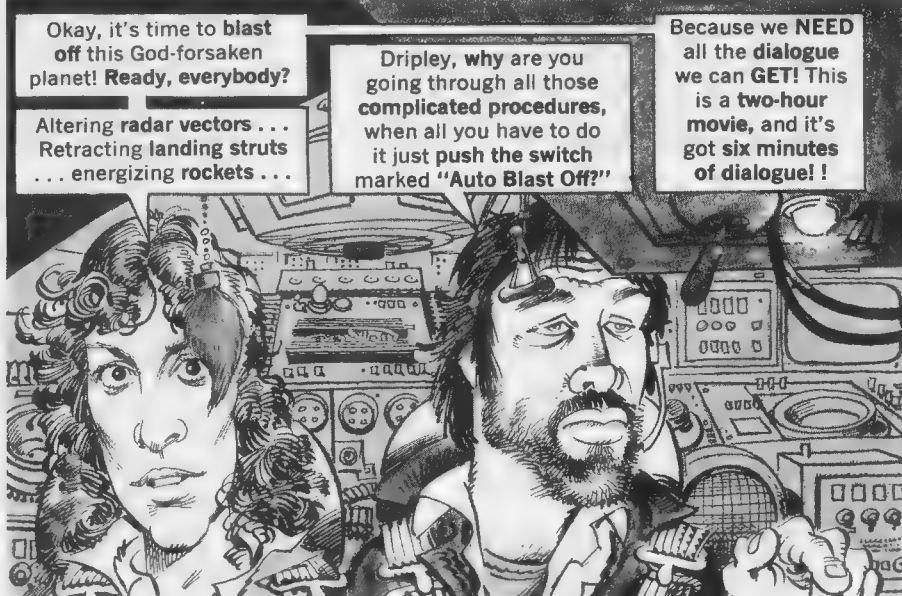


Dullest ... why are you letting Asp keep that disgusting thing on this ship?

Because he has a title on this ship, and it's that title which authorizes him to take such action!

And what title is that ... ?

Chief Officer In Charge Of Making Stupid Decisions!

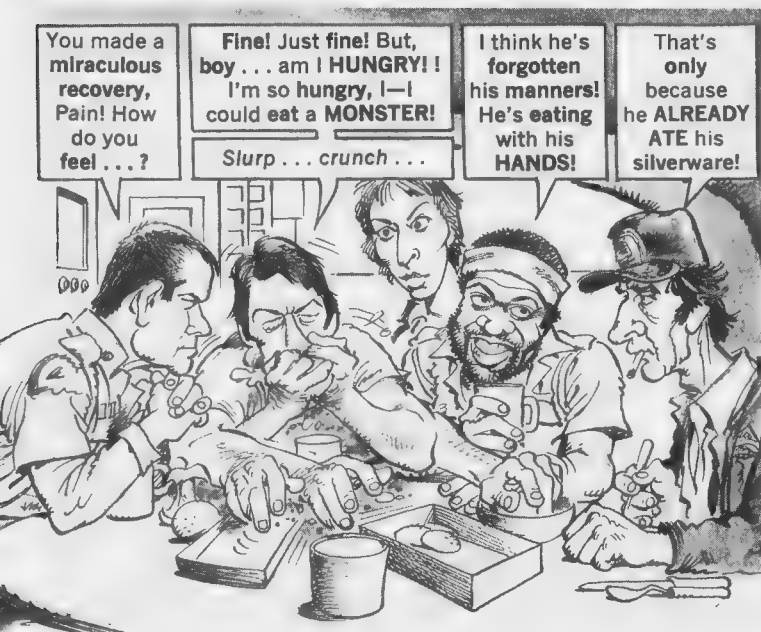


Okay, it's time to blast off this God-forsaken planet! Ready, everybody?

Altering radar vectors ... Retracting landing struts ... energizing rockets ...

Dripley, why are you going through all those complicated procedures, when all you have to do it just push the switch marked "Auto Blast Off?"

Because we NEED all the dialogue we can GET! This is a two-hour movie, and it's got six minutes of dialogue! !



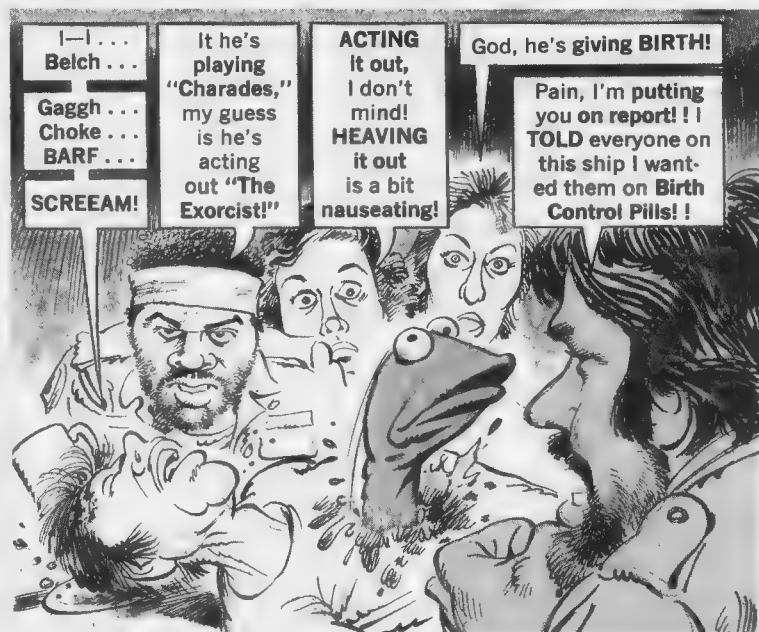
You made a miraculous recovery, Pain! How do you feel ... ?

Fine! Just fine! But, boy ... am I HUNGRY! ! I'm so hungry, I—I could eat a MONSTER!

Slurp ... crunch ...

I think he's forgotten his manners! He's eating with his HANDS!

That's only because he ALREADY ATE his silverware!



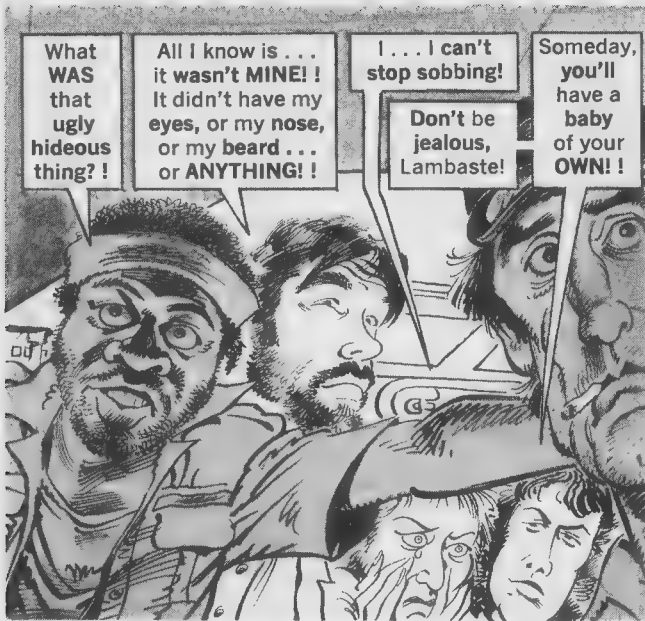
I—I ... Belch ... Gaggh ... Choke ... BARF ... SCREAM!

It he's playing "Charades," my guess is he's acting out "The Exorcist!"

ACTING it out, I don't mind! HEAVING it out is a bit nauseating!

God, he's giving BIRTH!

Pain, I'm putting you on report! ! I TOLD everyone on this ship I wanted them on Birth Control Pills! !



What **WAS** that ugly hideous thing?!

All I know is... it wasn't **MINE**!! It didn't have my eyes, or my nose, or my beard... or **ANYTHING**!!

I... I can't stop sobbing!
Don't be jealous, Lambaste!

Someday, you'll have a baby of your **OWN**!!



Whatever it is... it **killed Pain!** And now it's loose in the ship... and I'm **SCARED**!

Oh, don't be such a baby! Now, get some sleep, and we'll look for it in the morning! Good night, everybody!

Good night, Dull!

Good night, Bark!

Good night, Drip!

Good night, Frett!

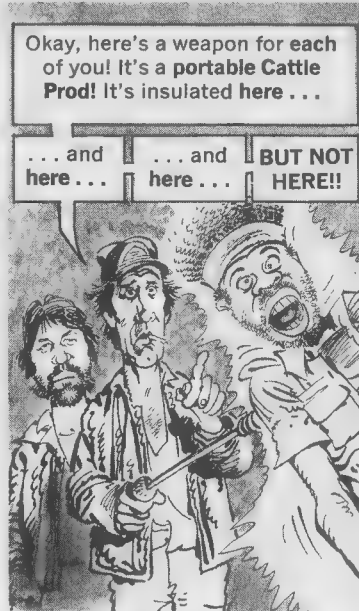
And don't anybody get up to go to the bathroom without the other five!



I've heard of "Burials at Sea"... but this is my first "Burial at Space"...

I know that the **FIRST** thing that flew out was **PAIN**... but what was the **OTHER** thing?

His tombstone! The Captain wanted it to be a "proper burial!"



Okay, here's a weapon for each of you! It's a portable Cattle Prod! It's insulated here...

... and here...

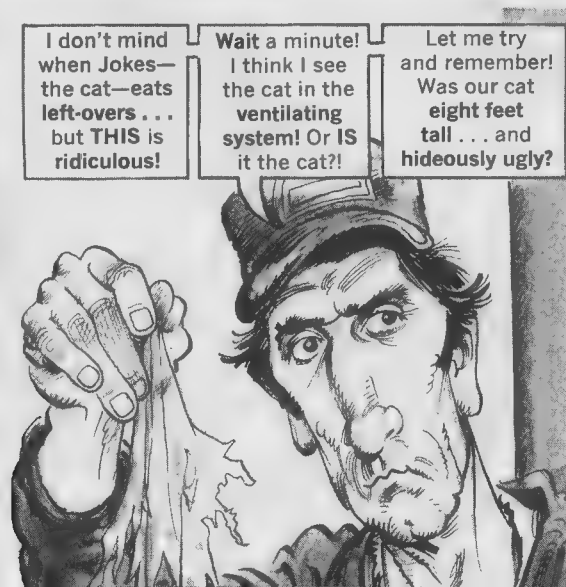
... and here...

BUT NOT HERE!!



And this is a special "Tracking Device"! If you get within ten feet of the monster, micro-changes in air density sets it off!

I don't need that! I've got my **OWN Scientific Device**! If I get within ten feet of the monster, I pee in my pants!



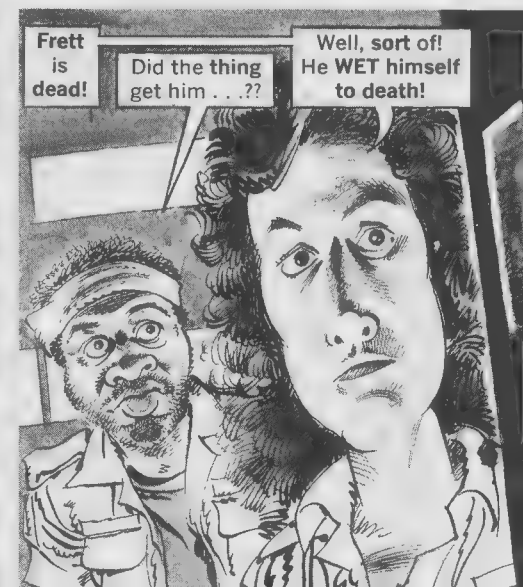
I don't mind when Jokes—the cat—eats left-overs... but **THIS** is ridiculous!

Wait a minute! I think I see the cat in the ventilating system! Or **IS** it the cat?!

Let me try and remember! Was our cat eight feet tall... and hideously ugly?



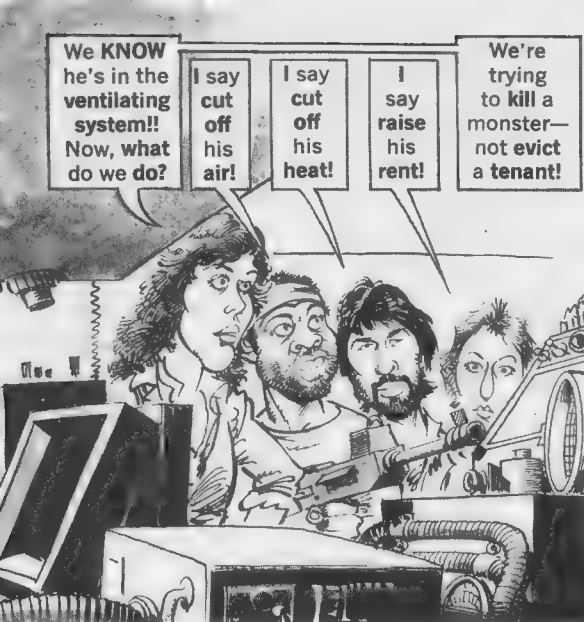
GORE!



Frett is dead!

Did the thing get him...??

Well, sort of! He **WET** himself to death!



We KNOW he's in the ventilating system!! Now, what do we do?

I say cut off his air!

I say cut off his heat!

I say raise his rent!

We're trying to kill a monster—not evict a tenant!



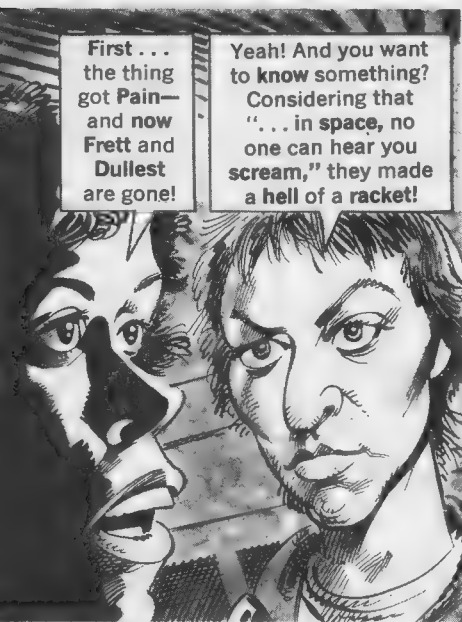
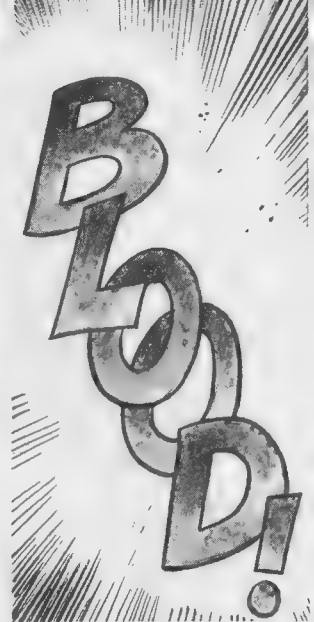
I have a reading on you, Dullest! I know exactly where, in the ventilating system, you are!

Are you sure?!!

I'm positive! By the way, WHICH dot are you?!!

Whaddya mean . . . "Which dot?" I'm here alone! I'm the ONLY dot!!

Well, I see TWO DOTS, so —unless you have a split personality, I suggest you start running and screaming!



First . . . the thing got Pain—and now Frett and Dullest are gone!

Yeah! And you want to know something? Considering that "... in space, no one can hear you scream," they made a hell of a racket!



What's REALLY going on here, Mother? Tell me the TRUTH!

All alien life must be brought back to Earth, even if the entire crew has to be sacrificed!

Boy . . . now I know why they call you "Mother" . . . you MOTHER!!



Now, now! Let's not be upset with Mother!

You knew, you creep! You knew we were to be sacrificed! You—you're nothing but a company man, working hand in hand with that lousy computer!

Well, not exactly hand in hand . . . ! More like transistor in transistor!



Will you look at that! Asp is a robot!

No wonder he never reacted to me as a woman!

I got news for you!! I'm NOT a robot, and you never really turned ME on, either!



I always suspected Asp was a robot! He was the only one of us who called the computer "Mother" like he meant it!

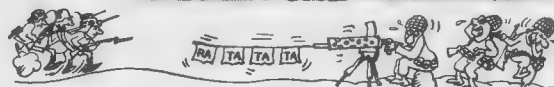
Reconnect his vocal chords so I can ask him how we kill the thing!

You CAN'T!! It has a structural perfection never matched by any other human being!

Evidently, Asp, you've never seen Dolly Parton!

Okay, Asp, if you won't help us, I'm pulling your plug!

Big deal! I already PULLED YOURS!!





I'm putting the ship on "Auto Detonation" to blow it up! We'll escape in the Lander! You two, go below and get all the fuel and food you can carry!

I'll go look for Jokes, the cat!

That cat has scared the life out of me six times already!

Well, he STILL has three lives to go!

Let's not pile TOO many things on this cart! I want to be able to go through "Express Check-Out"!

Let's see! So far, we've got fuel, vitamins, coffee, monster, eggs, milk—ulp! **MONSTER?!**

Good Lord!! When I said "Express CHECK-OUT," I didn't mean my L-I-F-E!

**B
E
C
H**

Well, the monster got Barker and Lambaste . . . and I'm all alone on this Lander! So . . . since there's no one left to talk to, I guess I'll strip off all my clothes to keep the audience entertained . . .

Boy, I just got a look at myself in the mirror, and I look terrible! My hair is a mess . . . my make-up is smeared . . . my tentacles are wrinkled . . . my stainless teeth need brushing—

Oh, NO!! It's followed me into the Lander! It seems determined to kill every last one of us! It must be a **MOVIE CRITIC!**

I know! I'll give it the old "Look out the window at the fantastic view from up here!" routine, and then I'll blast him off into outer space! !

This is Dripley, reporting . . . I've blasted the monster into space, and now I'm going to get into my sleep pod for the six month trip back to Earth!

We've got **NEWS** for you, Dripley, You're only **SIX MINUTES** from Earth!

Look! Up in the sky!

It's a bird!

It's a plane!

It's Superman!

Superman doesn't have a stainless steel cape . . . ! !

It's **SUPER ALIEN!** !

Somebody's gonna pay for this!

Yeah! **US!**

I swear, I'm afraid to go out at night! There's so much crime in the streets!

Oh, I have that problem licked!

First, I bought myself a can of Mace! Then I got a Police Whistle! Then I got this big Hat Pin ...

Then I got this ferocious Attack Dog! Then, to make absolutely sure I'm safe ...

... I stay at home at night!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

CRIME

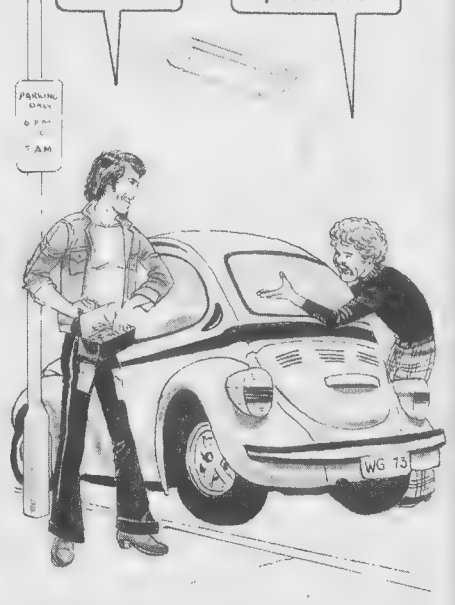
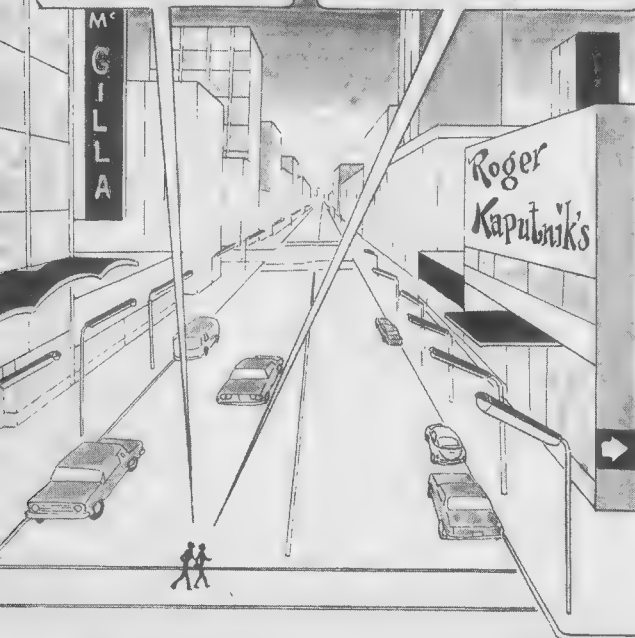
Boy ... this was some fantastic idea the City Anti-Crime Commission had, huh ... lighting up these dark streets!?

You better believe it! Before they came up with that move, the streets in this town were so dark, you couldn't see your hand in front of your face!

Now, no matter what time of night it is, you can go to work on streets that are lit up bright as day! You don't have to worry any more!

Now you can really see which cars to break into!

Yeah! Here's one with some suitcases in it! Pass the pliers ...



Delivery!
I got a
package
for you,
Lady!

Sorry, but my Husband
told me not to remove
the chain for anybody
'cause I'm so gullible!
Slip it under the door!

I can't
Lady!
It's
too
BIG!

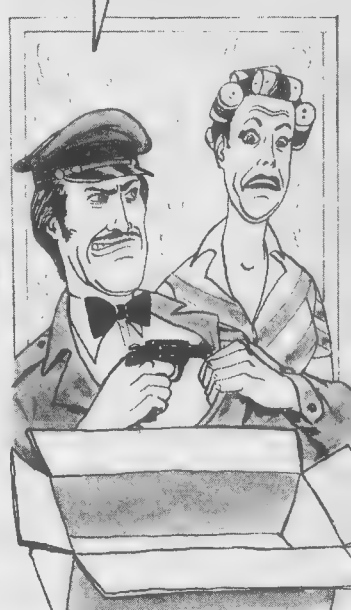
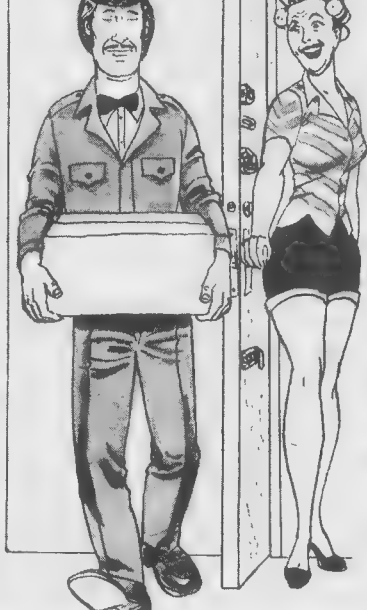
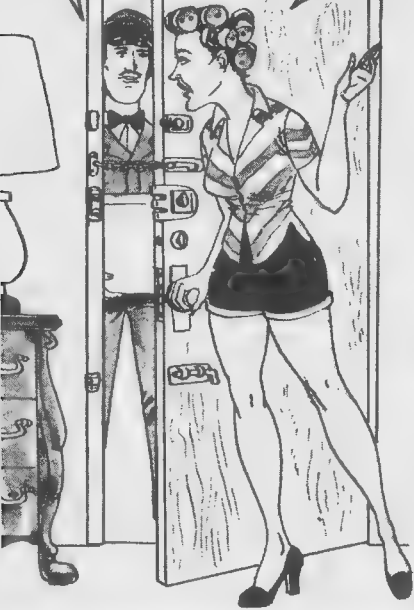
Oh, really?! Let me
see . . . ! Oh, you DO
have a big package
for me! All right,
I'll let you in . . .

Thanks,
Lady!

Hurry! Let me see
what's IN it . . . !

There's NOTHING in
it, Lady! It's empty!

But it'll be FULL
when I leave here!!



IN THE STREETS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

HEY!! LOOK AT THAT
MUGGER . . . AND THAT
OLD LADY WITH A CANE!!

Holy Cow!
What a
beating!!

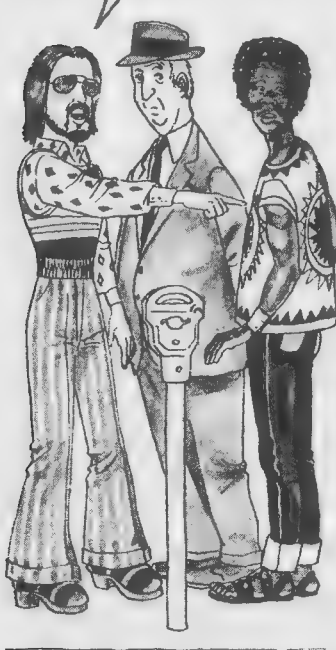
Look at
all that
blood!!

It's—it's
savage
brutality!!

Nowadays, nobody wants
to get involved! How can you
just stand there?!? Why
don't you DO something?!?

Not US,
Mister!

It's HIS
problem!!



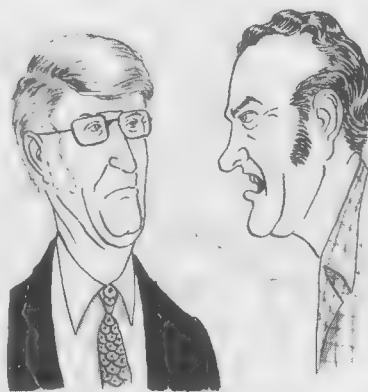
We are in the midst of the worst crime wave in history! And what's the biggest cause of crime? **Drug addiction!** Drug addicts have to steal to finance their habit!

I say they should take all the drug addicts and put 'em in **Concentration Camps!** Let 'em prey on each other, and leave us honest folks alone!

That is the worst, Fascist, un-American idea I ever heard of! Besides . . . think of all the money that would be wasted!

Huh? What money would be wasted?

All the money I spent burglar-proofing my home!



You—you're back here again?!

Yep! This is the third time my house was broken into—and my television set stolen!!

And you have to replace it again, eh? Let me show you our stock . . .

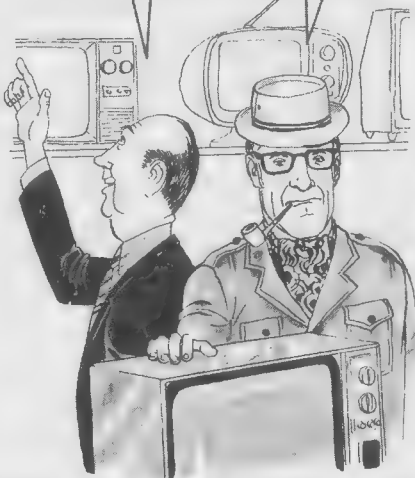
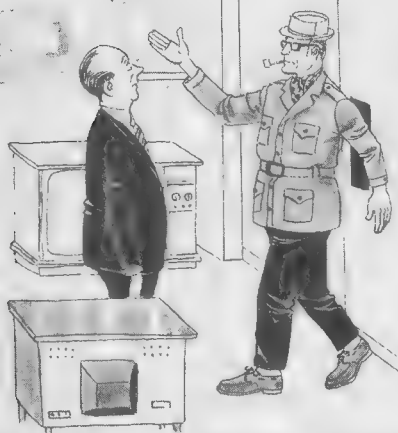
As you can see, we have a large variety!

How about this one?

I don't recommend that model! It'll give you nothing but trouble!

Good! I'll take it!!

Let the next house-breaker suffer!!



See this lamp! It's connected to a gadget that automatically turns the light on at dusk! A light is supposed to scare off burglars when we're not home!

Isn't that ingenious?! Modern-day Technology has made such great strides!

Big deal! It didn't do ME any good! We were ripped off anyway!

Really? How did that happen?

It happened because of Modern-day Technology!

The bulb in the lamp blew out!



There were so many reports of burglaries and break-ins that I figured I'd better do something to protect myself!



So I bought myself a double-barrelled shot gun, and put it under my bed—just in case!



Sure enough, I come home one night . . . and there's a burglar in the house!

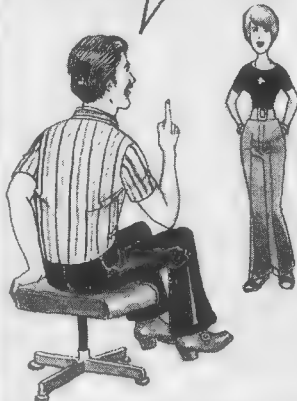


Did you get your shot-gun?

No . . . the BURGLAR was hiding under the bed!!



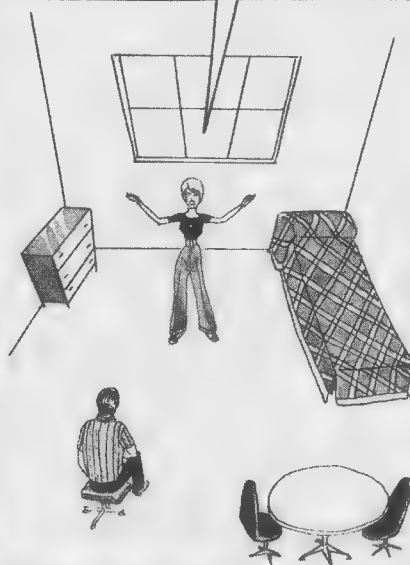
The crime rate is so high, many Insurance Companies won't sell Theft Insurance! And they cancel existing policies when they run out! So if you really want Theft Insurance you have to pay exorbitant prices for it!



But I felt that insuring my material possessions was more important than saving money, so I paid the big premiums, just to have peace of mind!



But you hardly HAVE any possessions!



I know! I've been selling them off to raise money to pay the big premiums!



Oh, darn! I don't have any paper bags! What am I going to do with this stuff?

You've got a shopping bag! Use that!

Sometimes, you actually make sense! I'll be right back! I'm taking it downstairs . . .



HEY!!

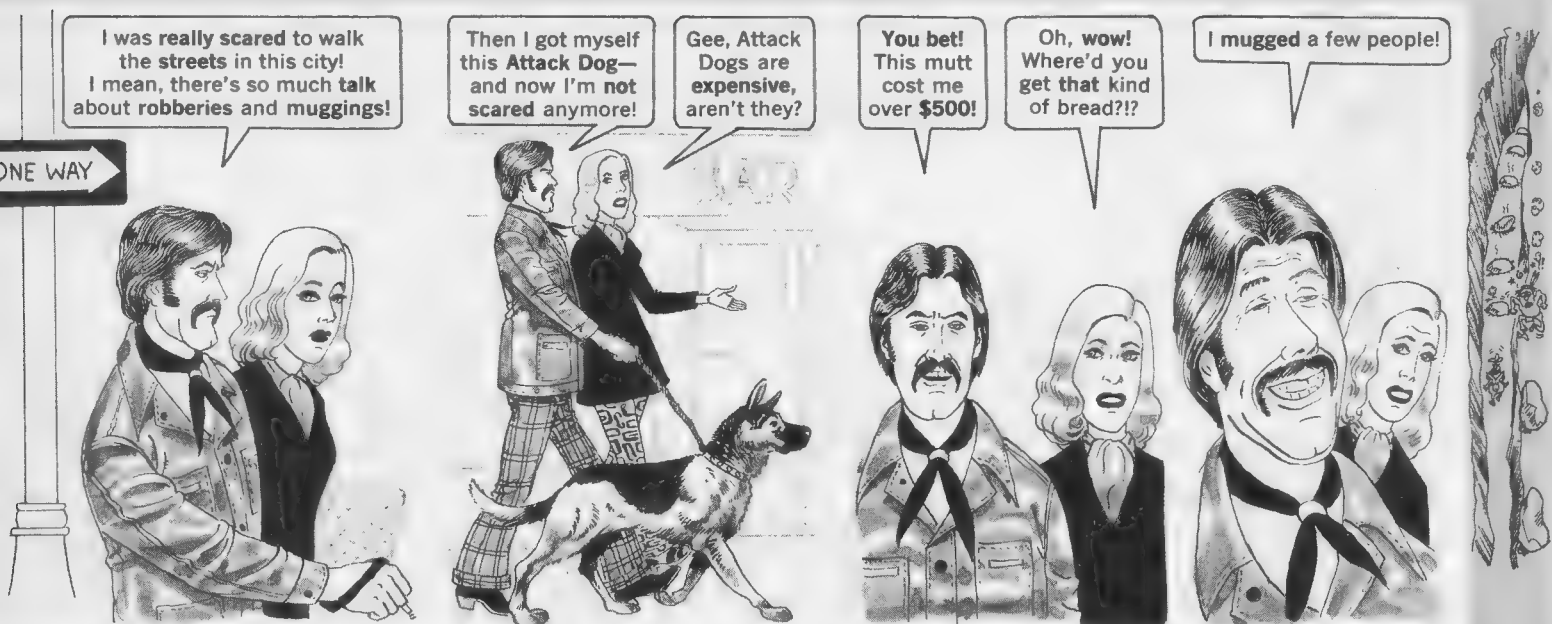
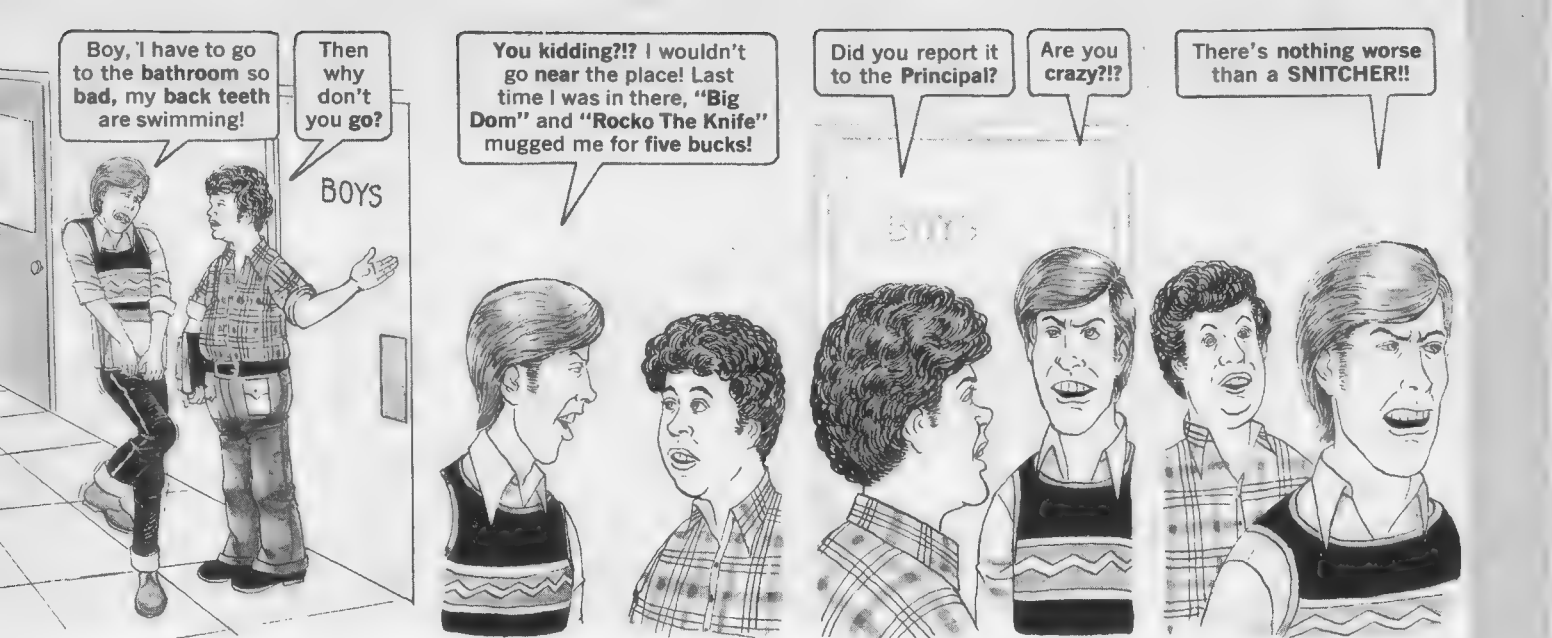


STOP, THIEF! STOP!!

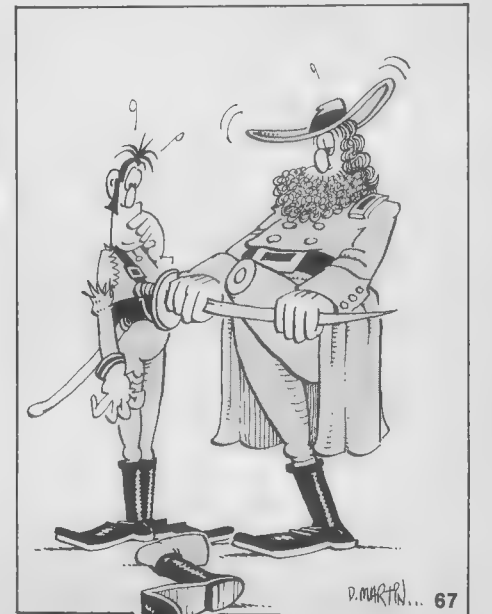
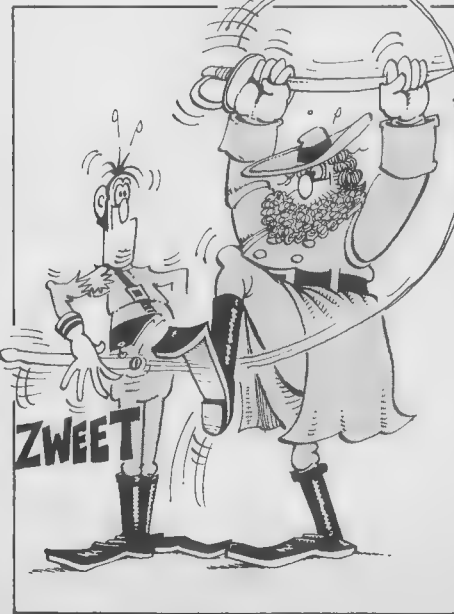
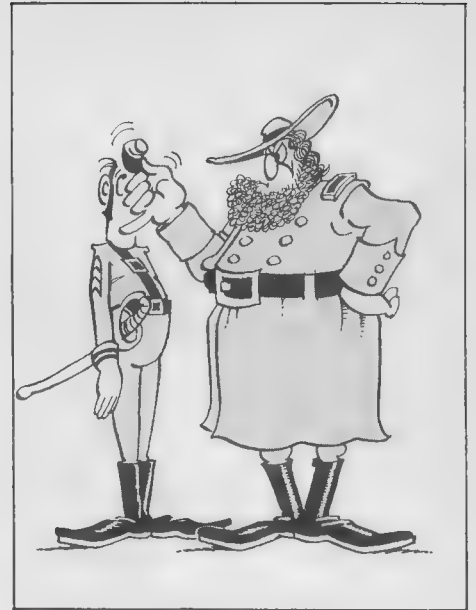
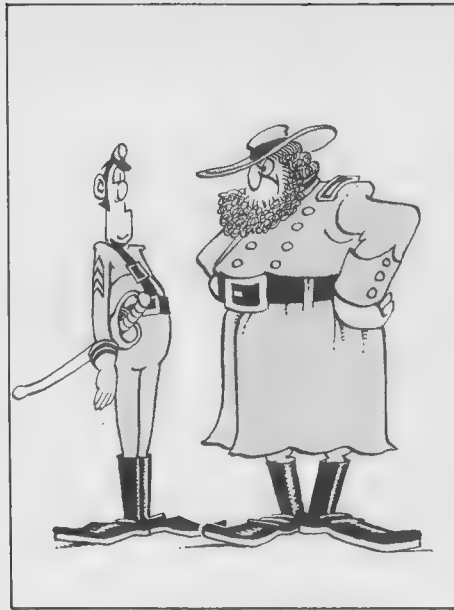
What'd he steal??

HE—HE STOLE MY GARBAGE!!





ONE FINE DAY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

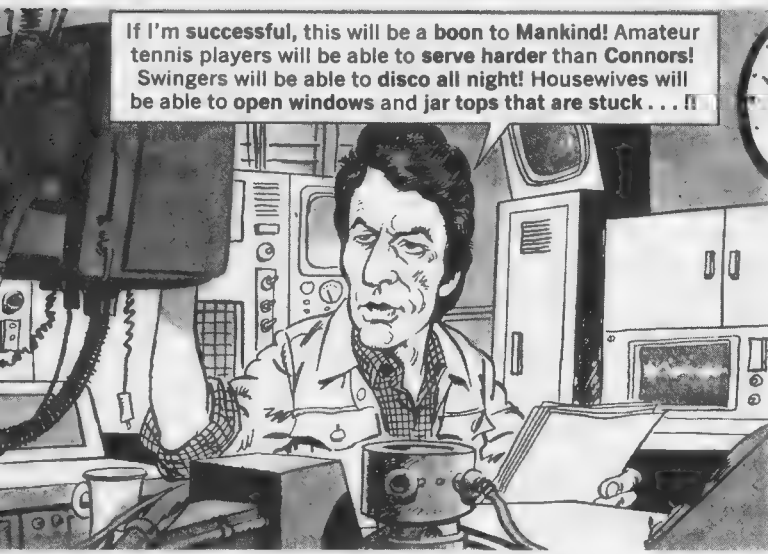


GREEN WITH ENNUI DEPT.

In case you've **never** seen this TV show before, pay **close attention** to the **opening narration**, or the show won't make any sense. Come to think of it, even if you **do** pay attention, it **still** won't make any sense!!

Dr. David Bummer, mild-mannered scientist, searching for a way to tap into the **reserve of strength** all humans have . . .

If I'm successful, this will be a boon to Mankind! Amateur tennis players will be able to **serve harder** than **Connors**! Swingers will be able to **disco** all night! Housewives will be able to **open windows** and **jar tops** that are **stuck** . . . !!

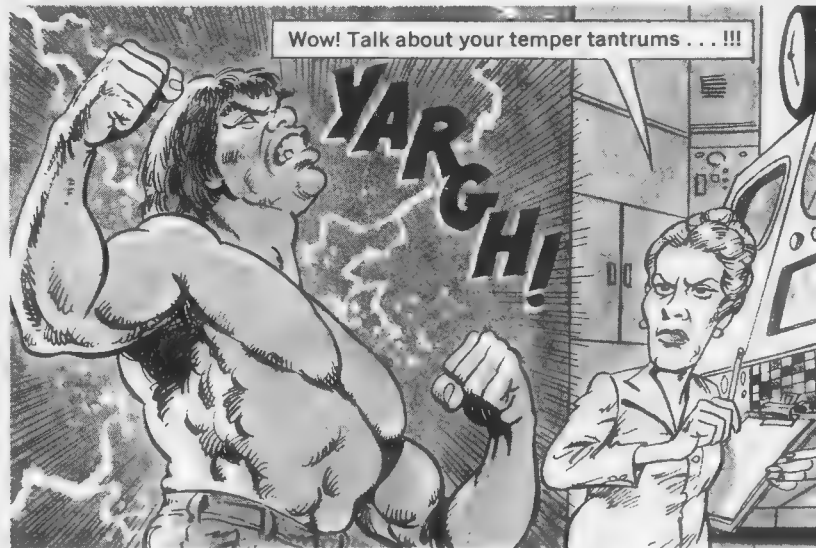
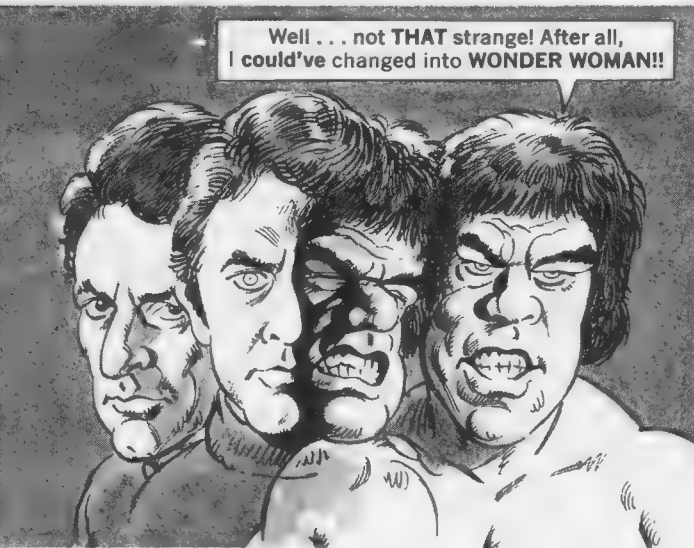


Then, a sudden accidental overdose of gamma radiation . . .



and suddenly a **strange metamorphosis** took place . . .

And now, whenever mild-mannered David Bummer gets **angry** . . .



The creature is **constantly hounded** by a **nosey reporter** . . .

Don't make me **angry**, Mr. LaGree! You won't like me when I'm **angry**!

I'm not crazy about when you're **happy**, Bummer! You want to see "**angry**"?! Just wait until my **Editor** gets his hands on me! I've been on this ridiculous story for over a year now, and all I've written is **THIS**!!



The creature is wanted for a **murder** he **didn't** commit, and David is **believed dead** when he orders his **own funeral**. And he **must** let everybody **believe** he's dead until he learns to **control** the **rotten terrible temper** that dwells within him.

What a rip-off! \$5000 for a funeral, and there's no body!



ARRRRRGHHHHHH!!

I'd like a shirt—the largest size you've got—and a suit with two jackets ...

Sorry, fella! You only get two pair of PANTS with a suit, like the sign says!!

I don't need extra pants!! I need an extra jacket—size 50!! You're making me ANGRY!!

2 PAIRS OF PANTS WITH EACH SUIT

What IS it? Where did it come from?

If you'd paid attention to the narration, you'd know!!

Mama! There's a big green man in the street!!

GREEN?!? Oh-oh! There goes the neighborhood!

That creature is incredible!

And his pants are even MORE incredible! Man, I've heard of "One-Size-Fits-All" Stretch-Fabric, but that's ridiculous!

That reminds me, Pet! Yer Mother called ...

Gee, I don't know what that Dude's tripping on, but I gotta have some!

Outta sight, Man, But he's not tripping! He's ...

Torres

THE INCREDIBLE BULK

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

I'd appreciate a ride, Miss . . .

I'm sorry . . . but I don't pick up hitchhikers!

That's unpatriotic! Hitchhiking is an old American Tradition . . . like baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and rape! Besides, it happens to be extremely essential to all "Hero-On-The-Run" shows like this!



Okay, get in! Why should I think there's something wrong . . . just because you're walking around in the snow with no shirt?

My shirt? Oh—I was washing it when this guy came up and offered me fifty bucks for it! Then he tore it in half, and washed half in my detergent, and half in Brand-X!

Here's something you can slip on! It belongs to my Stepmother!



Why are you going to Frisco?

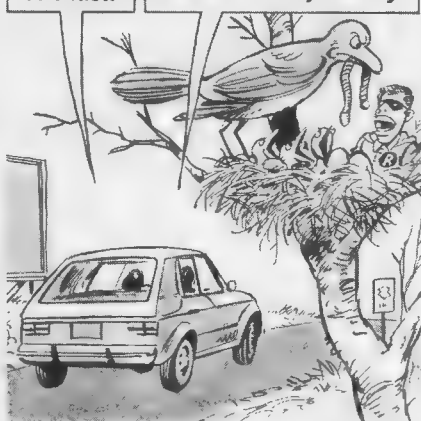
They have a Lab with a new-type Gamma Radiation Machine . . .

. . . and besides—where else can I go dressed like this?



Why the interest in Gamma Radiation research? Are you a scientist?

No, I'm more like a bum! I go from place to place meddling in people's affairs and doing odd jobs like butlering, plumbing and stevedoring! Gamma Radiation is my—hobby!



It's amazing!

I guess Gamma Ray Research IS an unusual hobby!

No, I mean that you manage to find a job every week despite the high rate of unemployment!

And I don't even have a Social Security card, or references! And I go to interviews in a torn shirt!



Why are you going so fast?!?

There's something wrong with the brakes!!

Women drivers make me so ANGRY!



ARRRGHHH!

Oh, my God!!

Big deal! If the male chauvinists in charge of TV would let ME bust out of MY dress, I'd get the biggest ratings in history!!



This is place, here!

No! you bloomin' idiot! We want the ELEPHANT'S Graveyard . . . not the Automobile's Graveyard!





RAARRRGHHH!

Dat zshlub can't even talk, and he's got his own show! I gotta get me a new agent!

What happened?

You turned into a horrible green MONSTER!!

Please, don't worry! The creature will never harm you! I was exposed to an overdose of Gamma Rays, and that change occurs whenever I get MAD!

So try some other magazine, like "Reader's Digest"! Worst that can happen, it'll put you to sleep!

No... whenever I lose my temper, I turn into the creature!

It must cost you a fortune in shirts!

That's why I have to find a Gamma Ray Machine and try to reverse the process!



Operator... I'd like to report an accident!

That will be ten cents, playz!

But I put a dime in!!

I'm sorry! Your three minutes are up! Deposit ten cents for another three minutes, playuz!

You're making me ANGRRRY!!



ARRGHH!

Deposit ten cents for the next three minutes... and two thousand dollars for the telephone booth, playuz!!



David! Speak to me! Are you okay?

Considering I just changed from a size 38 to a size 72 and back in about two minutes, I'm fine!

That's strange! I could've sworn the phone booth where I left my clothes was right here!

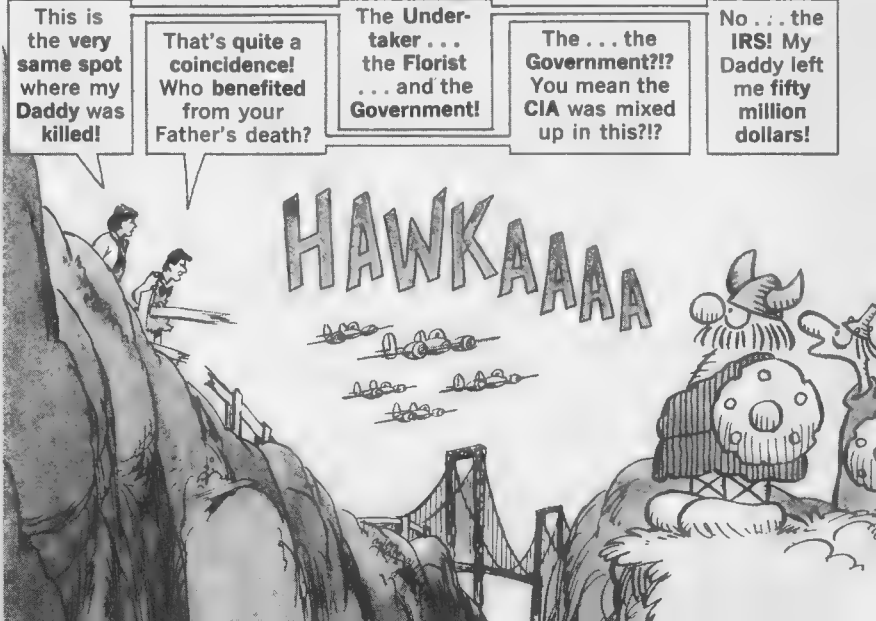
This is the very same spot where my Daddy was killed!

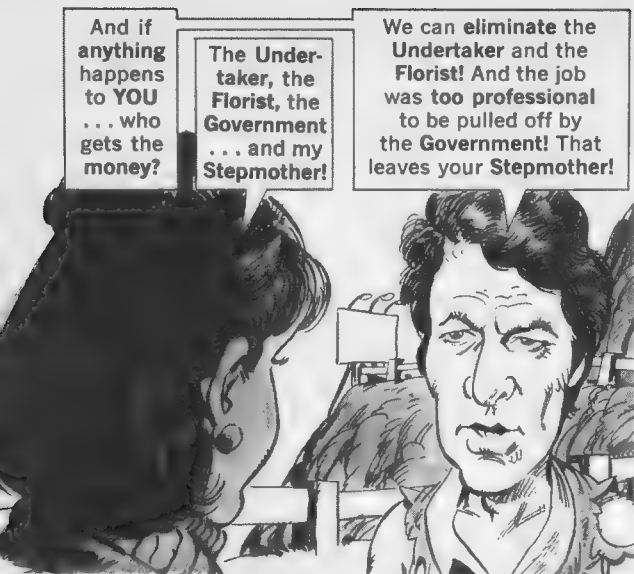
That's quite a coincidence! Who benefited from your Father's death?

The Undertaker... the Florist... and the Government!

The... the Government?!? You mean the CIA was mixed up in this?!?

No... the IRS! My Daddy left me fifty million dollars!

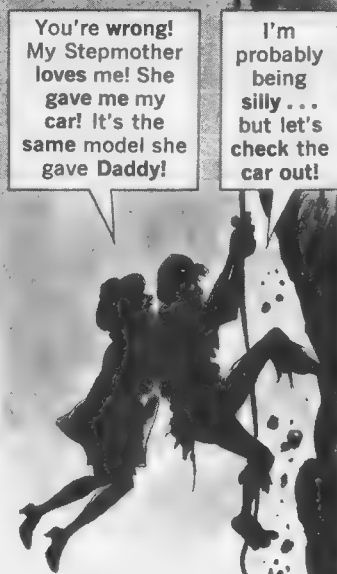




And if anything happens to YOU ... who gets the money?

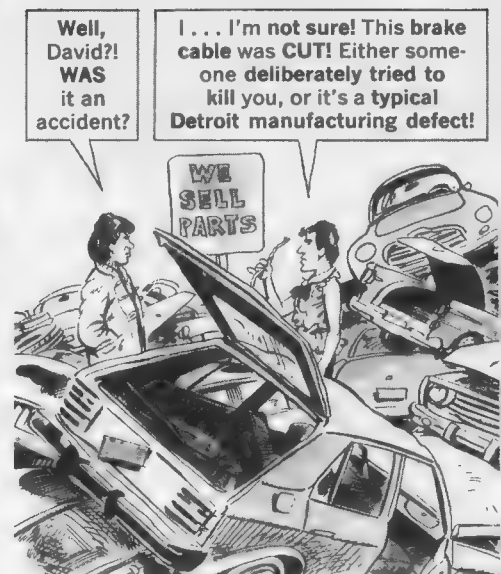
The Undertaker, the Florist, the Government ... and my Stepmother!

We can eliminate the Undertaker and the Florist! And the job was too professional to be pulled off by the Government! That leaves your Stepmother!



You're wrong! My Stepmother loves me! She gave me my car! It's the same model she gave Daddy!

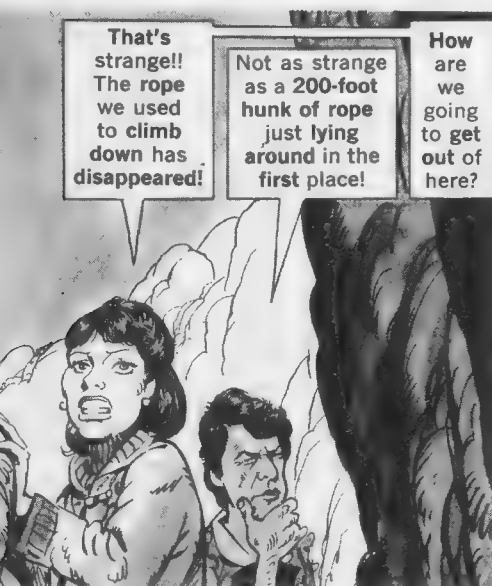
I'm probably being silly ... but let's check the car out!



Well, David?! WAS it an accident?

I ... I'm not sure! This brake cable was CUT! Either someone deliberately tried to kill you, or it's a typical Detroit manufacturing defect!

WE SELL PARTS



That's strange!! The rope we used to climb down has disappeared!

Not as strange as a 200-foot hunk of rope just lying around in the first place!

How are we going to get out of here?



I've got an idea! Turn into that—that "Thing"—and HE'LL get us out!

Listen, I just can't have a metamorphosis any time I feel like it!!

Try, David!

I'm trying!! NNNNGHRRHH!!



Try harder, you creep!!

What are you doing?

Trying to make you ANGRY, stupid! You know, this show is almost as lousy as "THE MAGICIAN"!!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, LADY! ARGH!



ARRRGGGHHHHH!!!

With all the handsome Super Heroes in the world, how come I end up with an overgrown, inarticulate green clod in a torn dress???



You're ALIVE!! I mean—you're late!! I was worried!

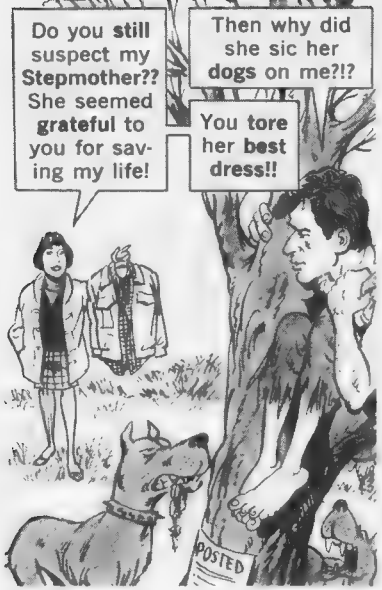
I was in a terrible accident! But David, here, saved my life!

DAVID???

He looks more like his name should be "BRUCE"!!

As a matter of fact, my name IS "Bruce" in the Comic Book version! But the Producers felt it wasn't a masculine enough name for TV!

And Jenner wins the Decathlon!! BRUCE is the WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE!!



Do you **still** suspect my Stepmother?? She seemed grateful to you for saving my life!

Then why did she sic her dogs on me!?!
You tore her **best** dress!!



If we could only find some hard evidence!

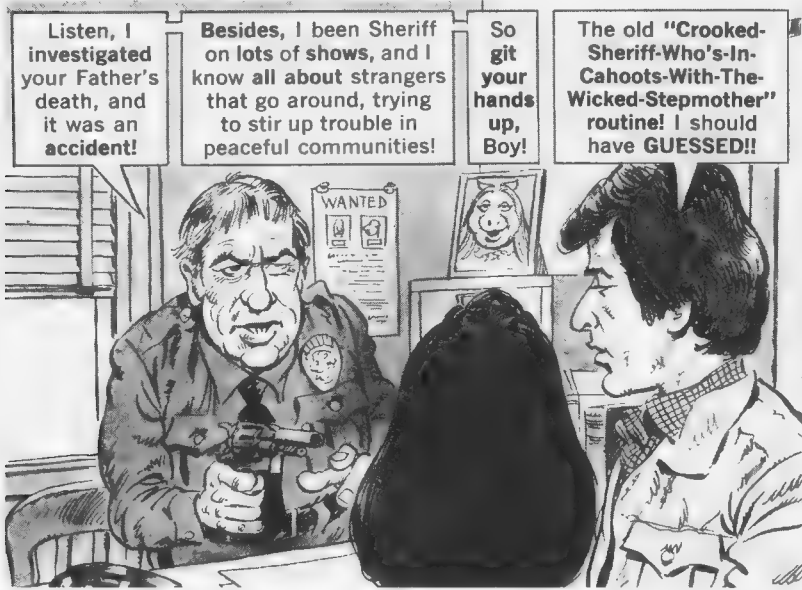
Maybe this will help! I found it under my Stepmother's bed!



You botched it, Sheriff! The brat **WASN'T KILLED!!** And I think she suspects something!

She's on her way to see you! There better not be any slip-ups this time!

There's a man with her! Waste him, too! Is he **WHAT?** No, he **ISN'T** over 7 feet tall, and he **ISN'T** green! You better lay off the sauce till the job's over!

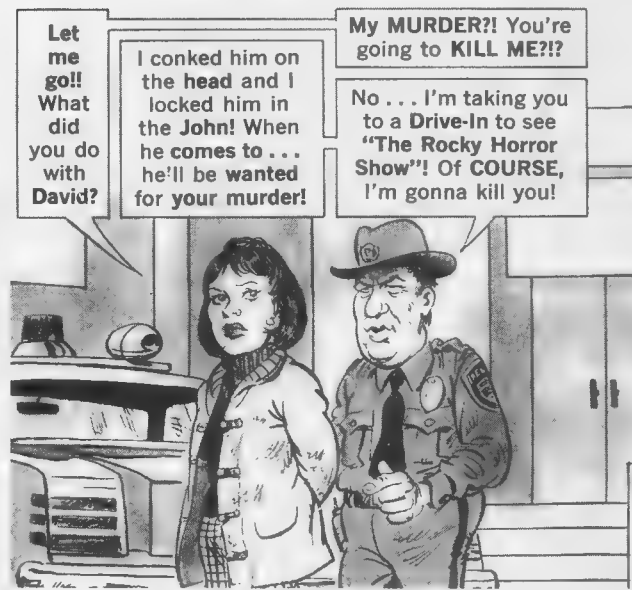


Listen, I investigated your Father's death, and it was an **accident!**

Besides, I been Sheriff on lots of shows, and I know all about strangers that go around, trying to stir up trouble in peaceful communities!

So git your hands up, Boy!

The old "Crooked-Sheriff-Who's-In-Cahoots-With-The-Wicked-Stepmother" routine! I should have **GUESSED!!**

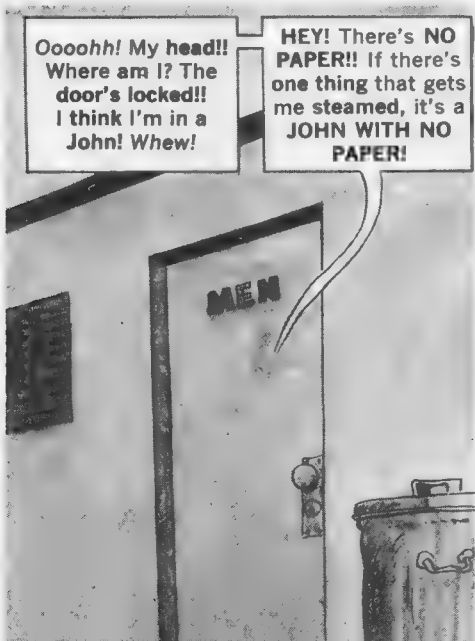


Let me go!! What did you do with David?

I conked him on the head and I locked him in the John! When he comes to . . . he'll be wanted for your murder!

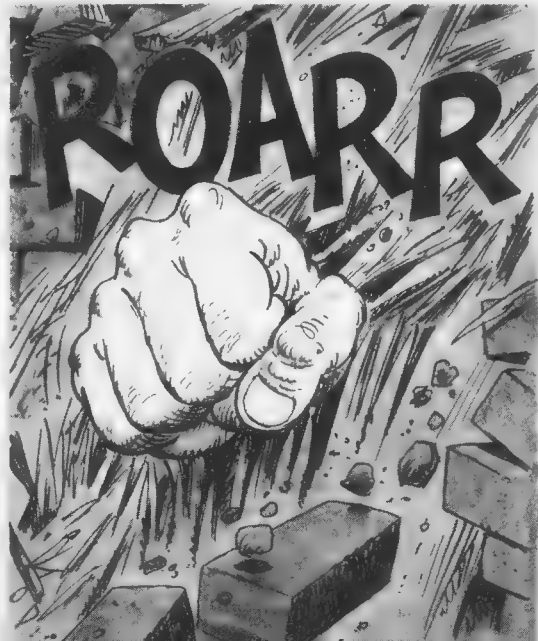
My **MURDER?!** You're going to **KILL ME?!!**

No . . . I'm taking you to a Drive-In to see "The Rocky Horror Show"! Of **COURSE**, I'm gonna kill you!



Oooohh! My head!! Where am I? The door's locked!! I think I'm in a John! Whew!

HEY! There's **NO PAPER!!** If there's one thing that gets me steamed, it's a **JOHN** WITH **NO PAPER!**

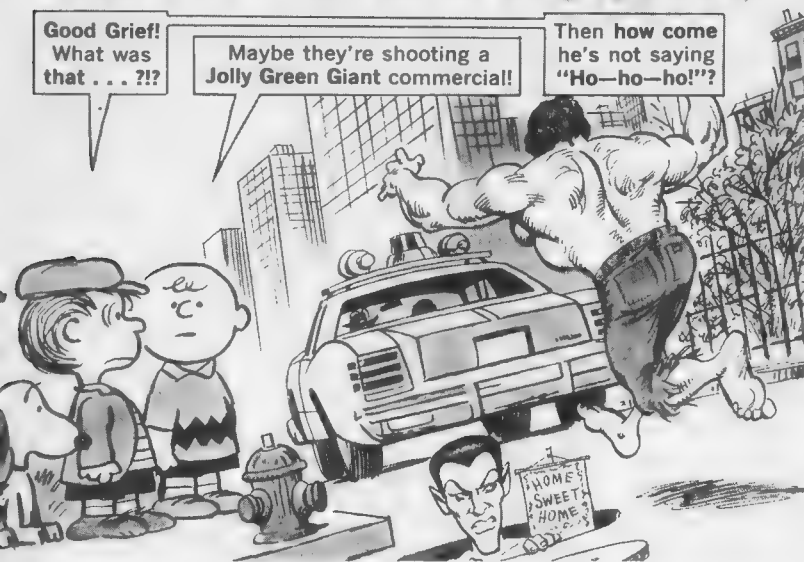


AARRRRGGHHH!!

Good Grief!
What was
that . . . ?!?

Maybe they're shooting a
Jolly Green Giant commercial!

Then how come
he's not saying
"Ho-ho-ho!"?



YARCH!

What's the code for an
officer being attacked by
a 7-foot **GREEN MONSTER**?

Try
screaming
"HELP!"!



I'd like
to get
the full . .
details
on what
happened!

Man, it was wild!
There was this
huge green crea-
ture! He must've
been seven and a
half feet tall!

Seven and a half
feet tall? I've
got to find him!!

Why . . . ? Are you
a Reporter, too?

No, I'm Sonny
Werblin! I run
the Knicks!
This guy could
be a **GREEN
BILL WALTON**!!

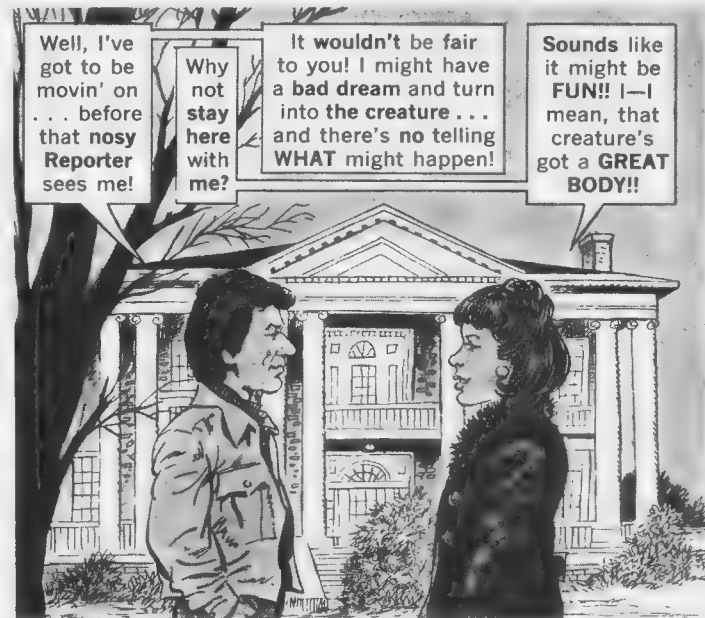


Well, I've
got to be
movin' on
. . . before
that nosy
Reporter
sees me!

Why
not
stay
here
with
me?

It wouldn't be fair
to you! I might have
a bad dream and turn
into the creature . . .
and there's no telling
WHAT might happen!

Sounds like
it might be
FUN!! I—I
mean, that
creature's
got a **GREAT
BODY**!!



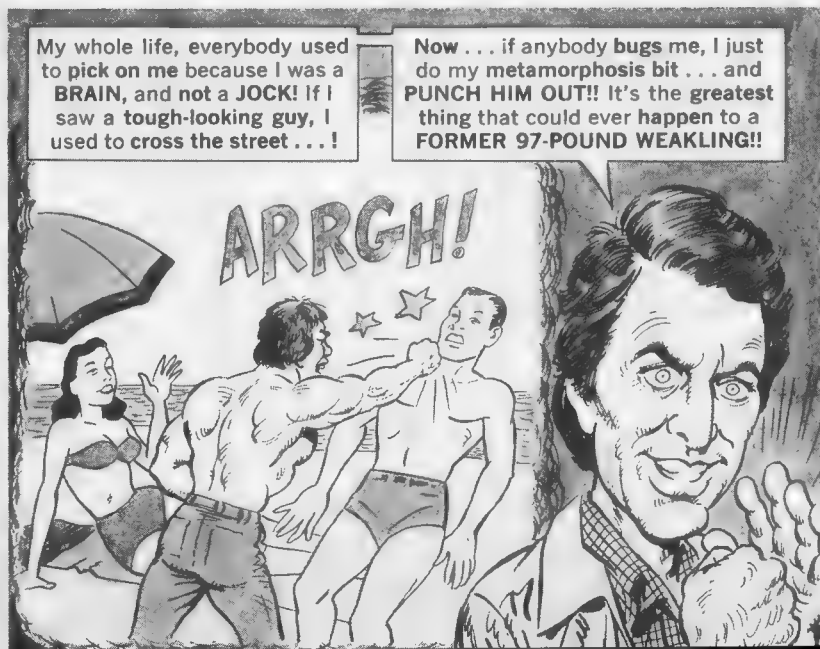
David, stay here with me! I've
got plenty of money! You can
get your own Gamma Radiation
Machine and maybe find a cure!

Don't be an idiot!
What makes you think
I really want to
FIND a cure . . . ?!?

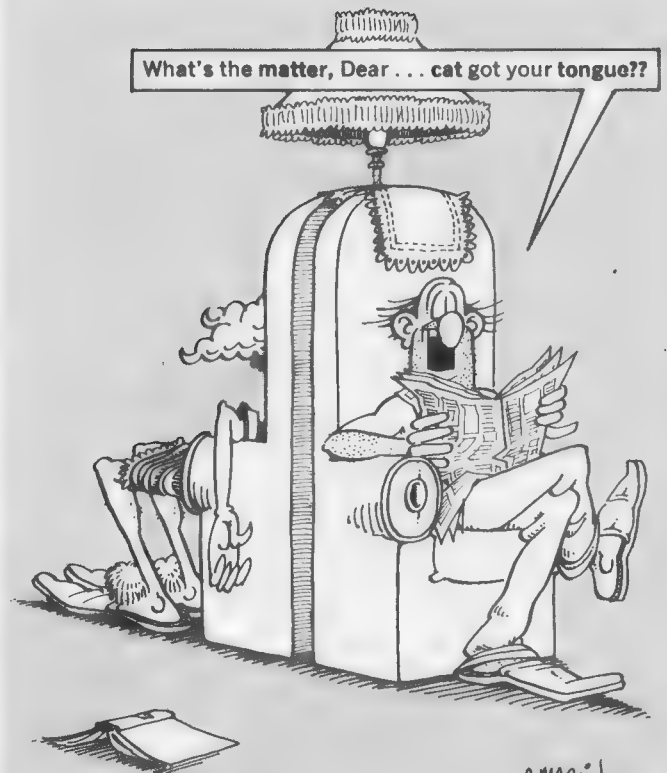
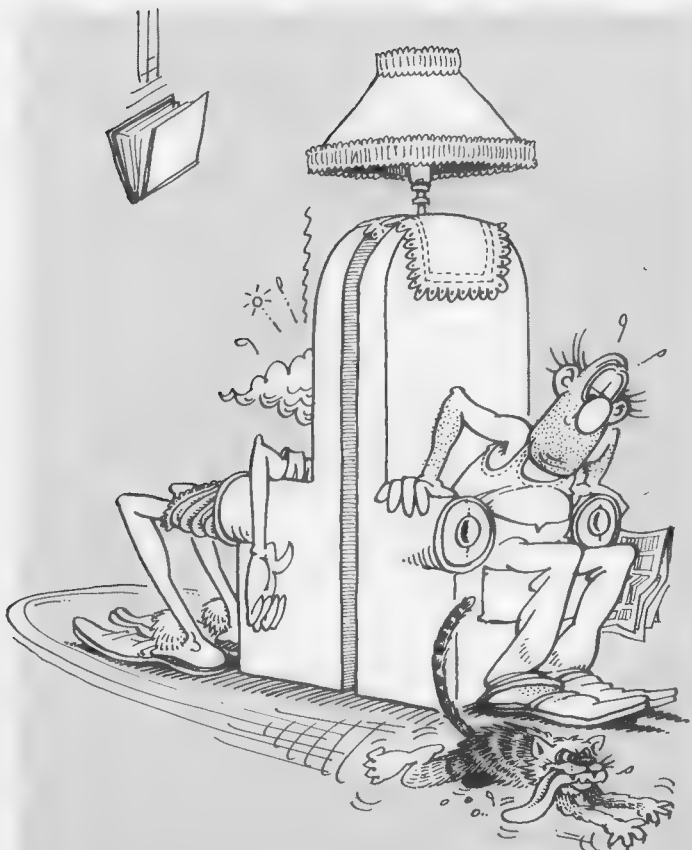
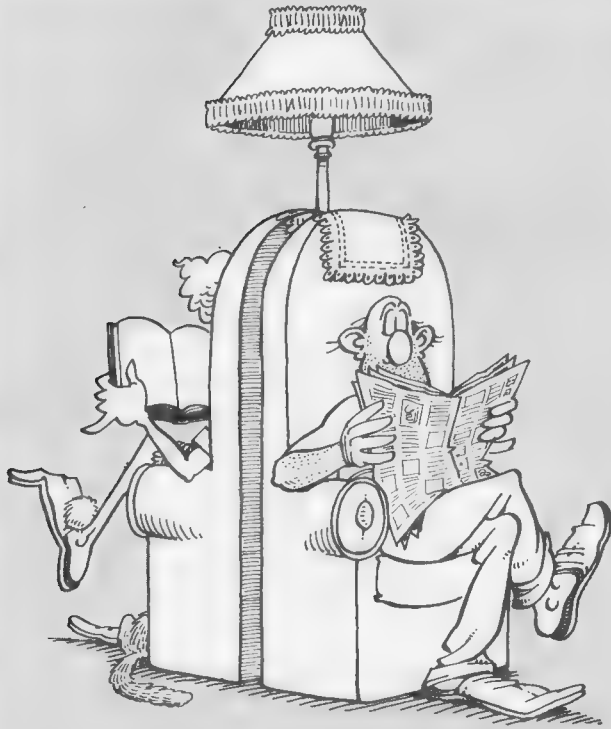


My whole life, everybody used
to pick on me because I was a
BRAIN, and not a **JOCK**! If I
saw a tough-looking guy, I
used to cross the street . . . !

Now . . . if anybody bugs me, I just
do my metamorphosis bit . . . and
PUNCH HIM OUT!! It's the greatest
thing that could ever happen to a
FORMER 97-POUND WEAKLING!!



ONE NIGHT IN A LIVING ROOM



O. MARTIN...

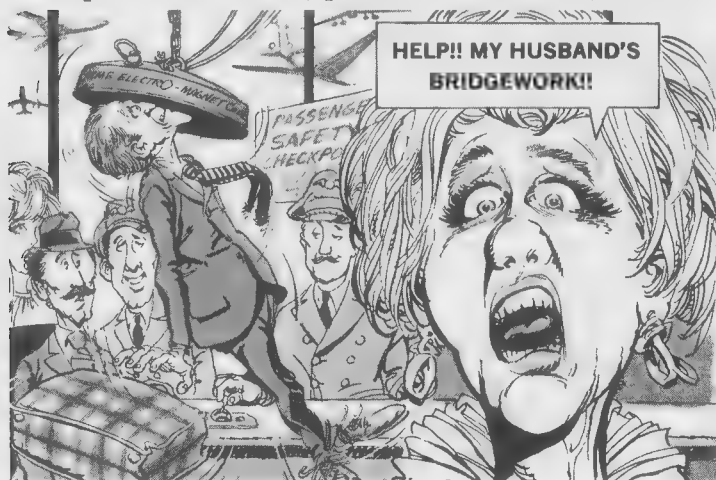


UP, UP AND OLÉ DEPT.

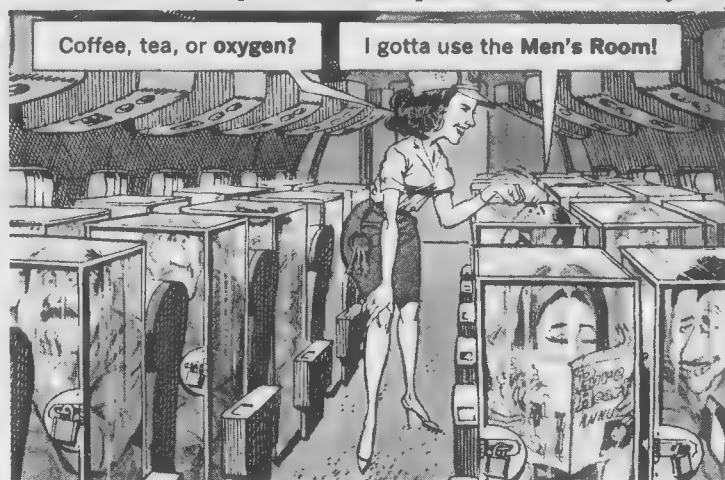


Today's airlines offer passengers many "extras" including comfy slippers, steak broiled on board, furry blankets, hostesses in mini-skirts, Hollywood movies, and so on. But there's one "extra" they can't offer . . . and that's a guarantee to fly directly to where you want to go! We're referring, of course, to the hijacking problem. To date, two dozen planes have been hijacked by Castro-ites and forced at gunpoint to fly to Havana. Is there a solution to this situation? Several suggestions have been offered, including the following . . .

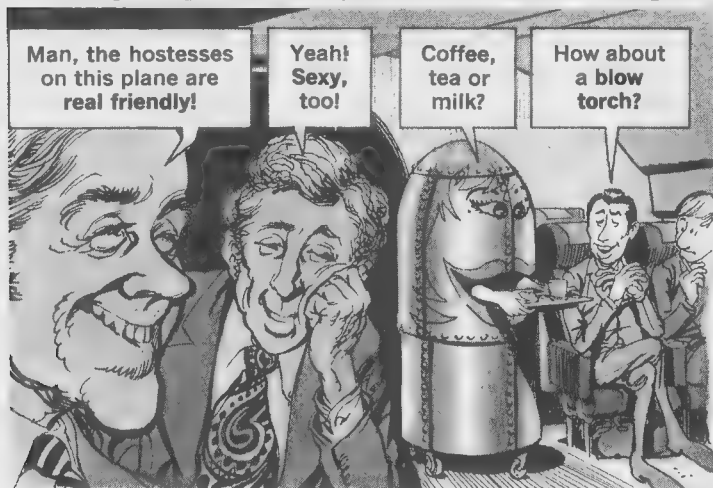
Use an electronic detection device or ultra-high-powered electro-magnet to screen each passenger for any concealed weapons such as knives, pistols, rifles and hand grenades.



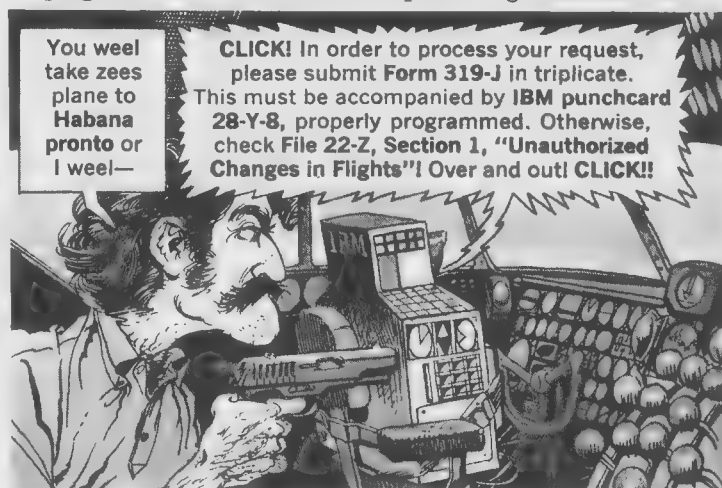
Immediately upon boarding, place each passenger in his own separate, bullet-proof, air-conditioned glass booth. These booths will be kept locked until plane has landed safely.



Enclose all hostesses inside special armor-plated capsules, making it impossible for hijackers to use them as hostages.



Replace live airline pilots with automated computers, and program them in advance for specific flight destinations.



Now compare those ridiculous suggestions with

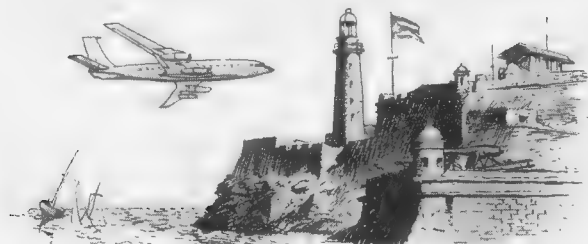
THE MAD PLAN FOR HALTING THE HIJACKING OF PLANES

ALL WE HAVE TO DO TO END THE HIGHJACKING MENACE IS OFFER... FREE WEEKLY PLANE TRIPS TO HAVANA

And if every airline cooperates, we can look forward to . . .

COPPING OUT TO HAVANA?

PAN-AM makes the going great!



Only Pan-Am's Free "Cuban Guerilla Express" Provides:

Free Gun Racks	Arroz con Pollo cooked right on the plane	Hostesses dressed in fashionable field dungarees	Unlimited drinks in our beautiful Mao Tse Tung Lounge
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Your attention, please! National Airline's free "Che Guevara Special" flight to Havana is now loading at Gate 4. All passengers will be allowed a weight maximum of 10 pounds in baggage, and 25 pounds in concealed weapons and ammunition . . .



Hello! My name is "Juan"! I'm your "Flight Barber"! May I trim your beard free of charge?

What kind of cocktail would you like, sir—Manhattan . . . ? Martini . . . ? Or Molotov?

Good afternoon, Castro-ites! Welcome aboard Eastern Airlines' Free Flight 318 to Havana! This is your imperialist lackey pilot, Capt. Stan Freebish, speaking! We will be leaving the disgusting capitalistic coastline of the warmongering United States in twelve minutes!

Below us and to the right is Washington, D.C., home of the neo-colonialist Wall Street tool Pres. Richard Nixon, the darling of America's ruling class! We hope you'll enjoy your flight! Please remember to fasten your cartridge belt and obey the "No Bombing" sign when the light goes off!



A PERFECT SOLUTION? OF COURSE! EXCEPT THAT IT WOULDN'T LAST!

Because sooner or later, the poor clods who can't afford to pay to fly to other places will cop to what's going on, and then the next thing we know—

These weekly free flights to Cuba sure were a great idea, eh, Harry? No more disrupted schedules! No more scared—

Don't nobody move!



Okay, youse guys! This here is a hijacking! Take this plane to Miami!



Attention, all Gun Lovers, Gun Collectors and Gun Worshippers with no sense of humor! Please skip this next article! We'd hate to get any of you guys sore, because—when you get right down to it—what ELSE is a gun for? As for the rest of you clods who can't stand killing . . . we hope you get a bang out of MAD's version of a typical "Gun Magazine". We call it . . .

PASSIONATE GUN LOVE

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE DEVOTED GUN WORSHIPPER

Jan.
1970
50¢

IN REAL COINS
(Save All Your Slugs
For Your COLT .45's)

"I Cleaned An Unloaded
Gun— And Lived!"

THE STORY OF A
ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME
MIRACLE

• • •

California's Exciting New Sport:

HUNTING SQUIRRELS
WITH 50mm. CANNONS

• • •

Ease Your Conscience About
Hunting (If You Have Any):

RABBITS ENJOY BEING SHOT!

• • •

"I WENT HUNTING WITH
A NEARSIGHTED BUDDY
... AND FOUND GOD!"

By The Late Ferdie Flumme

• • •

A HEART-WARMING MEMOIR:

"The Most
Unforgettable Duck
I Ever Slaughtered"

• • •

WOWIE! ZOWIE! GROOVY!

This Month's Sexy Fold-Out:
A .25 CALIBRE VARMINT GUN—
COMPLETELY STRIPPED DOWN!!



IN
THIS
ISSUE:

"106 Exciting Ways To
Make Love To Your Gun"

—IPS—
COUNT 'EM
—106—

How About This Little Sweetheart?

Wouldn't you like to own her?

This dandy little weapon killed 4 Presidents, 2 Kings, an Emperor, 3 Arch-Dukes and 1 Commie Year. Now you can re-live history in your own home with this adorable little antique gun. Why not shoot something ancient with it, like a grandfather clock...or even a grandfather!



ONLY \$112.00 POSTPAID

THE HOUSE OF KILL

1315 Peaceful Lane, Pleasantville, N. Y.

WE'RE OVERSTOCKED!

Boy, is our face red! We went ahead and bought out an entire Army Ordnance Warehouse, and now we're stuck with seventy-eight 105 mm Howitzers! What do you say, Minutemen and American Nazis out there in gun-loving readership land? Wanna take one or two of these beauties off our hands?



These weapons are keen for insurrections, or fun wars among yourselves! They're the ideal fun for chasing away those "Integration Blues"! Be the only one on your block to own a genuine surplus 105 mm. Howitzer! Then—in no time at all—be the only one on your block!

Regular Price: OUR SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICE

\$14,500 **\$39.95** (Two for **\$75.00**)

At all **A&P** (Artillery & Projectile) Stores

TRADING STAMPS? OF COURSE! SAVE \$1.00 WITH THIS AD!

A Great Gimmick for your Smoker Friends!

This neat little Colt Cobra .38 replica looks like a real gun and feels like a real gun. But when the smoker picks it up, holds it to the end of his cigarette, and pulls the trigger... **SURPRISE!!** It is a real gun! A great conversation piece on the way to the hospital or morgue!



Only **\$24.95**

Gun Fun And Games BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

Sometimes A Gun's Best Friend Won't Even Tell It!

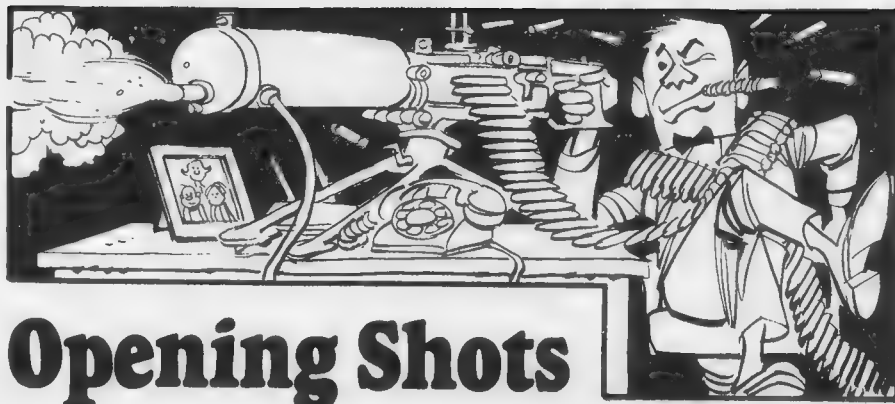


Why Not Try...

KLORO-FILL BULLETS

They get rid of B.O. (Barrel Odor), and make your gun "kissing sweet"!

If you kiss your gun once after an exciting kill... will you kiss it again? It could be its barrel! Let's face it, gun oil and gun powder aromas are not always the most pleasant things in social hunting situations!



Opening Shots

AN EDITORIAL BY THE PUBLISHER

Hi, there, shooters!

I don't know about you, but I'm angry! I mean, *really* angry! There's talk in Washington again about registering guns. In other words, they want to treat us gun owners like common criminals! Well, I think the time has come for us to notify the Government that we gun owners are all fine, upstanding, decent American patriots... and we'll shoot any Commie in Congress or sex pervert on the Supreme Court who says we're not!

Sure, they keep saying, "All we want to do is *register* your guns." Well, shooters, you know and I know that that's only the first step! The next thing you know, they'll *take away* our guns! Then they'll take away our *hunting knives*! Then they'll outlaw *wounding* and *maiming* and *killing*... and before you know it, that's the *end* of the *American Way of Life*!

Oh, those degenerates in Washington are clever! They say, "What's *wrong* with registering guns? We register *dogs*, don't we?" Well, nobody is going to register *my* guns! And nobody is going to register my *dog's* guns, either!

Those Atheistic-Marxists say, "Take away guns, and you stop murders." Well, that's a lot of baloney, and they know it! You take away guns, and people will find *other* things to kill with... like sticks, and rocks, and ax handles, and axes! I can prove it! Just the other day, I killed my Commie neighbor at 19 yards with my Smith-Corona Portable Typewriter. If a typewriter thrown by a *Patriot* can kill a *Commie*, what's going to stop unarmed *murderers* from killing *human beings*? Answer that, you Washington Bleeding Heart Liberals!

Owning guns is an American Heritage! Every citizen has the right to bear arms. It was written into the Constitution by our forefathers in the 1700's. Take away the people's guns, you Washington Finks, and who's going to stop the Redcoats?

Is there anything more beautiful and patriotic than an American family sitting around their living room on a Winter's evening, cleaning their guns together? Take my family, for instance. Guns have always been a way of life with us. We own 114 guns... and every night, I clean mine. Every night, my late Patriotic wife, Cynthia, used to clean hers, too. So did my late Patriotic son, Buck, and my late Patriotic daughter, Betsy, and my late Patriotic twins, Andy and Randy, and my still living but crippled Patriotic brother, Fred, (before he blew off his fingers).

Why *DO* those Washington Pinkos want us to register our guns? I'll tell you the *real* reason! They want to get us down to their offices. And then they want to hand us pens, and forms to fill out. And then they want to *embarrass* us! Because they *know* that many gun-owners can't write!

So how about it, shooters? When they say, "Down with guns"... let's answer with, "UP YOUR BARRELS!!"

GUN SHOTS FROM ALL OVER

A Pictorial Run-Down of What's New in the Exciting World of Weapons



HOW'S THIS FOR PROGRESS? Good news for you shooters in LummoX, Texas! When you send your kids to Al's Supermarket, for a bottle of milk, they can also pick up a Mauser M-98 Star-Barrelled Rifle for your arsenal. The brand new Gun Counter is right between Frozen Foods and Fresh Vegetables. Bullets? Of course! In the Gum Machine near the Check-Out!



SQUELCHING A VICIOUS RUMOR. Three of the 19,000 Washington-based members of the National Gun Association enjoy a hearty laugh with Senator Hugh Lilligut over the ridiculous rumor currently making the rounds that there is supposed to be a "Gun Lobby" in the nation's capital.



ROOM OF THE YEAR. Creative Architect-Hunter, Frank Gromm, is the envy of all shooters with his fantastic "Gun-Decor" bathroom. Note water pipes fashioned from old mortar barrels, Colt .45 faucets, the sink made from an old army helmet, the cunning bomb-casing commode with the target seat, and Sidney, Frank's loyal washroom attendant.



DEAD-EYE DOES IT AGAIN. Ace Hunter, Clancy "Dead-Eye" Krebs, poses with his latest bag: a 210-pound Commie Game Warden. Note the ingenious "Man-Decoy" Clancy used to lure the Pinko close.

THAT'S A SPORT! Good news for the 14 deer, 25 quail and 112 rabbits that Hunter Clive Kumquat shot from a surplus army tank in Maine last week! Clive just found out that hunting from a moving vehicle in Maine is forbidden, and now he wants to apologize. How big can a man get, eh?



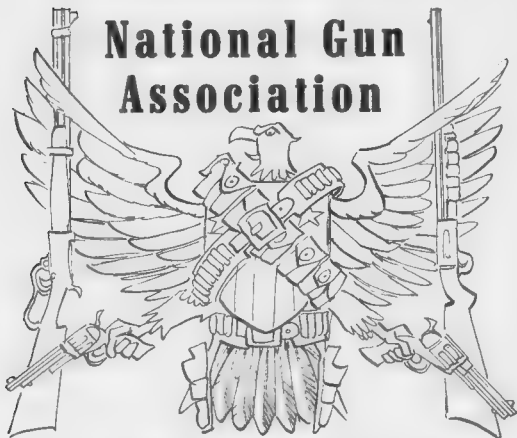
THOUGHTFULNESS DEPARTMENT: Hats off to Hunter Dan Goomber! When the rabbit he was stalking ran through the Public Library in Rotsboro, Minnesota, Goomber quickly put a silencer attachment on his gun so as not to disturb the Library Patrons when he fired.



IF YOU LIKE TO HUNT AND SHOOT AND KILL
AND TERRORIZE CHICKEN CONGRESSMEN . . .

YOU BELONG IN THE

National Gun Association



ALL THESE EXCITING BENEFITS ARE YOURS
FOR YOUR YEARLY \$5.00 MEMBERSHIP FEE:

- ★ **A MEMBERSHIP CARD IN THE N.G.A.** This makes you an "Official Registered" killer!
- ★ **FREE PLANS FOR A HOME RANGE.** Learn how to convert your Living Room into a simulated forest. Learn how hunting family members in your own home can be even more thrilling than hunting deer, quail or other hunters outdoors.
- ★ **CATCHY BUMPER STICKERS.** We send you such all-time favorites as: "Register Commies, Not Guns!", "Bullets Are Beautiful!", "Congressmen Kill—Guns Don't!" and "Wake Up America—Or We'll Wake You Up With A Shot In The Eye!"
- ★ **TIPS ON LETTER-WRITING:** Learn how to write exciting form pressure letters to your Congressman in unison with millions of other members. Learn the excitement of using 2 and 3 syllable words you never heard of before!
- ★ **A FREE COPY OF "KILL",** our monthly "Gun Association Magazine." Read all about the exciting worlds of shooting and killing and maiming and blood-letting and death and all the other real American Sports and Athletics!

FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND JOIN TODAY!

National Gun Association
New Membership Department

Sign me up as a new member immediately. It is understood that I could be a convicted killer, a mental patient, or a narcotics addict, but that my background is unimportant. The important thing is to build up those old membership rolls, right?

NAME

ADDRESS

ZIP GUN OWNER IF NO, WHY NOT?

- ☐ I enclose \$5.00 now ☐ Bill me for \$5.00 later
☐ Let's forget the \$5.00 ☐ Send ME \$5.00 to join!

I UNDERSTAND THAT THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION
IS NOT A LOBBY, NO MATTER WHAT ANYBODY SAYS!!

The National Gun Association

THE BEIGE ROOM THE WHITE HOUSE WASH., D.C.

ADVICE TO THE GUN-LORN

Do you have a gun problem? Does your gun have a YOU problem? Let B.B. Bates try to straighten things out.

Dear B.B.:

My one-year old boy took his first step today. He also picked up his first pistol and killed his first Fuller Brush salesman. How can I remember this cherished milestone in his life in years to come?

Sentimental Shooter

Dear Sentimental Shooter:

Have you considered having the pistol bronzed?

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

In my travels, I ran across a fascinating antique gun. It is "Air-Operated" and delivers a lethal charge, and its accuracy is astounding. To give you an idea, the other day, just fooling around with it in my yard, I knocked off a Horse Fly. How much would you say this fantastic antique weapon is worth?

Excited Collector

Dear Excited Collector:

About 4¢! You seem to have run across an old Flit Gun!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

For over 17 years, I have been a devoted Colt .45 owner. Recently, I met and fell in love with a female shooter who owns an 18-year-old Italian Beretta. Do you think the Nationality differences of our two guns will harm our relationship?

Marriage-Minded

Dear Marriage-Minded:

Your two guns are probably old enough and mature enough to adjust to a mixed marriage. It's your BULLETS you have to worry about!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

Aye amm a longg-tyme gunn-eaner hoo desided awl bye hisself too rite yoo thiss perssonul lettur too protest yor aunty-gunn lejis — legiss — leggislay — lawrs wich yoo wantt too past inn yor Cunggress theer. Aye wil never voat four yoo aggen iff yoo doo!

Jak Jownes

Dear Mr. Jones:

You still don't get the idea! As I told you last month, you send these form pressure letters to your Congressman—not to me! I'm on YOUR side! And please check your spelling in the future. How do you expect your Congressman to believe that you are a gun-owner if you persist in spelling words like "protest" correctly?

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

This is the fifth time I've written to you, if you recall. And as I've told you, my Buddies and I have been playing "Russian Roulette" every night. Now, out of an original group of 63, there are only four of us left alive. Doesn't this go against all odds? What have we been doing wrong?

Chance-Taker

Dear Chance-Taker:

If I told you ONCE, I told you a THOUSAND times! It's FIVE EMPTY CHAMBERS and ONE LOADED CHAMBER!! Got that? FIVE EMPTY and ONE LOADED! Not . . . oh, forget it!!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

The other day, I accidentally dropped my loaded pistol on the floor. The gun discharged, killing my mother. What should I do!

Distraught

Dear Distraught:

I don't know what your Gun Religion is, but it is considered a sin among most Gun Denominations to drop a gun on the floor. I suggest you pick up the gun, kiss it, say a simple prayer, and fast for 14 days!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

My six-year-old nephew was fooling around with my old Civil War pistol and he went ahead and shot his father and mother. What would you tell a kid who kills his parents with a Civil War pistol?

Wondering

Dear Wondering:

I'd tell him, "Kid, you're an orphan!"

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

That's an old joke!

Wondering

Dear Wondering:

That's okay! It was an old gun!

* * * *

Dear B.B.:

Do you think a Carbine loses respect for you if you try to kiss it on a first hunting date, and then tell all your shooter buddies about it?

Uncertain

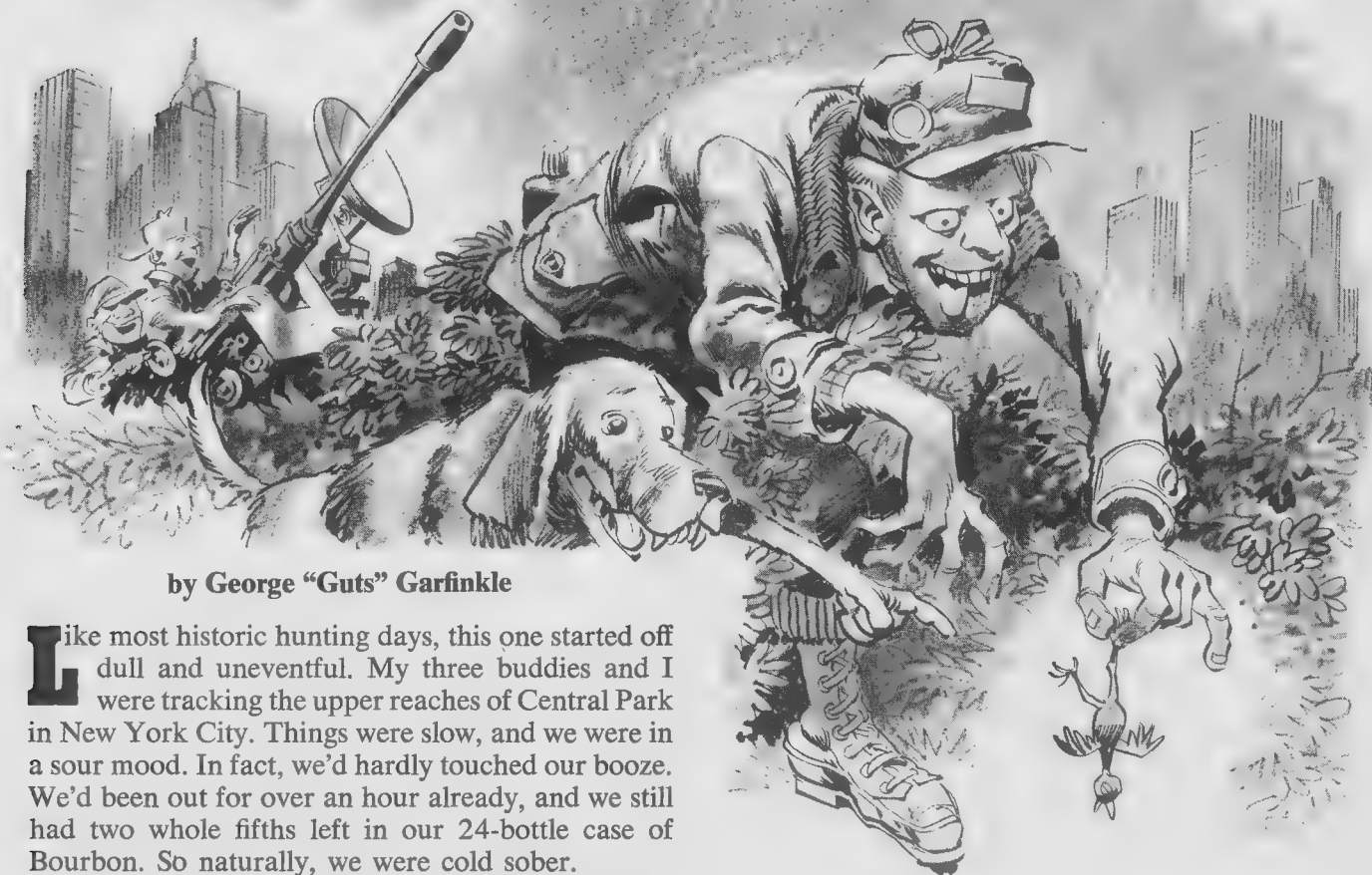
Dear Uncertain:

There's nothing wrong with kissing a gun on a first date . . . as long as you don't shoot your mouth off!

* * * *

Tracking The Wily English Sparrow Through Brush And Blind

A Gritty Shooter Experiences The Thrill Of A Lifetime



by George "Guts" Garfinkle

Like most historic hunting days, this one started off dull and uneventful. My three buddies and I were tracking the upper reaches of Central Park in New York City. Things were slow, and we were in a sour mood. In fact, we'd hardly touched our booze. We'd been out for over an hour already, and we still had two whole fifths left in our 24-bottle case of Bourbon. So naturally, we were cold sober.

I'm not saying we hadn't bagged *anything*! Gus Dumbrill had picked off a Cyclist at 150 yards with his Remington 28, Hal Huffel had knocked off a 190-pound Nanny in the Children's Playground with his Ithica 49R, and Slim Fumpher had bagged an Ant with his 9D Combat Boot.

Suddenly, it began to rain. (I'd *told* Slim to step on Grasshoppers, not Ants . . . but would he listen?!) We'd just about decided to mark it off as one of those bad days, when my heart leaped into my throat. High in the air over the most impenetrable part of the Park, slightly south of 99th Street, I spied a covey of English Sparrows!

"English Sparrows!!" I shouted at the top of my voice through trembling lips.

"Where?" asked a tense Gus, his fingers closing on his trigger.

"Three fingers to the left of Mt. Sinai Hospital!" I hissed.

Almost immediately, we went into action. We wheeled our surplus 77mm. "Skysweeper" Anti-Aircraft Gun into position, adjusted the Radar and Computer Systems, and waited. Ten heart-stopping minutes later we fired . . . and a scream of joy erupted from the four of us simultaneously.

We'd bagged a record-breaking 4-ounce English Sparrow!

Now some of you shooters who have surplus 75 mm. "Skysweepers" of your own are probably curious as to how even so accurate a gun as that can knock down something as small as an English Sparrow. Well, the answer is simple. You have to keep cool and calm, you have to be patient, you have to set your Radar Tracking System exactly right, and—most important—you have to sprinkle a handful of crumbs on the rim of your "Skysweeper" barrel. Then, when the Sparrows alight to feed, you (*Continued on Page 86*)

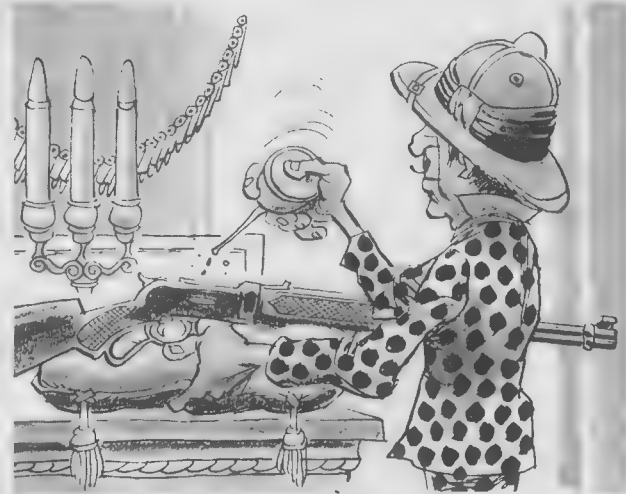
The Evening Gun Ritual and Prayer

by The Rev. Billy Clubb, Religion Editor

Many devout shooters have inquired about the proper way to pay devotion to their guns. So—I would like to begin this new Religious Series with “The Evening Gun Ritual and Prayer”.



While his wife plays the organ, the devout shooter in pith helmet and ceremonial pajamas places the sacred gun on a velvet pillow, with the stock facing the Springfield Rifle factory in the East, and the muzzle end of the barrel facing the Remington Arms Company plant in the West.



The revered gun is placed on bedroom altar and sprinkled with holy G66 oil.



As the shooter steps back from the altar, he must not turn his back on the Object of Adoration. This is a Sin, punishable by either Eternity in Purgatory, or—in extreme cases—by the appearance of a large pimple on the trigger finger.



The devout shooter then kneels, blows a devoted kiss in the direction of the trigger housing group, confesses his Gun Sins (cheating with another gun, failing to get drunk on a hunting trip, etc.) and then delivers this prayer.

My Gun is my Shepherd;
I shall not want Targets.
It maketh me to lie down in Green
Pastures and blast Rabbits;
It leadeth me besides the Still Waters
where I pepper Mallard Ducks;
It restoreth my Aim.
It leadeth me along the Paths
of Forests for my Game's scent.
Yea, though I walk through the Valley
of Deer, I will fear no Warden.

My Gun is with me;
Its Telescopic Sight and its Sling,
they comfort me;
It anointeth my brain with Blood Lust;
My Ammo Belt runneth over!
Surely Pheasant and Woodchuck
shall follow me all of the
Hunting Trips of my Life,
And I shall dwell in the
Glory of the “Kill”—
Forever!

NOTE: The preceding “Gun Ritual and Prayer” is aimed at members of the Orthodox Gun Religion. For Conservative and Reform members, wearing of the Pith Helmet is optional.

NEXT MONTH: “MORNING GUN DEVOTIONS” AND “THE PSALMS OF WINCHESTER”

RANDOM SHOTS FROM A BIG BORE



Explosive Gossip and Social Blasts From the World of Guns

by Steve "Pop" Emmoff

Tough luck about shooter Ed Constantine's wife and seven children being killed in an auto accident the other day. When Ed heard the terrible news, he observed a one minute pause from cleaning his guns... Did you hear what happened over at Cal Clumpett's house last night? When the woman on that TV Bad Breath Commercial confessed that her husband used to tell her she smelled like a moose, Cal instinctively grabbed his Remington and pumped three 30-30 slugs through the picture tube. Well, Cal, it could have been worse. Lucky you weren't watching your COLOR set!... They're still buzzing about the hilarious gift Red Finn gave Tim Vipple for his Surprise Birthday Hunting Party. It was a shotgun, with both barrels stuffed with rags. Tim would have been 38 years old!



Big Game Hunter, Zeke Kitch, is shown here returning from his latest hunting expedition with 2 lions, 3 leopards, a rhino and a hippo... a record breaking bag for hunting at the San Diego Zoo! Next stop for Zeke: N.Y.'s Bronx Zoo.

DUM-DUM OF THE MONTH: Doctors are still probing for splinters lodged in shooter Will Shutch's spleen. Seems the duck he shot and ate last week turned out to be a decoy... The decision is in from the Coroner's Office: Hunter Iggy Trumble, who was found in his blind with 1,789 shotgun pellets in his body, died of "Natural Causes"! The Coroner's Office claims that for a hunter, *this is natural!*... How's this for howlariou switch? Prankster Mafiosa hood, Sal "Goo-Goo" Dambrosia, panicked a board meeting when he showed up with a gun case that had a *violin* inside. Honestly, Sal, can't you *ever* be serious?... All shooters are invited to the marriage of gun-collector Hi Rutebega in Lincoln, Nebraska, next month. It's a "Shotgun Wedding"! (Not that anybody's forcing Hi into taking the vows. He really *wants* to marry the shotgun!)

SOCIAL NOTE: There are still a few tickets available for the National Gun Association Masquerade Dance in Washington, D.C. next month. It's for a worthy cause: to raise funds to help lower the minimum age of a Gun Owner to four! Fun-loving NGA President, Harry Gass, will come dressed as James Earl Ray... Disloyalty Department: Hunting buddies of Jock Uncas are still in shock from the terrible news that Jock committed suicide by leaping off a building two weeks ago. They can't understand why he didn't blow his brains out!... Close friends of hunter Richard Tibia are very worried about him. He hasn't shot or killed a single living thing in his house or in the woods for over a month now. Snap out of it, Dick!



Hats off to the clever and unusual way the National Gun Association has devised to retire its old members.

It's "Splitsville" for shooters Roger and Muriel Floop. She gets custody of their Hunting Rifle Arsenal, but he's allowed to visit the bullets on Tuesdays and Week-ends... Dedicated hunter, Dave Schlepp, who firmly believes in shooting everything his family eats, was picked up in the A & P in Biloxi, Mississippi, last week after he'd blasted a head of cabbage and a box of Cheerios with his Purdey shotgun... Shooters are still chuckling over what happened in the North Woods this past week-end. After howling and cawing for two hours, expert Game-Caller, Rusty Gump, finally flushed out and killed a skinny little Fox. Punch Line: It turned out to be Leonard Fox, the Game Warden in those parts... **EARLY NEW YEAR'S EVE REMINDER TO ALL HUNTERS:** "If You're Not Drunk... Don't Shoot!"

Passionate GUN-LOVE

Classified Ads

LOST AND FOUND

LOST, an adorable brown and silver Hawes .22 revolver. Not worth much, but has great sentimental value. I killed my first wife with it on our 2nd Wedding Anniversary. Reward. H.W. Box 467

PERSONALS

BERNICE, I am going out of my mind ever since you ran away from me and our three children with no clothes, no money, nothing but a loaded Luger in your purse. Please send the Luger back. I miss it terribly. Herbie.

PUBLIC NOTICES

MY COLT .45, having left my bed and board for a Black Panther, I am no longer responsible for any injuries or deaths incurred by its bullets. HAROLD GLUGG.

GUN-SITTING SERVICE

GOING HUNTING and worried about all the guns you'll be leaving behind? Mature, responsible woman will sit with your guns, walk them outside, sing lullabies to them, and change their oil while you're away. Kill with a free mind! W.R. Box 725

BODY BUILDING

DO YOU BLOW OFF FINGERS, TOES, ETC., while cleaning your guns? Don't throw them away! Middle-European Body-Builder will pay top prices for them. Am particularly interested in a Boris Karloff-type head and neck. Will supply my own bolts. Contact Dr. Frankenstein III, Box 836

FUNERAL SERVICES

EXPECT TO LOSE A LOVED ONE from a hunting trip or gun-cleaning accident soon? Keep us in mind. We offer low rates and dignified services. Inquire about our special prices for stuffing his head and mounting it on a plaque for hanging on the wall of his old trophy room. Finster Funeral Directors and Taxidermists, Box 925

PHOTO SERVICES

CAPTURE MEMORABLE MOMENTS FOREVER. We make high-quality enlargements and wallet-size photos of all your guns and killing devices. We also restore and re-touch old prints depicting milestones in your life, like your first Zip Gun, the Liver of your first Elk, etc. Write PEUQUE PICS, Box 184

PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

HEY, SHOOTERS! Interested in reading a whale of a book? Former Ace Hunter, Dabney Fluttle, who has been a basket case at Good Samaritan Hospital ever since a Buffalo Gun blew up in his hands, has just dictated a humdinger of an autobiography. It's called "A Farewell To Arms... And Legs"... and it's on sale now at all Guns and Ammo Stores.

WHY GO TO THE UNNECESSARY EXPENSE AND BOTHER OF INSTALLING ALARMS OR OTHER

SHARPSHOOTER

★ MEMBER ★

NATIONAL
GUN-LOVERS
ASSN.

KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL

P.S. The guy across the street doesn't even have a burglar alarm!

I'M JUST WAITING FOR
THE NEXT *%&\$ TO
SET FOOT IN
THIS HOUSE!



NOTICE



SOME OF THE ITEMS IN THIS HOUSE HAVE BEEN ENGRAVED WITH FEDERAL IDENTIFICATION NUMBERS. OTHERS HAVE MERELY BEEN WIRED TO EXPLODE WHEN TOUCHED! SO LOTS OF LUCK!

RESIDENCE OF MADAM OLGA

**THE WITCH WHOSE BLACK POWERS
CAN KILL WITH A MERE THOUGHT**

The Lipkins

P.S. Any sign of that book we sent for: "The Care And Feeding Of Wild Jungle Cats"?



FORMS OF SECURITY SYSTEMS TO DISCOURAGE THEFTS WHEN ALL YOU NEED ARE MAD'S

ERRRRENTS FOR THE WARY HOME OR APARTMENT DWELLER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

空手

**MEMBER
BLACK BELT
HANDS-OF-DEATH
KARATE CLUB**

*Lobel Butchers:
Starting tomorrow, please
leave Eight pounds of Meat
for Brutus. Six pounds only
makes him Angry and Vicious!
Mr. & Mrs. Angel*

WARNING!

THESE PREMISES PROTECTED BY A

FINSTER

20,000 VOLT

**"FRY-AND-DIE"
BURGLAR TRAP**

DEAR MR. EXTERMINATOR:

BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN
YOU GO INSIDE! THE
TERMITES HAVE EATEN
THROUGH MOST OF THE
FLOORBOARDS, AND
YOU WILL FALL INTO
THE BASEMENT WHERE
ALL THE RATS ARE!

THE GLUMBACHERS -

**WE GAVE
TO THE**

GODFATHER'S

**"REVENGE
IS
SWEET"
SOCIETY**

*Selma -
Don't come in! The
Boa Constrictor got
loose again -
Stan*

DE SADEST STORY EVER TOLD DEPT.

Us moral people all hate violence, right? Let's hear it for "Anti-Violence"! *Yayyy!* Stanley Kubrick also hates violence, right? Let's hear it for Stanley Kubrick! *Yayyy!* And let's hear it for his new movie, which shows how horrible violence is! *Yay— Uh— Hey, wait a minute! If Mr. Kubrick's new movie is so "Anti-Violence," how come it's jam-packed with the worst, sickening, most disgusting violence imaginable? Let's face it, Stanley, baby! Your movie is really . . .*

ACR

Hello, blokes! My name is Alecch and I ain't no different from other lads my age! You could consider me to be just like the boy next door

. . . that is, if you live next door to San Quentin!

I suppose you're wondering why I dress this way! Well . . . I'll tell you why! My derby shows that I have a relationship with the past, my jump suit shows that I have a relationship with the future, and my crazy false eyelash shows that I have a relationship with the Make-up Man, who's a screaming faggot!

Hey, why'd you say that about the Make-up Man?

'Cause every time a band plays "God Save The Queen," he thinks they're playing HIS song!

Hey, look at that poor old drunk! It's rotten what the stinkin' system's done to him!

Yeah! All alone and exploited in this cruel ol' world with nothing to call his own!

Let's give him something nobody can take away from him!

What?

Multiple fractures!



♪ 'N DOOLINZ FRZITY, ♪
WUR GORLZ R 'SPRITY...

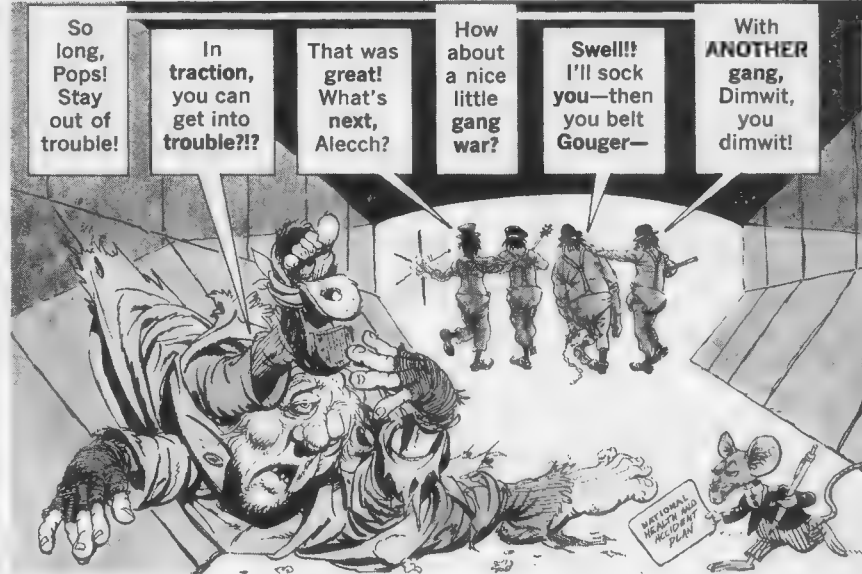


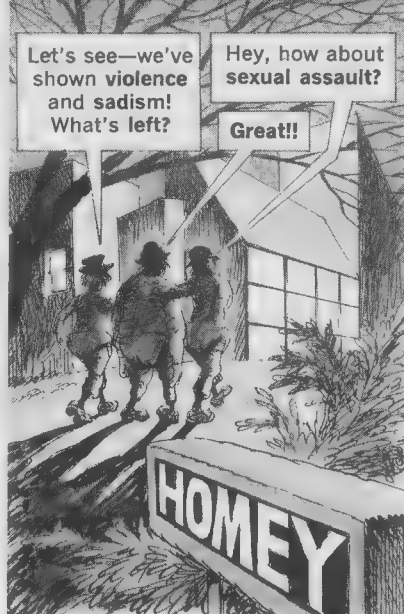
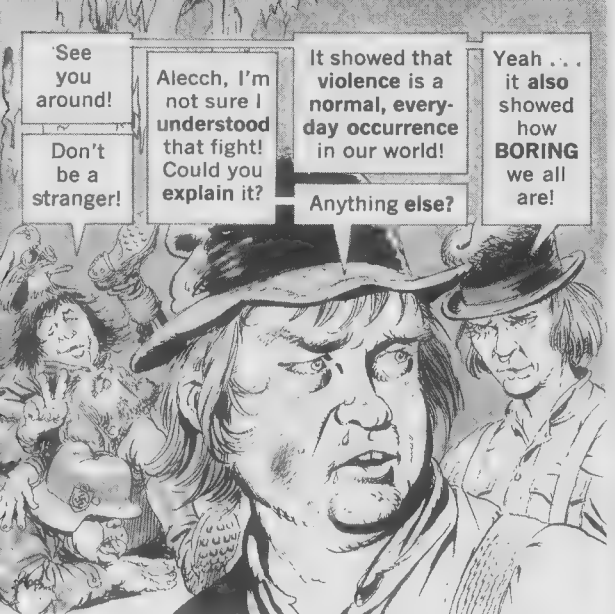


LOCKWORK LIVEWON

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: STAN HART





We been thinkin', Alecch! Why should YOU be the Boss? You ain't meaner than us...

... or stronger than us?

Yeah, what do you have that we don't?

Well, for one thing...

YIPE!!!

OWWWW!!

... I've got a lower voice! So I'm still the Boss! When I say, "Beat up people!" we will beat up people! And when I say "Kill!!" we will kill!! And when I say "Rape!!"...

We will say— gasp— "Forget it!"

Can I use your phone? I want to report a violent assault!

On ME... right? I'm too smart for that! I'm wise to your tricks!

First you'll get me to let you in like this—

You think so!

Trust me! I'm very bright!

Then you'll force me to open this wall safe and give you all my money!

Do I look like I'd do a thing like that?

Believe me, I know people!

Then you'll take this statue and hit me over the head with it...

Aw, not me!

Look, kid, I'm never wrong! Why, being right is more important to me than life itself!

In that case...

Happy, now...?

What was that...?

I don't believe you!

Who wouldn't be?! Oh, by the way—I didn't tell you the best part!

I called the Police when I saw you outside! They're on their way over!

You think I'd lie to a HOUSE GUEST?!!

Let's go!
The Police
are coming!

We're
goin', Al!
But you're
not!! Take
that!!

You shouldn't
have done
that, Gouger!
Where's your
sense of values??

You mean
because
I betrayed
a buddy??

No...
because
you
broke a
deposit
bottle!

She's
dead!
You killed
that woman
in there!

I didn't mean
to kill her! I
never murdered
anyone before!

You'll
hang for
this,
Buster!

Hey,
that
ain't
fair!

Why not?
It's my
first
offense!



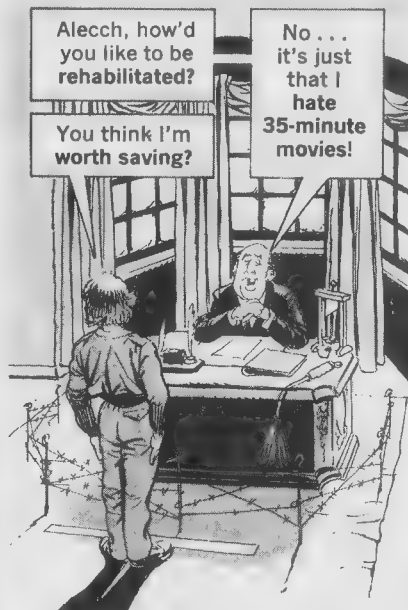
I want no
trouble
from you!
I'm keeping
you here
for the
rest of
your life!

If
you
do,
you'll
be
sorry!
Why??

Cause this
will be
the first
multi-million
dollar
movie that
only runs
35 minutes!

Alecch, how'd
you like to be
rehabilitated?
You think I'm
worth saving?

No...
it's just
that I
hate
35-minute
movies!



The treatment is simple! We will
scientifically condition you to hate
anti-social behavior and unwholesome
sex! Now, first, we will force you to
watch six hours of horrible violence!



That's revolting!
Where did you get
such a terrible,
disgusting movie?

What movie?!? That's a
live TV pick-up from
a typical New York
City High School!



And now, we will force
you to watch two hours
of leering, sneering,
dirty-minded sex...



Want a
drinke,ee,
Dino...?

Yeah—an y'better
make it a DOUBLE
... yuk, yuk, yuk!

I'm
getting
SICK!!





We will even make you hate the music of Beethoven . . .

Impossible! I LOVE Ludwig Von!!

You won't after you see what it's background music FOR!!

It's not right! It's inhuman!! You can't treat me this way!!! After all, I'm only a murderer!!

PADADA DAAK

Well, Aleccch! You're cured! Now, any time you see or hear anti-social behavior . . .

I'll get sick to my stomach!

Right! Even the mention of the words "Violence" . . .

... or "Murder"

... or "Sex" or "Sadism" or . . .

Have a HEART, Guv'nor!

Please . . . !!

ULLP!!

So long, Doc! I hope you won't forget me!

I won't—choke! You gave me so much to remember you by!

Hi, folks! I'm all cured!

Well, that isn't nice!

I'll never act bad again!

Well, that's just fine!

I'm a sweet person, now!

Glad to hear it! Can we ask you just one question?

Sure!

Who are you??

?

So you've taken my place! Well, I'm gonna punch you in the nose, and—

... smash you in the gut—

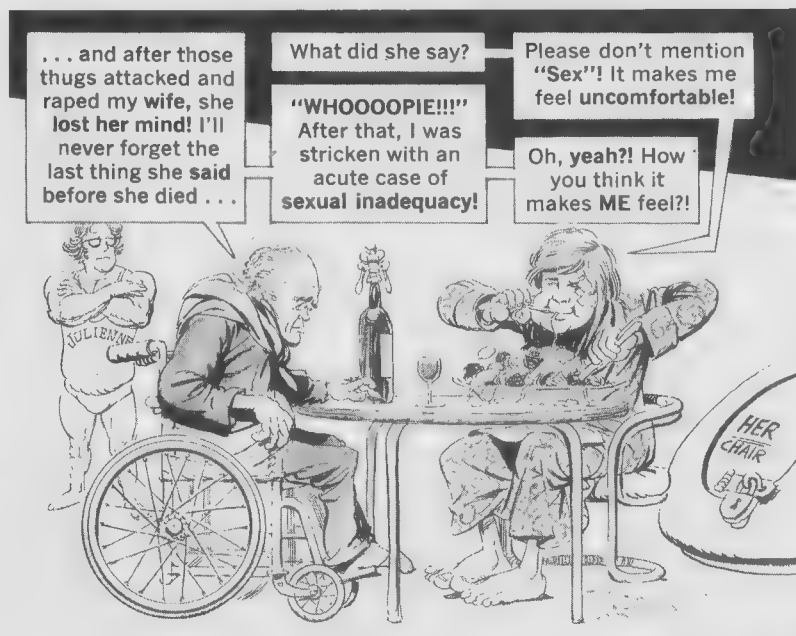
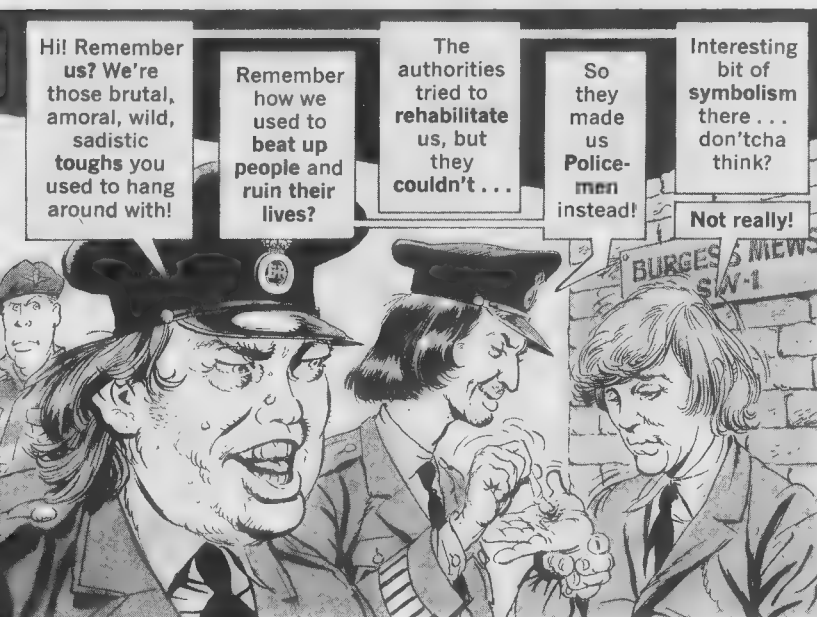
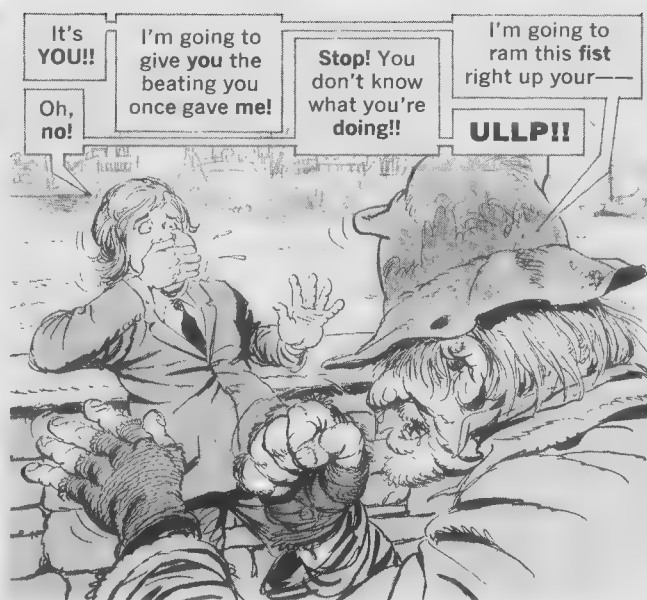
... and then stomp, stomp on your face—

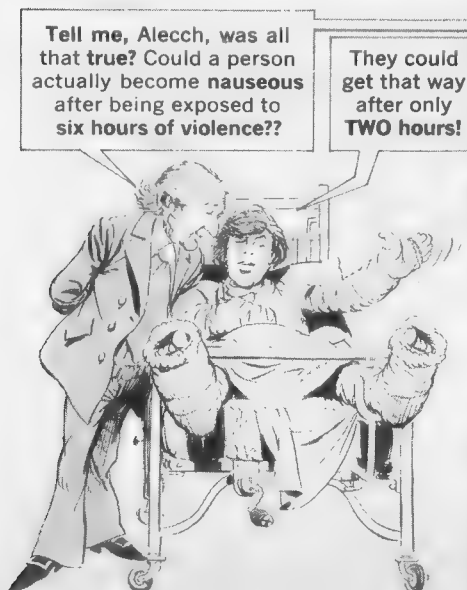
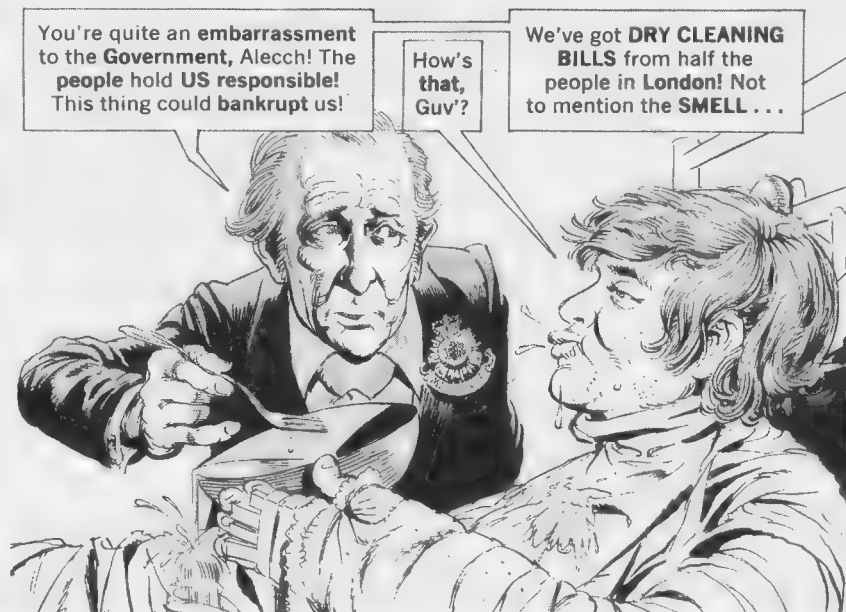
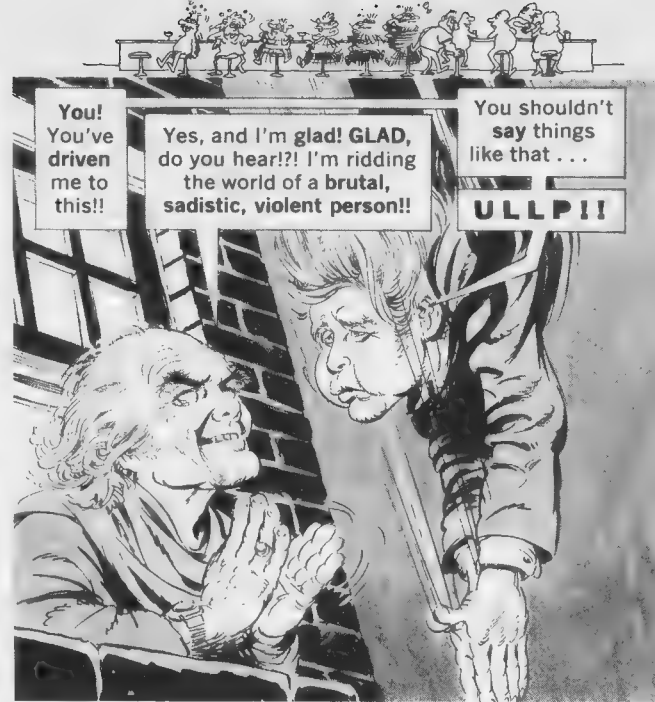
Oh, that would be horrible!

... and **ULLP!**

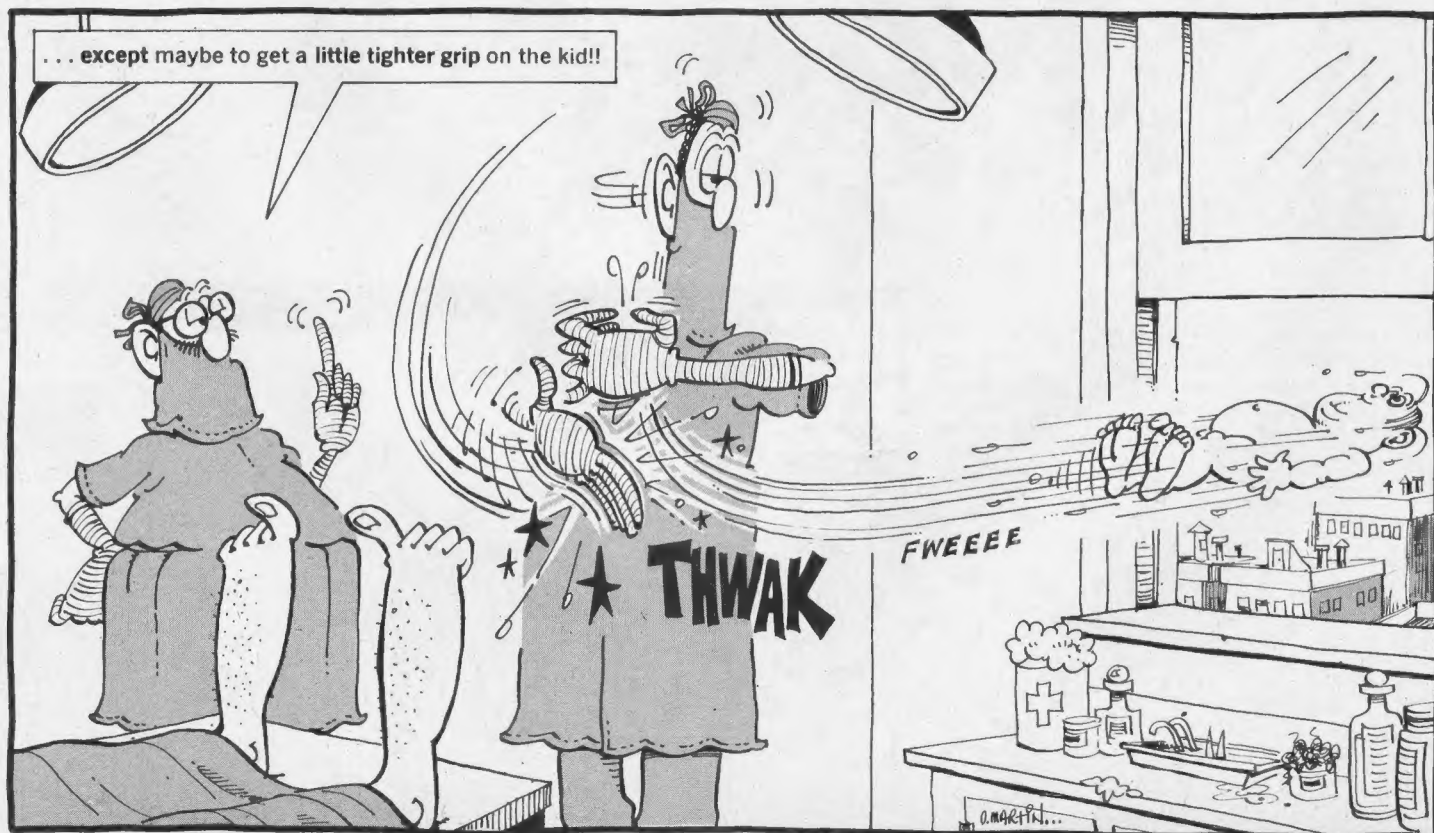
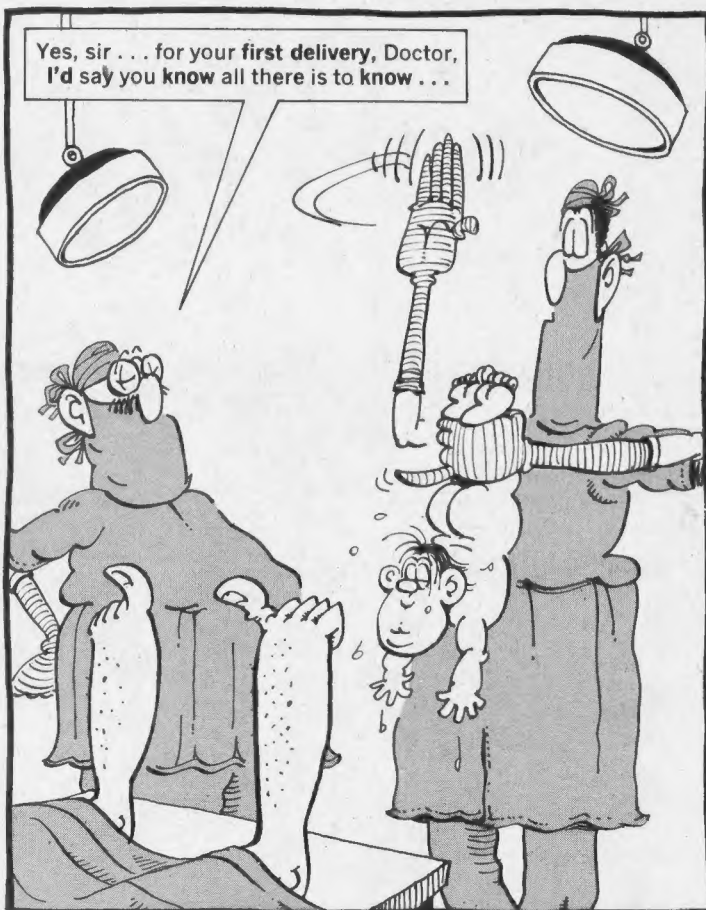
Don't get violent!

Don't get cruel!





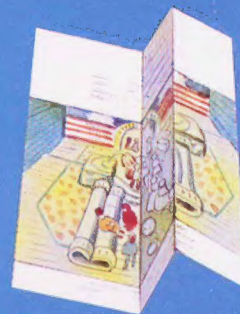
YOUNG DOCTOR FREEN



**WHAT SPECIAL
ITEMS DO
FOREIGN
SHOPPERS
FIND EASILY
OBTAINABLE
IN THE U.S.?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Shoppers from foreign countries are greatly impressed by American manufacturing know-how, and flock here in droves for their purchases. But one line of goods always outsells all the others. To find out what these hot items are, merely fold in the page as shown on the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

TOO MANY AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS HAPPILY ANSWER THE CALLS
OF FOREIGNERS FOR SPECIALTY ITEMS, AND OFFER THEM EASY
DEALS DESIGNED TO INCREASE THEIR OWN PROFITS AND WEALTH

A

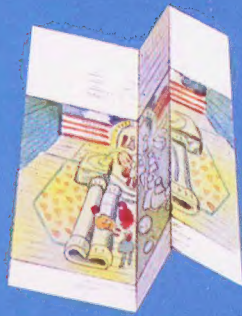
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CITY PLIGHTS

ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER

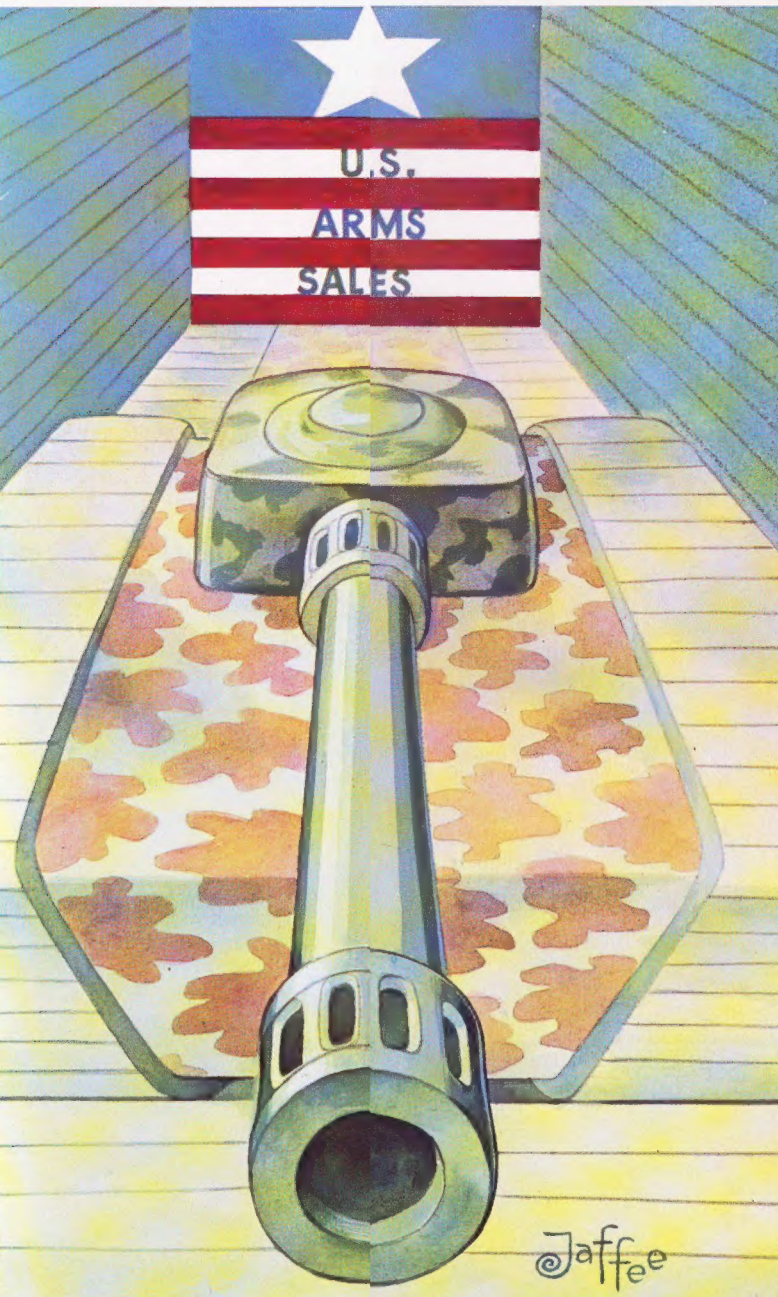
IDEA BY: NICKY ZANN

WHAT SPECIAL
ITEMS DO
FOREIGN
SHOPPERS
FIND EASILY
OBTAINABLE
IN THE U.S.?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A MB FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

TOOLS
OF
DEATH
A MB